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THE STORY OF MY LIFE



Anne F. M. L. Hare.

From a portrait by Kanevski.

THE
STORY OF MY LIFE

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE"

"THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES"

ETC., ETC.

VOLUME II.

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X

WORK IN NORTHERN COUNTIES

“Ad ogni uccello suo nido par bello.”

— *Italian Proverb.*

“O my life ! have we not had seasons

That only said, Live and rejoice ?

That asked not for causes or reasons,

But made us all feeling and voice.”

— LOWELL.

ON our arrival in England, we were delighted with our little Holmhurst, which we arranged to be as much like Lime as possible, while many of the plants and shrubs we had brought with us, were, in the garden, a perpetual reminder of our old home. To my mother, however, our return was greatly clouded by the loss of her only brother, my Uncle Penrhyn, who died at Sheen while we were at Mentone, passing away most peacefully, surrounded by his family. This uncle is one of the few figures connected with my childhood with whom I have no associations but those of unvarying kindness, and in later years we had been brought nearer to him in our long winter visits at Sheen, and we missed him greatly.

My Handbook (nominally Murray's) of Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Berkshire had been published during our winter absence: my little book “A Winter at Mentone” appeared soon after our return. With Murray's Handbook I had taken as much pains as if

it were to appear in my own name, and felt as strongly the responsibility of what Miss Edgeworth calls "irremediable words," once past the press. The "Winter at Mentone" fell perfectly flat, but Murray was so pleased with the laudatory notices which followed the appearance of the Handbook, that he asked me to select any other counties I liked. I chose Durham and Northumberland, and after the middle of July went there for three months. In undertaking these counties, I again assented to an arrangement by which I was never repaid for my work; but the work was one which I liked extremely, bringing me in contact with endless interesting persons, enabling me to be much with "Cousin Susan," who gave me a second home at Ridley Hall, and opening a field of historic study of the most interesting kind. On the way north I went to the Vaughans at Doncaster, of which Dr. Vaughan had lately become Vicar.

TO MY MOTHER.

"*Doncaster, July 24, 1861.* The people here are a perpetual amusement to Kate, they are so quaint and original. She spoke to one old woman the other day about her sinful ways and the necessity for amendment. 'Na, na, Mrs. Vaughan,' she replied, 'I be got too old for Mr. Satan noo; he canna hurt I noo.' Another old woman who was brought into the hospital swore dreadfully all night long, to the great annoyance of her neighbours; but when they complained she said, 'Wal, I niver did it afore I coomed here, but I be gettin' old, and I canna help it — and it's the will o' God, and I canna help it.'

"Kate said to an old man, 'What are you so low about, my man?' 'Why,' he said, 'what wi' faith, and gas, and balloons, and steam-ingines a-booming and a-fizzling

through t' world, and what wi' t' arth a-going round once in twenty-four hours, I'm fairly muzzled and stagnated.'

"I have been to call on the daughters of 'Presence-of-mind Smith,' who was Dean of Christ Church, and to the close of his life used to tell this story of himself. 'In my life,' he said, 'there has been one most fortunate incident. A friend of mine persuaded me to go out with him in a boat upon a lake. I did not wish to go, but he persuaded me, and I went. By the intervention of Providence, I took my umbrella with me. We had not been long on the lake when the violence of the waves threw my friend out of the boat drowning, and he sank. Soon, as is the case with drowning persons, he came up again, and clutched hold of the side of the boat. Then such, providentially, was my presence of mind, that I seized my umbrella and rapped him violently on the knuckles till he let go. He sank, and I was saved.'"

When I arrived at Durham, I presented myself at once to my cousins the George Liddells, who lived at a dingy brick house in the suburb called Old Elvet. They had never seen me before, but welcomed me with the utmost kindness and hospitality, making me quite at home with them. I took a little lodging close by, but they made me dine with them almost every day, and I went constant expeditions with them, staying to dinner at the neighbouring houses. Elemore, Aldin Grange, &c. Durham itself I always found charming. The smoke only gave a picturesqueness of its own, and on Sunday there was a Sabbath of nature, for when the chimneys ceased smoking, the birds began to sing, the flowers to bloom, and the sky to be blue. Sunday, however, was a severe day with the George Liddells, almost entirely spent in going to

church, reading prayers, and listening to long sermons at home. Even on ordinary days, *after* long morning prayers, we were expected to read all the Psalms and Lessons for the day, verse by verse, before we went out. But with all this, George Liddell was the very dearest and kindest of old men, and I was very fond too of his wife — “Cousin Louise” — who was most amusing and original.



AT DURHAM.

Other cousins, who were intensely good to me at this time, were old Henry Liddell, brother of my great-uncle Lord Ravensworth, and his wife, who was daughter of Thomas Lyon of Hetton, my great-grandmother's youngest brother. I had known them first at Bath many years before, where they were kind to me when I had very few friends. With them lived their daughters Charlotte and Amelia, and their youngest son William, a very tall, very excellent, and very shy clergyman, who was his father's curate at

Easington. Here I paid my first visit to them. It is an ugly village in the Black Country, but the Liddells' house was most comfortable, having the sea close by, with delightful sands and rocks, and many wooded "denes" running down to it, of which Castle Eden is especially beautiful.

I remember one day, after returning from Easington, dining with Dr. Phillpotts, the celebrated Bishop of Exeter, who had a Canonry at Durham. He was very old, and was obliged to have a glass of wine given to him to obtain strength to go in to dinner, and every one wished him good-night when he left the dinner-table. He was good enough also to send for me alone to wish success to my book, &c. It was my only sight of this kindly old man, though I knew his daughter well, and valued her many good qualities. They both died shortly afterwards. Amongst the company at the Bishop's were Mr. and Mrs. Johnson of Akeley Heads, whom I also visited at their own beautiful place, which is on a high terrace overlooking Durham. It came to them in a curious way. Mr. Johnson was at school at Durham, and went out with his two elder brothers to spend the day with a rich old uncle who lived there. The eldest brother was his uncle's heir. They were sent to play in the garden, and seeing there a beautiful ripe peach upon the wall, they were unable to resist it, and ate it up. Soon the uncle came into the garden to look for that identical peach. "Where is my peach gone?" he said. The three boys were dreadfully frightened, and the two eldest denied knowing anything about it, but the youngest said, "We picked it and ate it up."

The old man said nothing, but went home and altered his will that very afternoon, and when he was killed by an accident three weeks afterwards, his youngest nephew was found to be the heir of Akeley Heads.

I was frequently invited by Dean Waddington, who was a man of stately presence, "grand seigneur, fastueux, homme du monde," and had a great reputation for learning and cleverness; but in my acquaintance with him he seemed to care for nothing but his dinner, and his chief topic of conversation was his sherry of 1815, for which he gave £12 a dozen. "What with *dîner à la Russe*, crinoline, and pale sherry," he said one day, "England is fast going to the dogs."

To MY MOTHER.

"*Dilston, August 28.* The Greys gave me a warm welcome to Dilston — Mr. Grey being agent for the Greenwich Hospital Estates there, and a great agriculturist. Dilston is lovely. The house stands on a terraced height, covered with hanging woods, beneath which flows the Devil's Water, the most beautiful of Northumbrian rivers, with trout dancing about in its transparent brown currents, and floating away over its crumpled-looking rocks. On the hilltop is the ruined castle of the Earl of Derwentwater, with his nursery, now overgrown by huge elder-trees, and the little chapel beneath which he was buried at night beside his ancestors. Below is the old grey pointed bridge, upon which, as he rode over, he repented of his rebellion and turned back to the castle, when his wife threw her fan at him, and calling him a coward, drove him forth to his destruction."

"*Ridley Hall, Sept. 1.* 'How happily the days of Thalaba roll by' might be applied to all the dwellers at Ridley Hall; for 'Cousin Susan' is so truly genial to her

many guests, that they cannot fail to enjoy being with her."

"*Chillingham Castle, Sept. 6.* I went with Cousin Susan to spend two days at Matfen, Sir Edward Blackett's, a large modern Tudor house with a church beside it, looking into a great park, and entered through a stately gothic hall. Sir Edward and Lady Blackett have not been married many years, but four of his daughters by his first wife are now out. Lady Blackett also had another Northumbrian husband, Mr. Orde of Whitfield, and, as daughter of Sir Charles Lorraine, was once thought a great beauty. Sir Edward drove me to see Aydon, a curious old castle which belongs to him.

"Yesterday I came to Chillingham from Belford, a beautiful drive, over hills first, and then descending into moorland, purple with heather, and bounded by the Cheviots, which rose deep blue against the sunset sky. The castle, which is partly as old as King John, is built round a great courtyard, from which flights of stone steps go up to the principal apartments. On the stairs I found Lord Tankerville, a handsome middle-aged man, with grey hair, romping with his children. He is quite charming, so merry and so courteous. He took me at once to my room, which is high up in one of the old towers, and at eight we dined. Lady Tankerville is sister of the Duke of Manchester, very pretty, and looks quite a girl, though her three boys must be eight, nine, and ten years old."

"*Chillingham, Sept. 8.* This park is quite as beautiful in its way as any scenery abroad, and much more so, I think, than any in Scotland. It is backed by the Cheviot Hills, and often broken into deep dells, with little streamlets rushing down them, and weird old oaks whose withered branches are never cut off, sheltering herds of deer. Great herds too of wild cattle, which are milk-white, and

have lived here undisturbed from time immemorial, come rushing every now and then down the hillsides like an army, to seek better pasture in the valley. Deer of every kind are to be seen upon the hills, and Lady Tankerville hunts them furiously, tiring out twelve horses in succession, placed to await her at different points in the park. Nothing can be more lovely than the evening effects each day I have been here, the setting sun pouring streams of golden light into the great grey mysterious basins of the Cheviots, amid which Marmion died and Paulinus baptized the ancient Northumbrians.

“If the place is charming, the people are even more so. The family is the happiest and most united I have ever seen. Lord Tankerville is the best and kindest of human beings. Lady Tankerville, whose spirits are so exuberant she scarcely knows how to get rid of them, dotes on her ‘Hossinun,’ plays with her children, gallops on her horses, hunts her deer, and manages her household, with equal vivacity. She is the most amusing person possible, is never ill, laughs fine-ladyism to scorn, and scrambles about the park, regardless of colds and crinolines, in all states of the weather. The three little boys, Charlie, Georgie, and Peddie, are all quite as engaging in their different ways, and the two little girls are lovely little creatures.

“The prettiest story of an acceptance I ever heard of is that of Lord Tankerville. He was playing at billiards with Lady Olivia Montagu when he proposed, but she gave no definite answer. At last she said, ‘I think we must go into the drawing-room now; we have been away long enough.’ — ‘But what may I think, what may I say?’ he asked in agitation. ‘Say that we have played our game, and that you have won,’ she answered.

“Yesterday, as soon as luncheon was over, Lady Tankerville and I set off for a regular good sketching, in which she soon outstripped me, for her drawings are first-rate. In some she has been helped by Landseer, who is often

here, and who has added beautiful misty backgrounds, and put herds of deer into her fern.

"In the park is a beautiful old Peel tower, the home of the Hepburns."

"*Chillingham, Sept. 10.* Lord Tankerville says, 'I do not see why any one should ever go away from a place as long as he can make himself happy there.' On that principle I should certainly never leave Chillingham, which is the pleasantest place I ever was at. I feel as if I had known Lord and Lady Tankerville all my life, his kindness and her fun make one so entirely at home; and as for Charlie, Georgie, and Peddie, there never were such little boys.

"Yesterday I was awakened by the servant saying that an order had just come out to have breakfast ready in twenty minutes, as we were all going to Dunstanborough for the day. So we hurried down, and as soon as we had eaten our breakfast, set off in two little basket-carriages across the park and up the steep hills to the moors. At the top we found a larger carriage, packed with luncheon, and with plenty of wraps, for the day was most unpromising; but Lady Tankerville had quite made up her mind that it *should* be fine, and that we *would* enjoy ourselves; and so we most certainly did. The drive across the moorlands was charming, such sweeps of purple heather, with blue mountain distance. Then, after twelve miles, we descended through the cornland to Dunstanborough, and walked through the sandhills covered with rye-grass and bloody cranesbill to the castle, on a reef of basaltic rocks overhanging the sea, which in one place roars up beneath in a strange cavern, known as the Rumbling Churn. Lady Tankerville and I drew Queen Margaret's Tower, where she was concealed after the battle of Hexham, and then we picknicked and rambled about. Coming home we told stories. A tremendous shower came on, and then the sky

cleared for a golden sunset over the mountains, and a splendid descent into the old deer-park."

"*Bamborough Castle, Sept. 12.* Yesterday, at four, we set off on a gypsy picnic from Chillingham — little 'Co' (Corisande) on a pony, with the tea-things in panniers; Lady Tankerville, a fat Mr. Athelstane from Portugal, Charlie, Georgie, Peddie, and I walking. The pouring morning turned into a beautiful afternoon, and we had a delightful scramble through the ferny glades of the park, and up the steep craggy hills to the moorlands. Here Lady Tankerville went off through the heather to look after her little girl, and I told the three boys the story of Littlecot Hall, till the Shetland pony, 'Piccolomini,' arrived by the longer path. Then we lighted a fire between two rocks, and Lady Tankerville and her children boiled a kettle and cooked omelets over a fire of heather and fern, and beautiful grapes, greengages, jam, and cakes unfitted us for the eight o'clock dinner. Then we came down like bushrangers, breaking a path through the bracken, a great deal taller than ourselves, and seeing in the distance the herds of wild white bulls. One or two people came to dinner, but it was just the same simple merry meal as usual.

"The Tankervilles sent me here to-day — twelve miles — in their carriage."

"*Bamborough Castle, Sept. 13.* It is very pleasant, as you will imagine, to be here again, and I have much enjoyed the delightful sands and the splendid green waves which came rolling in all yesterday afternoon. It was a lovely evening, warm enough to enjoy sitting out on the seat amongst the tall bent-grass, and to watch Holy Island quite distinct in the sunset, with all the little fleet of red-sailed herring-boats coming round from North Sunderland. Old Mrs. Liddell sits as usual in her deep window and

looks through the telescope. Amelia wanders about with her black spaniel, and Charlotte rides furiously on the sands when out, and talks incessantly, though pleasantly, when in."

"*Bamborough, Sept. 16.* Yesterday I set off at 8 A. M. in a dogcart for Holy Island, one of the castle cart-horses being harnessed for the purpose, and the castle joiner going with me to find old wood for repairs. It was a wild morning, but gleams of light made the country picturesque, and Warren Bay looked very striking, backed by its angular purple hills, and strewn with pieces of wreck, over which sea-birds were swooping. Only one bit of sand was visible when we reached the ford, but the horse plunged gallantly in. Then we had a very rough crossing of a quarter of an hour in a boat through the great green waves to the island, where we landed on the yellow rocks. Close by, on the green hill, stand the ruins, so well described in 'Marmion,' of St. Cuthbert's Abbey, the old cathedral of Lindisfarne — rather small after descriptions, but beautiful in colour, and its massive round pillars, with patterns upon them, almost unique in England. Beyond, was the still blue harbour filled with fishing-boats, and the shore was lined with men and women packing herrings in barrels of salt. At one corner of the bay rises the castle on a conical hill like a miniature Mont St. Michel, and Bamborough and Dunstanborough are blue in the hazy distance."

"*Sept. 17.* Stephen Denison is here (my cousin by his marriage with Miss Fellows¹), and I have been with him to pay a long visit to Grace Darling's² old father, an interesting man, with as much information as it is possible for

¹ Susan, 5th daughter of Thomas Lyon of Hetton, married the Rev. J. Fellowes of Shottesham.

² The heroine of the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, Sept. 5, 1838.

any one to have who has lived since he was one year old on a desolate island rock tending a lighthouse. He lent us his diary to read, which is very curious, and an awful record of wrecks and misery."

"*Ridley Hall, Sept. 19.* Cousin Susan and her old friend Miss Coulson, with 'the boys' (the dogs), were



ON ALLEN WATER, RIDLEY HALL.

waiting to welcome me in the avenue, when I got out at the private station here. The house is quite full of people, to whom it is amusing to help to do the honours. Great is the autumnal beauty of the place. I have been with Cousin Susan up the Birky Brae, and down by the Craggy Pass and the Hawk's Nest — streams of sunlight falling upon the rocks and river, and lighting up the yellow and red leaves which now mingle with the green. The dogs walked with us to church to-day — Tarlie was allowed to enter with the family, and Bloomer with the maids, but

Perette, Bianca, Fritz, and the Chowdy-Tow were sent back from the door!

"We have had a remarkable visit from an old Miss Clayton, an eccentric, strangely-attired, old, very old lady, who had travelled all the way from Chesters, on North Tyne, to see Staward Peel, and then had rambled on foot hither down the rocks by the Allen. Both she and her friend had fallen into the river in crossing the stepping-stones above the wood, and arrived, carrying a large reticule basket, and dripping with wet and mud, about five o'clock; yet, as soon as she had been dried and fed, she insisted on setting off again on foot to visit Haltwhistle and Bellister Castle before going home at night!"

"*Streatlam Castle, Sept. 25.* I came with Cousin Susan to this curious place, to which our cousin Mr. Bowes¹ has welcomed us very cordially. The house is in a hollow — an enormous building of the last century, enclosing a mediæval castle. I sleep in the ghost-room, looking most grim and weird from its black oak with red hangings, and containing a tall bed with a red canopy. Here the only existing local Handbook says that 'the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots expired in captivity.' I am afraid the next Handbook will be obliged to confess that she was beheaded at Fotheringay.

"The long galleries are full of family portraits — Hyltons, Blakistons, and Bowes's — one of whom, Miss Bowes of Streatlam, was Mrs. John Knox! More interesting to me is the great picture of Mary Eleanor, the unhappy Countess of Strathmore,² walking in the gardens of Pauls-Walden. This house was the scene of her most terrible sufferings."

"*Streatlam Castle, Sept. 27.* This is the oddest house I ever was in! Everything is arranged for you, from the

¹ Only son of John, 10th Earl of Strathmore, and Mary Milner.

² Mary Eleanor Bowes, 9th Countess of Strathmore.

moment you get up till the moment you go to bed, and you are never allowed to deviate from the rules laid down: I even write this in time stolen from the half-hour for dressing. We are called at eight, and at ten march in to breakfast with the same procession as at dinner, only at this meal 'Madame Bowes' does not appear, for she is then reclining in a bath of coal-black acid, which 'refreshes her system,' but leaves her nails *black*. After breakfast we are all set down to employments appointed for the morning. At twelve Madame appears, having painted the underlids of her jet-black eyes with belladonna. At two the bell rings for luncheon, and we are fetched if not punctual to an instant. At three we are all sent out driving (the coachman having exact orders where to take us) immense drives (twenty-four miles to-day) in an open barouche and pair. At seven we dine in great splendour, and afterwards we sit in the oak drawing-room and talk about our ancestors!

"The town of Barnard Castle is most picturesque, with a ruined castle of the Baliols. Dickens, in early life, used frequently to come down and stay there with some young artist friends of his. The idea of 'Humphrey's Clock' first sprung from Humphrey, the watchmaker in the town, and the picture in the beginning of the book is of the clock over the door of his shop. While at Barnard Castle, Dickens heard of the school at Bowes which he afterwards worked up as Dotheboys Hall. Many of these schools, at £15 and £20 a year, existed at that time in the neighbourhood, and were principally used for the sons of London tradesmen, who, provided their sons got a moderate education, cared little or nothing what became of them in the meantime. Dickens went over to see the school at Bowes, and was carefully shown over it, for they mistook him for a parent coming to survey it, with a view of sending his son there. Afterwards the school was totally ruined. At one of Mr. Bowes's elections, the Nicholas Nickleby or

former usher of the school, who was then in want of a place, wrote to him to say in what poverty he was. He 'had formerly been living with Mr. Shawe at Bowes, and they had been happy and prosperous, when Mr. Dickens's misguided volume, sweeping like a whirlwind over the schools of the North, caused Mr. Shawe to become a victim to paralysis, and brought Mrs. Shawe to an untimely grave.'"

"*Morpeth Rectory, Oct. 8.* My present host is Mr. Francis Grey, an old likeness of his nephew, Charlie Wood: his wife, *née* Lady Elizabeth Howard is as sweet-looking as she is charming.

"Friday morning was pouring, with a thick sea-fog hiding the country. Nevertheless Mr. Grey did not think it too bad for a long expedition, and drove me in his little pony-carriage a dreary twelve miles to Wallington, where we arrived about half-past twelve. Wallington is a huge house of the elder branch of the Trevelyan, represented in the North by Sir Walter, who is at the head of teetotallers and Low Churchmen, while his wife is a great friend of Ruskin, Rossetti, and all the Pre-Raphaelites. It is like a French château, with tall roofs and chimneys, enclosing a hall, once a court, which Lady Trevelyan and her artists have covered in and painted with beautiful fresco studies of Northumbrian birds, flowers, and insects, while the intervening spaces are filled with a series of large pictures of the chief events in Northumbrian history—very curious indeed.

"Lady Trevelyan¹ is a little, bright, black-eyed woman, who was charmed to see us, and more to see my drawings, which Mr. Grey had brought. Any good opinion of me, however, which they led her to entertain was quenched by my want of admiration for some wretched little scraps by Ruskin—very scratchy sketches, after his manner. After

¹ Paulina, daughter of the Rev. D. Jermyn.

luncheon, which was as peculiar as anything else (Lady Trevelyan and her artists feeding solely on artichokes and cauliflowers), we went to the upper galleries to look at more pictures.

“Yesterday morning we went to the fine old Morpeth Church, which has been ‘restored,’ one of the stained windows having been put in by a poor old woman in the village. We saw her afterwards in her garden gathering cabbages, and I told her I had seen the window. ‘Eh, hinnie,’ she said, ‘and ain’t it bonnie? and I be going to case it i’ marble afore I dee, to mak it bonnier.’ And then she said, ‘And noo come ben, hinnie, my dear, and see me hoose;’ and she showed me her cottage.”

“The Greys are one of the families who have a sort of language of their own. A bad cold the Greys always call a *Shelley*, because of a famous cold old Lady Shelley had when she came to stay with them. This was the Lady Shelley who, when her carriage, full of people, upset, and there was a great entanglement of legs, called out to the footman, who came to extricate them, ‘John, the black ones are mine—the black ones are mine.’”

“*Warkworth, Oct. 6.* It is very pleasant being here with my kind Clutterbuck cousins,¹ and this old-fashioned house, though small, is most refined and comfortable, with its pervading smell of rose-leaves and lavender.”

“*The Rock, Alnwick, Oct. 10.* I am now staying with the father of a college friend, Charlie Bosanquet, in a pleasant old-fashioned house, an enlarged ‘Peel tower.’ The family are very united, genial and kind; are friends of the Arnolds, Gaskells, &c., and related to Mr. Erskine of Linlathen. I like Charlie Bosanquet so much in his own home, that I am quite ashamed of not having tried to

¹ Mrs. Clutterbuck was Marianne, youngest daughter of the Hon. Thomas Lyon of Hetton, my great-grandmother’s youngest brother.

cultivate him more when at Oxford. Yesterday he drove me to Craster Tower, the old castellated house of the Crasters, a very ancient Northumbrian family, now well represented by the old Squire and his wife, their three tall daughters, and seven stalwart sons, one of whom was at college with me. After luncheon we went over the tower, its vaulted cellars and thickly walled rooms, and then walked to the wild heights of Dunstanborough, with its ruins overhanging the waves, and large white gulls floating up from the 'caverned shore' of 'Marmion.' Then we went to Embleton to see one of the curious fortified rectories of the North — fortified against the Scots."

"*Ford Castle, Oct. 15.* I enjoyed my visit at Rock increasingly, and we made interesting excursions to Falden and Howick. At the former we dined with Sir George and Lady Grey. On Sunday the beautiful little Norman chapel at Rock was filled from end to end with the whole population of the village, all responding, all singing, and forty-three (in that tiny place) remaining to the Sacrament. Mrs. Bosanquet says they are truly a God-fearing people. They live (as all over Northumbria) bound by the year like serfs, close around the large farms. At Rock the people seem perfectly devoted to the Bosanquets, who are certainly quite devoted to them. 'My Missis herself can't feel it more than I do,' said the gamekeeper when he heard the sailor son was coming home.

"Yesterday morning I set off directly after breakfast with Charles Bosanquet, in the sociable, on a long expedition. It was a really lovely day, and the drive over the wild moorlands, with the pink and blue Cheviot distances, was quite beautiful. At one we reached Hedgeley, where we had been asked to luncheon at the fine old house of the Carrs, looking up a mountain ravine, but a soldier-son first took us up to Crawley Tower, a neighbouring ruined Peel.

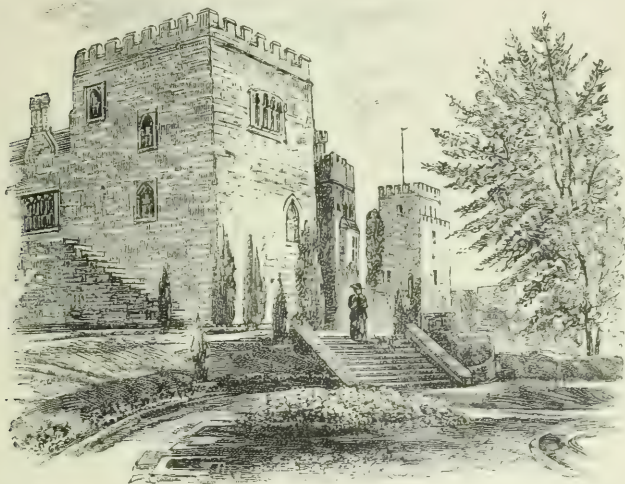
At three we came on to Roddam, where an uncle and aunt of Charlie Bosanquet's live — a beautiful place, with a terraced garden almost overhanging the moorlands, and a dene stretching up into the Cheviots. I had ordered a gig to meet me and take me to Ford, where I arrived about half-past six, seeming to be driving into a sort of gothic castle of Otranto, as we passed under the portcullis in the bright moonlight. I found Lady Waterford sitting with her charming old mother, Lady Stuart de Rothesay. . . . Her drawings are indescribably lovely, and her singing most beautiful and pathetic. Several people appeared at dinner, amongst them Lord Waterford (the brother-in-law), who sat at the end of the table, a jovial white-headed young-old man."

"*Ford Castle, Oct. 17.* Being here has been most pleasant, there is so much to do and see both indoors and out. Lady Waterford is perfectly charming. . . . She is now occupied in putting the whole architecture of the castle back two centuries. Painting is her great employment, and all evening she makes studies for larger drawings, which she works upon in the mornings. She is going to make a 'Marmion gallery' in the castle to illustrate the poem.

"Yesterday we went to Palinsburn, where Paulinus baptized, and on to Branxton to see Mr. Jones, who is the great authority about the battle of Flodden, which he described to us till all the dull ploughed fields seemed alive with heroes and armies. He is coming to-night to talk about it again, for Flodden seems to be the great topic here, the windows of the castle looking out upon the battle-field. The position of the different armies and the site of Sybil's Well are discussed ten times a day, and Lady Waterford herself is still sufficiently a stranger here to be full of her first interest about it.

"To-day the pony-carriage took me part of the way to

the Rowting Lynn, a curious cleft, and waterfall in the moorland, with a 'Written Rock,' supposed to have been the work of ancient Britons. Thence I walked by a wild path along the hills to Nesbitt, where I had heard that there was a chapel of St. Cuthbert, of which I found no vestiges, and on to Doddington, where there is a Border castle. If you look on the map, you will see that this was doing a great deal, and I was very glad to get back at five to hot tea and a talk with Lady Stuart."



FORD CASTLE, THE TERRACE.

"*Roddam, Oct. 20.* I had not promised to return here, and I was received almost rapturously, so welcome is any stray guest in this desolate place. . . . Sunday here was a curious contrast to that at Rock, for though there is a population of nine hundred, the Rector waited for us to begin afternoon service, as no one else came!"

"*Roddam, Oct. 22.* Yesterday was terribly dark and cold, but we went a long expedition across the moorland

to the Raven's Burn, a wild tumbling rivulet in a chaos of grey rocks, and thence by the farm of 'Blaw Weary'—picturesquely perched upon rocks which were covered with white goats, like a bit of Roman Campagna—to the 'Raven's Rock' in a rugged cleft of the moorland. To-day I have been to Linhope Spout, a waterfall at the end of a gorge, and to-morrow we go to the Three Stone Burn, where there are Druidical remains."

"*Ripley Castle, Yorkshire, Oct. 25.* Lady Ingilby (who is sister of Mr. Bosanquet of Rock) kindly pressed my coming here on my way south, and here I am. It is a fine old castle added to, about four miles from Harrogate, with beautiful gardens and a lovely neighbourhood. At the head of the stairs is the portrait of a Nun, who is said to descend from her picture at night and tap at the bedroom doors, when, if any one says, 'Come in'—in she comes. Eugene Aram was the gardener here, and the Ingilbys have all his letters. Cromwell insisted on taking the castle, but the then Lady Ingilby, a staunch Royalist known as 'Trooper Jane,' would not let him have either food or rest there, and sat opposite him all the night through with two loaded pistols in her girdle."

"*Hickledon Hall, Yorkshire, Oct. 27.* Sir Charles Wood's carriage was waiting at Doncaster for me and a very nice young Seymour.¹ Charlie seems delighted to have me here, and I think Sir Charles quite charming, not a bit as if he had the government of all India upon his shoulders."

Many of the visits which I paid in 1861 laid the foundation of after friendships, but chiefly that to Ford, whither I went again and again afterwards,

¹ Afterwards Lord Wilfred Seymour.



VIEW FROM HOLMHURST.

and where I have passed some of the happiest days of my life. Lord and Lady Tankerville, after a few years, passed out of my horizon — I never have quite known how or why. The Liddells, Mrs. Clutterbuck and her daughters, and the saintly Lady Ingilby, added much to my enjoyment for several years. This was especially happy for me, as I see by my journals of the time how in the following winter I felt more than ever depressed by the constant snubbing I received from different members of my immediate family. Such snubs are trifling in themselves, but, like constant dropping of water in one place, they wear away the spirit at last. All this time my sister was bravely exerting herself in cheering her mother and aunt, as well as in a clever (and eventually successful) scheme for the improvement of their fortunes. Miss Hughan (afterwards Lady John Manners) showed her at this time an unwearied kindness which I can never forget.

To MY SISTER.

“*Holmhurst, Dec. 18, 1861.* I went to-day to see three ladies take the veil in the convent at Hastings. I had to get up in the cold early morning and be in the chapel by half-past eight. At nine the Bishop of Brighton arrived in a gold robe and mitre, and took his place with his back to the altar, leaning against it. Then a side door opened, and a procession came in singing—some nuns, and the three brides of Christ dressed in white watered silk, lace veils, and orange flowers. There were six little bridesmaids also in white veils and wreaths. The brides looked ghastly livid, and one of them would have fallen if a nun had not rushed forward to support her. The Bishop then

made them an address, the point of which was that they were not going into a convent for their own benefit or that of the world, but for 'the consolation of Christ' — *that* was to be their work and duty through life — 'the consolation of Christ for the sins of the world.' Then he fixed his eyes upon them like a basilisk and cried, 'Venite.' They tottered, quivered, but scarcely moved; again in a louder voice he called 'Venite;' they trembled and advanced a few steps. Once more 'VENITE,' and they all three fell down prostrate at his feet.

"Then the most solemn music was played, the most agonising wailing dirges were sung, and the nuns coming behind with a great black pall, spread it over the prostrate figures. It was as if they were dead. The bridesmaids strewed flowers, rosemary and laurestinus, as they sang out of their books: the spectators cried and sobbed till they were almost hysterical; but nothing was to be seen but the sunlight streaming in upon a great black pall.

"Then all the saints of the monastic orders were invoked and responded to, and then the nuns closed in, so that no one could see how the three novices were hurried away, only to reappear in their nun's dress. Then they received the Sacrament.

"It is impossible to say how well this little Holmhurst seems suited to the mother. There is still a lingering of autumnal leaves and flowers, and the grey castle rises against a gleaming sea. Thinking of her, and of our home view as it is now, one cannot help recalling Keble's lines: —

'How quiet shows the woodland scene,
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men when age is won.
Such calm old age as conscience pure
And self-commanding heart ensure,
Waiting their summons to the sky,
Content to live, but not afraid to die.'"

JOURNAL.

"*Holmhurst, Dec. 27.* It was on Monday, the 16th, that I was sitting in my study in the twilight, when the mother came in suddenly. She had been down to Hastings with Mrs. Colegrave and Miss Chichester to see Florence Colegrave at the convent, and there first heard the dreadful news of the event of Saturday. Seeing her so much agitated terrified me to the last degree. I thought that it was Arthur who was dead, and when I heard that it was the Prince Consort, the shock was



ENTRANCE TO HOLMHURST: "HUZ AND BUZ."

almost as great. It seems impossible to realise that one will not be able to say 'the Queen and Prince Albert' any more: it is a personal affliction to every one, and the feeling of sympathy for the Queen is overpowering. The Prince sank from the time he read the letter about the deaths of the King and Princes of Portugal. Then they tried to persuade him not to see the messengers who returned from taking the letters of condolence: he insisted

upon doing so, and never rallied. . . . From the first the Prince thought that he should not live, and from the Wednesday Sir Henry Holland thought so too, and wrote in the first bulletin, '*Hitherto* no unfavorable symptoms,' to prepare the public mind; but the Queen came into the anteroom, saw the bulletin, and scratched out the '*hitherto*': 'she would entertain no idea of danger till the last.'¹ . . . When the Prince was dying, he repeated the hymn '*Rock of Ages*.' . . . A letter from Windsor Castle to Mr. P. describes the consternation and difficulty as to how the Queen was to be told of the danger: no one would tell her. At last Princess Alice relieved them all by saying, '*I will tell her*,' and took her out for a drive. During the drive she told the Queen that the Prince could not recover. When he died, the Queen gave one piercing, heart-rending scream, which echoed all over the castle, and which those who stood by said they could never forget, and threw herself upon the body. Then she rose and collected her children and spoke to them, telling them that they must rally round her, and that, next to God, she should henceforth look to them for support.

"C. W. sends an odd story about the King of Portugal. After his death, Princess Alice made a drawing of him lying dead, and, at the top of the drawing, the gates of heaven, with Queen Stephanie waiting to receive the spirit of her husband. A little while after, M. Lavradio sent the Queen a long account of the King's illness, in which it was said that when the King lay dying he fell into a deep sleep, and woke up after some little time saying that he had dreamt, and wished he could have gone on dreaming, that he lay dead, and that his spirit was going up to heaven, and that at the gates he saw '*Stephanie*' waiting to welcome him in. Everything fresh that one hears of Prince Albert makes one realise, '*Le prince était grand, l'homme l'était davantage*.'"²

¹ Arthur Stanley's account.

² Montesquieu.

In the course of the winter I was at Miss Leycester's house in Wilton Crescent, and saw there Miss Marsh and Sir Culling Eardley, both of whom told me much that was curious. I remember Sir Culling Eardley's saying, "I feel sure that the destruction of the temporal power will be the end of the Papacy, and I am also sure that there is one person who agrees with me, and that is Pio Nono!" He also told me that —

"One morning Mrs. Pitcairn at Torquay told her husband that she had been very much disturbed by a dream. She said she had seen her little boy of four years old carried into the house dreadfully crushed and hurt, and that all the principal doctors in the town — Madden, Mackintosh, &c. — had come in one after the other to see him.

"Her husband laughed at her fears, but said, 'Whatever you do, don't tell this to the boy; it would only frighten him unnecessarily.' However, Mrs. Pitcairn did not promise, and when her husband was gone out, she called her little boy to her, and taking him on her knee, spoke to him very seriously, saying, 'If anything happened to you now, where would you be?' &c.

"That afternoon, the little boy went with his elder brother to see some new houses his father was building. In crossing the highest floor, the ill-fastened boards gave way, and he fell, passing through all the floors, into the cellar. Half-an-hour afterwards his mother saw him carried into the house, and all the doctors come in to see him, one after another, in the exact order of her dream.

"The little boy recovered: but four years after, his elder brother, playing on the shore at Babbicombe, pulled down some rocks upon himself, and was killed upon the spot."

In March 1862 an event occurred which caused a great blank in our circle, and which perhaps made

more change in my life than any other death outside my own home could have done — that of my aunt Mrs. Stanley.

JOURNAL.

"*Holmhurst, March 23, 1862.* In March last year dear Uncle Penrhyn died. Aunt Kitty was with him, and felt it deeply. Now she also, on the same day of the same week, the first anniversary of his death, has passed away from us — and oh! what a blank she has left! She was long our chief link with all the interest of the outside world, writing almost daily, and for years keeping a little slate always hanging to her davenport, on which, as each visitor went out, she noted down, from their conversation, anything she thought my mother might like to hear.

"Five weeks ago Arthur went to join the Prince of Wales at Alexandria. He was very unwilling to leave his mother, but he took the appointment by her especial request, and she was delighted with it. He took leave of her in the early morning, receiving farewells and blessings as she lay on the same bed, from whence she was unable afterwards to speak one word to her other children. When he went, my mother was very ill with bronchitis. Aunt Kitty also caught it, but wrote frequently, saying that 'her illness did not signify, she was only anxious about my mother.' It did signify, however. She became rapidly weaker. Congestion of the lungs followed, and she gradually sank. The Vaughans were sent for, and Mary was with her. We were ready to have gone at any moment, if she had been the least bit better, but she would not have been able to have spoken to the mother, perhaps not have known her, so that I am thankful for my sweet mother's sake that she should have been here in her quiet peaceful home.

"There were none of the ordinary features of an illness. Aunt Kitty suffered no pain at all: it was a mere passing out of one gentle sleep into another, till the end.

"Kate wrote — 'What a solemn hour was that when we were sitting in silence round her bed, watching the gradual cessation of breathing — the gradual but sure approach of the end! Not a sound was heard but the sad wailing of the wind as her soul was passing away. She lay quite still: you would hardly have known who it was, the expression was so changed — Oh no, you would never have known it was the dear, dear face we had loved so fondly. And then, when all ceased, and there was stillness, and we thought it had been the last breath, came a deep sigh, then a pause — then a succession of deep sighs at long intervals, and it was only when no more came that we knew she was gone. Charles then knelt down and prayed for us, "especially for our dear absent brother, that he might be comforted" — and then we rose up and took our last look of that revered countenance.'

"When people are dead, how they are glorified in one's mind! I was almost as much grieved as my mother herself, and I also felt a desolation. Yet, on looking back, how few words of tenderness can I remember receiving from Aunt Kitty — some marigolds picked for me in the palace garden when I was ill at Norwich — a few acknowledgments of my later devotion to my mother in illness — an occasional interest in my drawing: this is almost all. What really makes it a personal sorrow is, that in the recollection of my oppressed and desolate boyhood, the figure of Aunt Kitty always looms forth as that of *Justice*. She was invariably just. Whatever others might say, she never allowed herself to be biassed against me, or indeed against any one else, contrary to her own convictions.

"I went with Mary and Kate to the funeral in Alderley churchyard. We all assembled there in the inner school-room, close to the Rectory, which had been the home of my aunt's happiest days, in the centre of which lay the coffin covered with a pall, but garlanded with long green wreaths, while bunches of snowdrops and white crocuses

fell tenderly over the sides. 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' was sung as we passed out of the church to the churchyard, where it poured with rain. The crowds of poor people present, however, liked this, for 'blessed,' they said, 'is the corpse that the rain falls on.' "

During this sad winter it was a great pleasure to us to have our faithful old friend the Baroness von Bunsen at St. Leonards, with two of her daughters —



ALDERLEY CHURCH AND RECTORY.

Frances and Matilda. She had been near my mother at the time of her greatest sorrow at Rome, and her society was very congenial at this time. We were quite hoping that she would have made St. Leonards her permanent winter-home, when she was recalled to live in Germany by the death of the darling daughter of her heart — Theodora von Ungern-Sternberg — soon after giving birth, at Carlsruhe, to her fifth child.

In this winter I went to stay at Hurstmonceaux Rectory with Dr. Wellesley, who was never fitted to be a country clergyman, but who never failed to be the most agreeable of hosts and of men. In person he was very like the Duke of Wellington, with black eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and snow-white hair. His courtesy and kindness were unfailing, especially to women, be their rank what it might. A perfect linguist, he had the most extraordinary power of imitating Italians in their own peculiar dialects. Most diverting was his account of a sermon which he heard preached in the Coliseum. I can only give the words — the tone, the gestures are required to give it life. It was on the day on which the old Duke of Torlonia died. He had been the great enemy of the monks and nuns, and of course they hated him. On that day, being a Friday, the *Confraternità della Misericordia* met, as usual, at four o'clock, in SS. Cosmo and Damiano in the Forum, and went chanting in procession to the Coliseum. Those who remember those days will recall in imagination the strong nasal twang of "Sant' Bartolome, ora pro nobis; Santa Agata, ora pro nobis; Sant' Silvestro, ora pro nobis," &c. Arrived at the Coliseum, the monk ascended the pulpit, and began in the familiar style of those days, in which sermons were usually opened with "How do you do?" and some remarks about the weather.

"Buon giorno, cari fratelli miei. Buon giorno, care sorelle — come state tutti? State bene? Oh, mi fa piacere, mi fa molto piacere! Fa bel tempo stasera, non

è vero? un tempo piacevole — cielo sereno. Oh ma piacevole di molto!

“Ebbene, cari fratelli miei — ebbene, care sorelle — sapete cosa c’è di nuovo — sapete che cos’è successo stamattina in città? Non lo sapete — meraviglia! Oh, non vi disturbate — no — no — no — non vi disturbate affatto — ve lo dirò, io ve lo spiegherò tutto.

“Stammattina stessa in città è morto qualcheduno. Fu un uomo — un uomo ben inteso — ma che specie d’uomo? Fu un uomo grande — fu un uomo ricco — fu un uomo potente — fu un uomo grandissimo, ricchissimo, potentissimo, magnificentissimo, ma morì! — morì, cari fratelli miei, quell’uomo così grande, così ricco, così potente — morì! — così passiamo tutti — così finisce il mondo — moriamo.

“E che fu quell’uomo così importante che è morto? Fu un Duca! un Duca, cari fratelli miei! E, quando morì, cosa fece? È montato sopra, montato sopra su alla porta del Paradiso, dove sta San Pietro, colle sue sante chiavi. Picchia il Duca. . . . ‘Chi è là?’ disse San Pietro. ‘Il Duca di Torlonia!’ — ‘Ah, il Duca di Torlonia,’ disse San Pietro, ‘quel nome è ben conosciuto, ben conosciuto davvero.’ Quindi si voltò San Pietro all’angelo custode che teneva il libro della vita, e disse, ‘Angelo mio, cercate un po’ se trovate quel nome del Duca di Torlonia.’ Dunque l’angelo cercò, cercò con tanta pena, con tanta inquietudine, voltò tante pagine in quel libro così grande della vita, ma disse infine, ‘Caro Signor San Pietro mio, mi rincresce tanto, ma quel nome lì non mi riesce di trovarlo.’

“Allora si voltò San Pietro, e disse, ‘Caro Signor Duca mio, mi rincresce tanto, ma il suo nome non si trova nel libro della vita.’ Rise il Duca, e disse, ‘Ma che sciocchezza! cercate poi il titolo minore, cercate pure il titolo maggiore della famiglia, cercate il Principe di Bracciano, e lo troverete sicuramente.’ Dunque l’angelo cercò di nuovo, cercò con sollecitudine, voltò tante tante pagine in

quel libro così immenso — ma alla fine disse, ‘Caro Signor San Pietro mio, rincresce tanto — ma quei nomi non si trovan quì, nè l’ uno, nè l’ altro.’ Allora disse San Pietro, ‘Mi dispiace tanto, Signor Duca mio — ma bisogna scendere più giù — bisogna scendere più giù.’

“Scese dunque il Duca — poco contento — anzi mortificato di molto — scese giù alla porta del Purgatorio. Picchia il Duca. ‘Chi è là?’ disse il guardiano. ‘Il Duca di Torlonia’ (*piano*). ‘Ah, il Duca di Torlonia,’ disse il guardiano. ‘Anche quì, quel nome è ben conosciuto, molto ben conosciuto — ma bisogna scendere più giù — bisogna scendere più giù.’

“Scese dunque il Duca. Ahimè! quant’ era miserabile! come gridava, quanto piangeva ma — gridando, piangendo — scendeva — scendeva giù — alla porta dell’ Inferno, dove sta il Diavolo. Picchia il Duca. ‘Chi è là?’ disse il Diavolo. ‘Il Duca di Torlonia’ (*pianissimo*). ‘Ah, il Duca di Torlonia,’ disse il Diavolo, ‘oh siete il benvenuto, entrate quì, caro amico mio, oh quanto tempo siete aspettato, entrate quì, e restate per sempre.’ Ecco, cari fratelli miei, ecco, care sorelle, quel ch’ è successo quest’ oggi, stamattina, in città a quel povero Duca di Torloni-a!” &c.

I narrated this story afterwards to Mrs. F. Dawkins and her daughters, and they told me that some friends of theirs were at Rome on August 10, St. Laurence’s Day — which fell on a Friday that year — and St. Laurence, as all know, was roasted on a gridiron. That day, the monk began as usual —

“Buon giorno, cari fratelli miei — buon giorno, care sorelle (sniff, sniff, sniff) — ma sento qualche cosa (sniff, sniff) — che cosa sento io (sniff) — sento un odore. E l’ odore di che? (sniff, sniff, sniff) — è l’ odore di carne (sniff). Che specie di carne può essere? È l’ odore di

carne bollito? (sniff). No, no, no, non è bollito (sniff, sniff, sniff). Ah, lo vedo, è l'odore di carne arrosto, è l'odore di carne arrostito — è l'odore d' un santo arrostito — è l'odore di San Lorenzo."

Lady Marian Alford used to tell a similar story. Lord Brownlow was at S. Agostino, when a monk, who was walking about, preaching, in the great pulpit there, said, "Che odore sento io? È l'odore di montone? — no! È l'odore di presciutto? — no! È l'odore delle anime che friggono nell' inferno."

I cannot remember whether it was in this or the preceding winter that I spent an evening with Dr. Lushington, the famous judge, who, having been born in the beginning of 1782, and preserving ever green all the recollections of his long life, was one of the most delightful of men. I remember his describing how all the places ending in *s* in England take their names from people who have lived there. Leeds is so called from an old person called Leed or Lloyd, of whom the great city is now the only memorial. Levens is from Leofwin.

He said that "the Duchesse d'Angoulême never forgave the Court of Rome for not canonising her father." She always regarded Louis XVI. as a saint. Of her mother she spoke with less confidence — "she had faults," she said, "but they were terribly expiated."

Dr. Lushington said that when he was a very little child travelling alone with his father, the carriage stopped near a public-house, and the footman and coachman, with the license of those times, went in to drink. He was himself asleep in the corner of the

carriage, when a pistol, directed at his father, came crashing in at the window, with a demand for money. Dr. Lushington distinctly remembered his father drawing out a long green silk purse, in which were one hundred guineas, and deliberately counting out twelve guineas into the man's hand, and saying, "There, take that, that is enough." "Well," said the man, "but I must have your watch." — "No," said his father, "it is an old family watch, and I cannot give it to you." Upon this the man said, "Well, God bless you," and went away. Immediately after the servants came out of the inn, and hearing what had happened, said they were armed, they could pursue the highwayman, and they could easily take him. "No," said Dr. Lushington's father, "let him go. The man God-blessed *me*, and I'll be damned if I hang *him*."

At this time I took the opportunity of persuading Dr. Lushington to tell me himself the most celebrated of his stories, which I had already heard from his son Godfrey and from Arthur Stanley. I wrote it down at the time, and here it is, in the very words of the old judge : —

"There was once, within my memory, an old gentleman who lived in Kent, and whose name, for very obvious reasons, I cannot mention, but he lived in *Kent*. He was a very remarkable old man, and chiefly because in the whole course of his very, very long life — for he was extremely old — he had never been known on any single occasion to want presence of mind; he had always done exactly the right thing, and he had always said exactly the right word, at exactly the right moment. The old gentleman

lived alone. That is to say, he had never married, and he had no brother or sister or other relation living with him, but he had a very old housekeeper, a very old butler, a very old gardener — in fact, all the old-fashioned retinue of a very old-fashioned household, and, bound together by mutual respect and affection, the household was a very harmonious one.

“Now I must describe what the old gentleman’s house was like. Upstairs, there was a very long passage, which ended in a blank wall. At the end of the passage, on the left, was a dressing-room, and on the right was a bedroom, the room in which the old gentleman himself slept. The bedroom was entered by a very heavy swing-door, which could only be opened from the inside — that is to say, the old gentleman carried the key upon his watch-chain, and let himself in and out. When he wished housemaids or other persons to go in or out, he left the door open; but when he was inside and shut the door, no one could come in unless he opened the door to them. People may say ‘it was very eccentric;’ it *was* very eccentric: but the old gentleman was very peculiar; it was the way he chose to live: at any rate, it was a fact. Through the bedroom, opposite the door into the passage, was another door which led into the plate-room. This was also a very heavy swing-door, which could only be opened from the *outside*, and very often in summer the old gentleman would set it open at night, because he thought it gave more air to the bedroom. Everything depends upon your attending to and understanding the geography of these rooms. You see they were all *en suite* cross-wise. If you stood in the plate-room, and all the doors were open, you would see the dressing-room, and *vice versa*.

“One morning when the old gentleman came down to breakfast, he found upon his plate a note. He opened it, and it contained these words — ‘Beware, you are in the hands of thieves and robbers.’ He was very much sur-

prised, but he had such presence of mind that he threw the note into the fire and went on buttering his toast, having his breakfast. Inwardly he kept a sharp look-out upon all that was going on. But there was nothing special going on whatever. It was very hot summer weather; the old gardener was mowing the lawn, the old housekeeper cooked the dinner, the old butler brought it in: no, there was nothing whatever especial going on.

“That night, when the old gentleman went to bed, he took particular care to examine his room, and to see that his heavy swing-door was well fastened, so that no one could come in to disturb him. And when he had done this, he went to bed and fell asleep, and slept very well till the next morning, for nothing happened, nothing whatever.

“When the next morning came, he rang his bell for his hot water as usual, but nobody came. He rang, and rang, and rang again, but still nobody came. At last he opened his bedroom door, and went out down the passage to the head of the staircase, and called to the butler over the banisters. The butler answered. ‘Why did you not attend to my bell?’ said the old gentleman. ‘Because no bell rang,’ answered the butler. ‘Oh, but I have rung very often,’ said the old gentleman; ‘go downstairs again, and I will pull the bell again; watch if it rings.’ So the butler went downstairs, and the old man pulled the bell, but no bell rang. ‘Then,’ said the old gentleman, ‘you must send for the bell-hanger at once; one cannot live with broken bells; that sort of thing cannot be allowed to go on in the house,’ — and he dressed and went down to breakfast.

“While he was eating his breakfast, the old gentleman found he had forgotten his pocket-handkerchief, and went up to his room to get it. And such was the promptitude of that old-fashioned household, that the village being close to the house, and the bell-hanger living in the vil-

lage, the master's orders had already been obeyed, and the bell-hanger was already in the room, standing on a ladder, arranging the new wire of the bell. In old-fashioned houses, you know, the bell wires come through the wall and go round the top of the room, so that you can see them, and so it was in this house in Kent. You do not generally perhaps observe how many wires there are in your room, but it so happened that, as he lay in bed, the old gentleman had observed those in his, and there were three wires. Now he looked, and there were four wires. Yes, there was no doubt there were four wires going round his room. '*Now*,' he said, '*now* I know exactly what is going to happen,' but he gave no outward sign of having discovered anything, and he went down and finished his breakfast.

"All that day everything went on as usual. It was a dreadfully hot day in July — very sultry indeed. The old gentleman was subject to bad nervous headaches, and in the afternoon he pretended to be not quite so well. When dinner-time came, he was very suffering indeed. He spoke of it to the butler. He said, 'It is only one of my usual attacks; I have no doubt it is the weather. I shall be better to-morrow; but I will go to bed early.' And towards half-past nine he went upstairs. He left the door of the bedroom ajar, so that any one could come in; he set the door of the plate-room wide open, for the sake of more air to the bedroom, and he went to bed. When he was in bed, he rang the bell, the new bell that the bell-hanger had put up that morning. The butler came. The old gentleman gave some orders about horses for the next day, and then said, 'Do not disturb me in the morning. I had better sleep off my headache; I will ring when I want to get up. You can draw the curtains round the bed, and then shut the door.' So the butler drew the curtains round the bed, and went out, shutting the door after him.

“As soon as the old gentleman heard the footsteps of the butler die away down the passage, he dressed himself completely from head to foot; he took two loaded pistols and a blunderbuss. He stealthily opened the heavy swing-door of the bedroom. He let himself out into the dark passage. He shut the bedroom door behind him. It fastened with a click; he could not go in himself any more, and he crossed the passage, and stood in the dark dressing-room with the door open.

“It was still very early, and eleven o’clock came, and nothing happened; and twelve came and nothing happened; and one o’clock came and nothing happened. And the old gentleman — for he was already very old — began to feel very much exhausted, and he began to say to himself, ‘Perhaps after all I was wrong! Perhaps after all it is a hallucination; but I will wait till two o’clock.’

“At half-past one o’clock there was a sound of stealthy footsteps down the passage, and three figures passed in front of him and stood opposite the bedroom door. They were so near that he could have shot them every one; but he said to himself, ‘No, I’ll wait, I’ll wait and see what is going to happen.’ And as he waited, the light from the dark lantern which the first man carried fell upon their faces, and he recognised them. And the first figure was the butler, and the second figure was the bell-hanger, and the third figure, from having been long a magistrate on a London bench, he recognized as the most notorious ruffian of a well-known London gang. He heard the ruffian say to the butler, ‘I say, it’s no use mincing this kind of thing: no use doing this kind of thing by halves: better put him out of the way at once, and go on to the plate afterwards.’ — ‘Oh no,’ said the butler, ‘he has been a good master to me; I’ll never consent to that. Take all he has; he’ll never wake, not he; but you can’t do him any harm; I’ll never consent to that.’ And they wrangled about it for some time, but at last the butler

seemed to get the better, and the ruffian had to consent to his terms.

"Then exactly what the old gentleman had expected happened. The butler, standing on tiptoe, could just reach the four wires of the bells, which came through into the low passage above the bedroom door. As the butler reached the lowest of the wires, and by leaning his weight upon it, pulled it downwards, it was seen that the wire was connected with the bolt of the door on the inside; the bolt rolled up, and the heavy swing-door of the bedroom, of which the hinges were well oiled for the occasion, rolled open. 'There,' said the butler, as they passed into the room, 'master always sleeps like that. Curtains drawn all round the bed. He'll not hear anything, not he.' And they all passed in through the open door of the plate-room. The old man waited till they were entirely occupied with the plate-chest, and then he slipped off his slippers, and, with a hop, skip, and a jump, he darted across the room, and — bang! they were all caught in a trap. He banged to the heavy swing-door of the plate-room, which could only be opened from the outside.

"Having done that — people may believe it or not, but I maintain that it is true — the old man had such presence of mind, that he undressed, went to bed, and slept soundly till the next morning. Even if this were not so, till the next morning he did not send for the police, and the consequence was that when he did send for the police, and the door was opened, the following horrible scene revealed itself: The ruffian had tried to make a way of escape through the roof, had stuck fast, and was dreadfully mangled in the attempt: the bell-hanger had hung himself from the ceiling: and the butler was a drivelling idiot in the corner, from the horror of the night he had gone through."

Dr. Lushington had been employed in the inquiry which ensued, and had personal knowledge of all he

narrated. I must record one more story which he told me — in his words : —

“I had a great-uncle, and as I am a very old man, you may imagine that my great-uncle was alive a very long time ago. He was a very eccentric man, and his peculiar hobby when in London was to go about to dine at all sorts of odd places of entertainment, to amuse himself with the odd characters he fell in with. One day he was dining at a tavern near St. Bride’s in Fleet Street, and at the table opposite to him sat a man who interested him exceedingly, who was unusually amusing, and quaint, and agreeable. At the end of dinner the stranger said, ‘Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that you have been dining with a notorious highwayman?’ — ‘No, indeed,’ said my great-uncle, not the least discomposed. ‘What an unexpected pleasure! But I am quite sure, sir, that you cannot always have been a highwayman, and that your story must be a very remarkable one. Can I not persuade you to do me the honour of telling it to me?’ — ‘Well,’ said the stranger, ‘we have had a very pleasant dinner, and I like your acquaintance, and I don’t mind if I do tell you my story. You are quite right in thinking that I was in early life as free as you are, or indeed, for that matter, as I myself am now. But one day, as I was riding over Hounslow Heath, I was surrounded by highwaymen. They dragged me from my horse, and then said, “We don’t want your money, and we don’t want your life, but we want *you*, and you we must have. A great many of us have been taken, and we want recruits; you must go with us.” I protested in vain; I said it was impossible I could go with them; I was a respectable member of society, it was quite impossible that I could become a highwayman. “Then,” they said, “you must die; you cannot be allowed to live, to go out into the world, and tell what has been proposed to you.” I was in a terrible strait, and eventually I was

obliged to promise to go with them. I was obliged to promise, but I made such difficulties that I was able to exact two conditions. One was that at the end of seven years I should be allowed to go free, and that I should never be recognised or taken by them again. The other was that in the seven years I was with them, no deed of actual cruelty should ever be committed in my presence.

“So I rode with the highwaymen, and many strange things happened. I saw many people robbed and pillaged, and I helped to rob and pillage them, but no deed of actual cruelty was ever committed in my presence. One day, after I had been with the band four years, we were riding in Windsor Forest. I saw a carriage approaching down the long avenue. It was sure to have ladies in it; there was likely to be a disagreeable scene; it was not necessary that I should be present, so I lingered behind in the forest. Presently, however, I was roused by so dreadful a scream from the carriage that I could no longer resist riding forward, and I spurred on my horse. In the carriage sat a lady, magnificently dressed, evidently just come from Windsor Castle, and the highwaymen had torn the bracelets from her arms and the necklace from her neck, and were just about to cut off her little finger, because there was a very valuable diamond ring upon it, which they could not otherwise get off. The lady implored me to have pity upon her, to intercede for her, and I did. I represented that the highwaymen had made me a solemn promise that no deed of personal cruelty should ever be committed in my presence, that on that condition only I was with them, and I called upon them to keep their promise. They disputed and were very angry, but eventually they gave in, and rode off with the rest of their booty, leaving me alone with the lady.

“The lady then said she owed me everything. She certainly owed me her life for she was quite sure that she should never, never, have survived the loss of her little

finger. She was quite sure, she said, that I could not like being a highwayman, and she entreated me to abandon the road and reform my life. "I can get you a pardon," she said, "I can set you up in life — in fact, I can do anything for you." Then I told her my story. I told her how the highwaymen had made a promise to me, and they had kept it; and I told her how I had made a promise to them, and I must keep it also. I had promised to go with them for seven years, and I had only been with them four; I must go with them for three years more. "Then," said the lady, "I know what will happen; I know what stringent measures are going to be enforced for the suppression of highwaymen. I am certain you cannot escape for three years: you will be taken, and you will be condemned to death. When this happens, send for me, and I will save your life. I am Mrs. Masham."

"It was indeed Mrs. Masham, the great favourite of Queen Anne.

"Before the expiration of the three years I was taken, I was tried, and I was condemned to death. While I was lying in Newgate under sentence of death, I sent to Mrs. Masham, and Mrs. Masham flung herself at the feet of Queen Anne, and the Queen spared my life.'"

This was the story of Dr. Lushington's great-uncle's friend.

In April I returned to my work in the North. My first visit worth recording was one to the old house of Mainsforth in Durham, the home of Mrs. Surtees, widow of the genial and delightful historian, who was the intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, though he offended him when it was discovered that he had himself written the glorious ballads which he

had imposed upon Sir Walter as originals.¹ He was also the author of many ballads of a simpler and more touching character, which have never attained to the position in English poetry which they surely deserve.

To MY MOTHER.

"*Mainsforth, April 26, 1862.* This has been a most interesting visit, both the old ladies of the house so amusing, and so full of stories of the past, in which they are still living, having shut out the present ever since the death of Mr. Surtees, twenty years ago. Miss Robinson has lived with 'my Sister Surtees' for the last fifteen years, and thinks there is no place in the world like Mainsforth: and indeed it is a most pleasant old house, thoroughly unpretending, but roomy and comfortable, close to the road on one side, but a very quiet road, with a fringe of ancient trees and a rookery, and on the other looking out on the wide green lawn and broad terrace-walk, bordered by clumps of hyacinths and tall turncap lilies. My room has two low windows, which slide back like doors, and look down through glades of hollies, like a picture, to the silvery windings of the Skene. It is quiet, and stillness itself; no sound but the cawing of the rooks, and the ticking of the clock on the broad old staircase.

"Ever since an accident five years ago, 'my Sister Surtees' has sat on a sofa in a sitting-room covered with fine old prints pasted on the walls, with a large tapestry screen on one side of her, and during the three days I have been here, I have never seen her move from this place, to which she appears to be glued. 'My Sister Mary' does all the hospitalities of the house, in the heartiest, most

¹ Notably the ballad of "Featherstonhaugh," which Sir Walter inserted as ancient in his "Border Minstrelsy," introducing one stanza in the poem of "Marmion" itself.

cordial way, and both always keep open house at Mainsforth for every one who likes to come. University students from Durham are constantly here, and the house is a second home to all the poor clergy of the neighbourhood, who come whenever they want a good dinner, or ready interest and kindly sympathy. A new curate was appointed to the neighbouring church of Bishop Middleham, and was asked to stay here while he looked out for lodgings: he stayed on and on, till he never went away again: he stayed here three years! The students of Durham University have just put up two stained glass windows in the church here, in token of gratitude for the kindness they have received at Mainsforth. Imagine the students of Oxford doing such a thing!

“On Thursday I went by the early train to Darlington, and, after seeing the town, set off in a gig on a long round of country villages. I saw the ‘Hell Kettles,’ three pools which are supposed to be fathomless, and into which, if a sheep falls, it is believed to be always ‘a-going’ to the end of all time: and at one o’clock came to Sockburne, a lovely peninsula on the Tees, where an old ruined chapel stands on the edge of the green lawn above the rushing river, and beside it ‘the Wishing-Tree,’ a chestnut 1100 years old, where everything wished for comes true. I had an introduction to Mrs. Blackett, the owner, who lives in a beautiful modern house with terraces above the river, and when I was shown in, I found with her, in three young ladies spinning, three friends of last year, daughters of Sir Edward Blackett of Matfen. After luncheon, though it rained, they all walked with me three miles along the lovely hanging woods by the Tees to ‘the Leper’s Bath.’

“Yesterday I went off again, before the family breakfast, to Stockton-on-Tees a manufacturing town, celebrated for possessing the widest street in England. I dined at Greatham Hospital with Mr. Tristram, the Master. It seemed a most melancholy place morally, no one speaking

to anybody else, every one quarrelling about their rights of way, the keys of their church, even about their interest in the poor old men of the Hospital. The country is now all blackened with coal-pits, and it is curious to hear my present hostesses describe it all trees and verdure, as it was in their youth. But the natives are still wonderfully simple and full of kind-heartedness. At Billingham a poor woman having spent half-an-hour in trying to find the keys of the church for me, said, when I begged her to give it up, ‘Na, na, I’ll try once again, if only to show a willin’.’”

JOURNAL.

“*Mainsforth, April 24, 1862.* Sitting alone with Miss Robinson just now, she talked much of Sir Walter Scott.

“I knew Sir Walter Scott very well: to hear him talk was like hearing history with all the disagreeable parts weeded out. I often dined with him in Edinburgh. I went with my Sister Surtees to his house just after his first paralytic seizure. We went to take him a book, and, not knowing of his illness, my Sister Surtees asked if he was at home. The servant said he did not know; so my sister told him just to give Sir Walter the book and say it was left by Mrs. Surtees of Mainsforth. But Sir Walter, who was sitting in his study, heard my sister’s voice, and said, “I am sure that is Mrs. Surtees of Mainsforth,” and sent to desire us to come in. We found him dreadfully altered, and he described to us all that had happened. “I was sitting with Sophy, when I was taken,” he said (she is dead — they are all dead now), “and I could not speak; so I ran upstairs into the drawing-room, where there were several ladies in the room, and there I soon became insensible and could not be roused. I remember it as if it were to-day,” he said; “they all began to beel, and they made such a tiran, you can scarcely imagine it. I did not wish to frighten them more, so I did not say what I felt, but

I'll tell you what it was, Mrs. Surtees — *I shook hands with death.*"

"Lady Scott was brought up in France. She was a very frivolous person — very exceedingly. The first time I dined with them, I sat next to her, and she wore a brocaded silk gown which she told me cost two hundred guineas. "Dear me, Lady Scott," I said, "but is not that a very large price?" — "Yes," she replied, "but that's what my dressmaker charges *me*." People never knew what present to give to Sir Walter; so, when they wished to make a present, they gave ornaments to Lady Scott, and she would come down to a common dinner with her arm quite covered with bracelets. What more she could have worn if she went to court, I cannot imagine. She never entered into Sir Walter's pursuits at all.

"Donald was the old piper, and a very fine-looking person he was. He used to walk about the gallery outside playing the pibroch on the bagpipes. He could not have done it in the room, it was so deafening. Even from outside, the noise was tremendous, but Sir Walter liked it because it was national.'"

"April 25. I have had a long talk with Mrs. Surtees. I wish I could put down half she said about the Ettrick Shepherd.

"Once we wanted to go to the Highlands. There were my sister and two other ladies: we were a party of four. Surtees would not go with us because he said we should be such a trouble to him; but he said, "What I advise you to do is, to go to Mr. Blackwood when you get to Edinburgh, and ask him to give you a tour." So when we got to Edinburgh, we went to Mr. Blackwood, and told him what Surtees said. "Oh dear, Mrs. Surtees," said Mr. Blackwood, "what a pity you were not here a minute ago, for Mr. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, has only just gone out of the shop, and he would have been the

very person to have told you all you wanted to know." Now you must know that Surtees had been very kind to Hogg, and I was very anxious to see him, so I said, "Oh dear, but can we not still see him?" — "Well," said Mr. Blackwood, "he is going out of town now, but he will be back in a short time, and if you like to leave your address, he will come and call upon you." So I was just going to write my name on a card, when who should come in again but the Ettrick Shepherd. "Oh, sir," said Mr. Blackwood, "I'm so glad to see you back, for this is Mrs. Surtees, and she wants you to give her a tour in the Highlands." — "Eh!" said the Shepherd, "coom awa then wi' me into th' backshop, and I'll do't."

"So we went into the backshop, and he told me where to go, and showed me all the route on a large map that was there; and when he had done he said, "Weel, Mrs. Surtees, an' noo I've shown ye the route, I'd jist like to go wi' ye." — "Well," I said, "Mr. Hogg, we are only four ladies, but we would do all we could to make it agreeable to you, if you liked to go." — "Eh," said the Shepherd, "but I could'na just leave the lammies."

"So then he said, "Eh, Mrs. Surtees, but my wife's here, and I'm just a going to choose her a silk gown: will ye coom awa along wi' us an' help to choose it?" So I went with them (a very nice-looking woman too Mrs. Hogg was) and helped to choose the gown.

"Once I met them at dinner at Sir Walter's. Sir Walter treated Mrs. Hogg very well, and thought her (as the poet's wife, you know) every bit as good as Lady Scott; but Lady Scott thought her very different, and she did not carry it off very well.

"We were at Abbotsford when Washington Irving was there. When people went away, Sir Walter used to conduct all those he especially liked over the hill as far as a particular little wicket. When Mr. Irving went, he said, "Now I'll take you as far as the wicket." I walked

with them, and when they parted, I so well remember Mr. Irving saying what a pleasant visit he had had, and all that kind of thing — and then Sir Walter's hearty, earnest "Coom again."

"Mrs. Surtees had also much to say of Mrs. Siddons.

"I used often to meet Mrs. Siddons at the house of the Barringtons when they lived at Sedgefield. She was always acting. I remember as if it were yesterday her sitting by me at dinner and asking George Barrington how Chinamen eat their rice with chopsticks. "Well, but I pray you, and how do they do it?" she said in a theatrical tone; and then, turning to the footman, she said, "Give me a glass of water, I pray you; I am athirst to-day." After dinner, Lord Barrington would say, "Well now, Mrs. Siddons, will you give us some reading?"

"Her daughter was with her, who was miserably ill-educated. She could not even sew. The Miss Barringtons took her in hand and tried to teach her, but they could make nothing of her."

"*April 26.* Miss Robinson has been telling me, 'When we were in London, we went to a chapel in Bedford Place where Sydney Smith often used to preach, and we were shown into a pew; for, you know, in London you do not sit where you like, but they show you into pews — the women people that keep the church do. There was a strange lady in the seat, and I have never seen her before or since. It was not I that sat next to her — my Sister Surtees was the person. The service was got through very well, and when the preacher got up, it was Sydney Smith. I remember the sermon as if it were to-day. It was from the 106th Psalm. He described the end of man — the "portals of mortality." "Over those portals," he said, "are written Death! Plague! Famine! Pestilence!" &c., and he was most violent. I am sure the poor man that had read the service and was sitting underneath would

rather have been at the portals of mortality than where he was just then, for Sydney Smith thumped the cushion till it almost touched his head, and he must have thought the whole thing was coming down upon him. The lady in the pew was quite frightened, and she whispered to my Sister Surtees, "This is Sir Sydney Smith, who has been so long in the wars, and that is what makes him so violent." — "Oh dear, no," said my Sister Surtees, "you are under a great mistake," &c.

"Miss Robinson described her youth at Houghton-le-Spring, now almost the blackest place in Durham.

"Houghton-le-Spring was a lovely rustic village. There was not a pit in the neighbourhood, and the neighbourhood was the best that was known in England. Sixteen or seventeen carriages waited at the church-gate every Sunday. My father lived at Herrington Hall, and our family were buried in Bernard Gilpin's tomb, because they were related.

"The Lyons¹ of Hetton were a beautiful family, but Mrs. Fellowes was the loveliest. Jane and Elizabeth died each of a rapid decline. Mrs. Lyon embarked £60,000 in the pit at Hetton, lost it, and died of a broken heart. People used to say, "Do you know where Mrs. Lyon's heart is? At the bottom of Hetton coal-pit." "

After a visit to the George Liddells at Durham, I went on to Northumberland.

To MY MOTHER.

"*Westgate Street, Newcastle, May 6, 1862.* Yesterday afternoon I came here, to the old square dark red brick house of the Claytons, who are like merchant-princes in

¹ My great-great-uncle, Thomas Lyon of Hetton, younger brother of the 9th Earl of Strathmore, married Miss Wren (grand-daughter of Sir Christopher), heiress of Binchester.

Newcastle, so enormous is their wealth, but who still live in the utmost simplicity in the old-fashioned family house in this retired shady street. The family are all remarkable. First comes Mr. John Clayton of Chesters, the well-known antiquary of North Tyne, a grand, sturdy old man, with a head which might be studied for a bust of Jupiter;¹ then there is his brother Matthew, a thin tall lawyer, full of jokes and queer sayings; then the venerable and beautiful old sister, Mrs. Anne Clayton (beloved far and wide by the poor, amongst whom she spends her days, and who are all devoted to 'Mrs. Nancy Claytoun'), is the gentlest and kindest of old ladies. And besides these, there is the nephew, George Nathaniel, a college friend of mine, and his wife, Isabel Ogle, whom we have often met abroad.

"Last night, Dr. Bruce² dined, the leader of the 'Romanist' antiquarians in the county, in opposition to Dr. Charlton and the 'Mediaevalists.'"

"*May 7.* How amused my mother would be with this quaintest of families, who live here in the most primitive fashion, always treating each other as if they were acquaintances of the day, and addressing one another by their full titles, as 'Miss Anne Clayton, will you have the goodness to make the tea?' — 'Mr. Town-Clerk of Newcastle, will you have the kindness to hand me the toast?' &c. Miss Anne is a venerable lady with snow-white hair, but her brother Matthew, who is rather older, is convinced that she is one of the most *harum-scarum* young girls in the world, and is continually pulling her up with 'Miss Anne

¹ Mr. John Clayton survived till July 1890, leaving personalty valued at £728,000, and real property supposed to be worth £20,000 a year. The last member of his generation, the universally beloved Mrs. Anne Clayton, died October 30, 1890.

² Rev. J. Collingwood Bruce, author of "The Roman Wall," &c. He lived till 1893, and is commemorated by a tomb in St. Nicholas Newcastle.

Clayton, you are very inaccurate,' — 'Miss Anne Clayton, be careful what you say,' — 'Miss Anne Clayton, another inaccuracy,' — while the poor old sister goes on her own way without minding a bit.

"This afternoon we have been to Tynemouth, and most refreshing was the sea-air upon the cliffs, and the sight of that enchanting old ruin standing on its rocky height. The journey was very curious through the pit, glass, and alkali country.

"This evening old Mr. Matthew has been unusually extraordinary, and very fatiguing — talking for exactly two hours about his bootmakers, Messrs. Hoby & Humby whence they came, what they had done, and how utterly unrivalled they were. 'Miss Anne Clayton,' he said at the end, 'I hope you understand all I've been saying. Now wait before you give an opinion, but above all things, Miss Anne Clayton, don't, don't be inaccurate.'"

"*Dilston Hall, May 8, 1862.* I left Westgate Street this morning directly after breakfast, and getting out of the train at Blaydon, walked by Stella and Ryton to Wylam. Ryton was very interesting to me, because the church is full of monuments of my Simpson relations, including that of old Mrs. Simpson, the mother-in-law of Lady Anne, of whom we have a picture, and of her father, Mr. Andersen,¹ from whom the property came. As I was going through the churchyard, the sexton poked up his head from an open grave to stare at me. 'Where can I get the church keys?' I said. 'Why, I'll tell you wherefrom you'll get them; you'll just get them out of my coat-pocket,' he answered, and so I did. It was a beautiful church, with rich stained windows, oak stalls, and tombs,

¹ Mr. Andersen had two daughters, my great-great-grandmother Mrs. Simpson, and the Marchesa Grimaldi, great-grandmother of Stacey Grimaldi, who was at this time trying to establish his claims to the Principality of Monaco.

and outside it lovely green haughs sloping down to the Tyne.

"Thence I walked on to see Bradley,¹ the home of my great-grandmother Lady Anne Simpson. It is a charming place, with deep wooded glens filled with what Northumbrians call rowan and gane trees, and carpeted with primroses and cowslips.

"I arrived at Dilston by tea-time, and afterwards we went out along the terraced heights, and I longed for you to see the view — the rich hanging woods steeped in gold by the setting sun, while behind rose the deep blue moorlands, and from below the splash of the Devil's Water came through the gnarled oaks and yellow broom."

"*Old Elvet, Durham, May 4.* On Friday I drew in the lovely woods by the Devil's Water, and then walked, overtaken by a dreadful storm on the way, to Queen Margaret's cave in Deepden, where she met the robber. Yesterday a wild moorland drive took me to Blanchland,² a curious place, with a monastic church and gateway, and a village surrounding a square, in the deep ravine of the Derwent. Then a still wilder drive brought me to Stanhope, whence I came here by rail to the kind Liddell cousins.

"George Liddell has been telling me how, when they lived out of the town at Burnopside, a poor woman lived near them at a place called 'Standfast Hill,' who used to have periodical washings, and put out all the things to dry afterwards on the bank by the side of the road. One day a tramp came by and carried them all off: when the daughter came out to take the things in, they were all gone, and she rushed back to her mother in despair, saying that they were all ruined, the things were all gone, &c.

¹ Bradley was inherited and sold by Lord Ravensworth, and its pictures removed to Eslington.

² The living of Blanchland was afterwards given by the Governors of Bamborough to Mr. Gurley on his marriage with my cousin, Mary Clutterbuck.

"The Liddells went up to see that poor woman afterwards and to tell her how sorry they were; but she said, 'Yes, there 's my poor Mary, she goes blearing about like a mad bull; but I say to her, "Dinna' fash yersel, but pray to the Lord to have mercy on them that took the things, for they 've paid far dearer than I ever paid for them." ' "

In June I was at Chartwell in Kent, when Mr. Colquhoun (who was one of the most perfect types of a truly Christian *gentleman* I have ever known), told me the following story, from personal knowledge both of the facts and persons : —

"On awaking one morning, Mr. Rutherford of Egerton (in Roxburghshire) found his wife dreadfully agitated, and asked her what was the matter. 'Oh,' she said, 'it is something I really cannot tell you, because you could not possibly sympathise with it.' — 'But I insist upon knowing,' he said. 'Well,' she answered, 'if you insist upon knowing, I am agitated because I have had a dream which has distressed me very much. I dreamt that my aunt, Lady Leslie, who brought me up, is going to be murdered; and not only that, but in my dream I have seen the person who is going to murder her: — I have seen him so distinctly, that if I met him in any town of Europe, I should know him again.' — 'What bombastical nonsense!' said Mr. Rutherford; 'you really become more and more foolish every day.' — 'Well, my dear,' said his wife, 'I told you that it was a thing in which you could not sympathise, and I did not wish to tell you my dream.'

"Coming suddenly into her sitting-room during the morning, Mr. Rutherford found his wife still very much agitated and distressed, and being of choleric disposition, he said sharply, 'Now do let us have an end once for all of this nonsense. Go down into Fife and see your aunt, Lady Leslie, and then, when you have found her alive and

quite well, perhaps you will give up having these foolish imaginations for the future.' Mrs. Rutherford wished no better; she put a few things into a hand-bag, she went to Edinburgh, she crossed the Firth of Forth, and that afternoon at four o'clock she drove up to Lady Leslie's door. The door was opened by a strange servant. It was the man she had seen in her dream.

"She found Lady Leslie well, sitting with her two grown-up sons. She was exceedingly surprised to see her niece, but Mrs. Rutherford said that having that one day free, and not being able to come again for some time, she had seized the opportunity of coming for one night; and her aunt was too glad to see her to ask many questions. In the course of the evening Mrs. Rutherford said, 'Aunt, when I lived at home with you, whenever I was to have an especial treat, it was that I might sleep in your room. Now I am only here for one night; do let me have my old child's treat over again: I have a special fancy for it;' and Lady Leslie was rather pleased than otherwise. Before they went to bed, Mrs. Rutherford had an opportunity of speaking to her two cousins alone. She said, 'You will be excessively surprised at what I ask, but I shall measure your affection for me entirely by whether you grant it: it is that you will sit up to-night in the room next to your mother's, and that you will tell no one.' They promised, but they were very much surprised.

"As they were going to bed, Mrs. Rutherford said to Lady Leslie, 'Aunt, shall I lock the door?' and Lady Leslie laughed at her and said, 'No, my dear: I am much too old-fashioned a person for that,' and forbade it. But as soon as Mrs. Rutherford saw that Lady Leslie was asleep, she slipped out of bed and turned the lock of the door. Then, leaning against the pillow, she watched, and watched the handle of the door.

"The reflection of the fire scintillated on the round brass handle of the door, and, as she watched, it almost

seemed to mesmerise her, but she watched still. Suddenly the speck of light seemed to appear on the *other* side; some one was evidently turning the handle of the door. Mrs. Rutherford rang the bell violently, her cousins rushed out of the next room, and she herself threw the door wide open, and there, at the door, stood the strange servant, the man she had seen in her dream, with a covered coal-scuttle in his hand. The cousins demanded why he was there. He said he thought he heard Lady Leslie's bell ring. They said, 'But you do not answer Lady Leslie's bell at this time in the night,' and they insisted upon opening the coal-scuttle. In it was a large knife.

"Then, as by sudden impulse, the man confessed. He knew Lady Leslie had received a large sum for her rents the day before, that she kept it in her room, and that it could not be sent away till the next day. 'The devil tempted me,' he said, 'the devil walked with me down the passage, and unless God had intervened, the devil would have forced me to cut Lady Leslie's throat.'

"The man was partially mad — but God had intervened."

JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*Holmhurst, July 27, 1862.* A gorgeous beautiful summer day at length, and it is our last here. To-morrow we go north. It has been a pleasant summer, and it will be a very bright one to look back upon. I have had the great delight of having Charlie Wood here for four days — days of endless conversations, outpourings of old griefs and joys, of little present thoughts and anxieties, of hopes and aspirations for the future, which I should not venture upon with any one else. And besides, we have had a succession of visitors, each of whom has enjoyed our home, whilst our little Holmhurst daily twines itself more and more round our own hearts. Sometimes I have a sort of inward trembling in thinking that I trace an additional or increasing degree of feebleness or age in my sweetest mother, but I

do not think her ill now, and may go to the North with a confident feeling that it will be at the time which will suit her best, as she will have other friends with her with whom she would rather be alone. My sweet darling! what should I do without her? and how blank and black the whole world would seem! Yet even then I should bless God that this place, now consecrated by memories of her, would still be my home, and, in fulfilling her wishes, her designs, I should try to link the desolate present to the sunny past. I cannot be grateful enough for her power of bearing and rallying from great blows. The loss of Aunt Kitty in the spring, the impending loss of Aunt Esther, are furrows which God permits, but which He too smooths over. I have even the comfort of feeling that it would be thus in case of my own death, dreadful as that would be to her at the time."

Early in August I went with my mother for a long visit to Buntingsdale in Shropshire, the old pleasant friendly home of the Tayleurs. The master of the house, William Tayleur, had come very late into his property, after a long period of almost cruel repression during the life of his eccentric father; but, unlike most people, the late attainment of great wealth only made him full of anxiety that as many as possible should benefit by it, and he was the very soul of courtesy, hospitality, and generosity. With him lived his two delightful old sisters (already mentioned in the account of my childhood), emancipated when past fifty from a thralldom like that of the schoolroom. Of these, my mother's great friend, Harriet, was the younger — a most bright, animated, clever, and thoroughly excellent person, exceedingly popular in Shropshire society. The elder, Mary, was

very delicate in health, but a very pretty, gentle old lady, who always wore an immense bonnet, ending in a long shade of the kind called "an ugly," so that people used to call her "the old lady down the telescope." Buntingsdale is one of the finest houses in Shropshire, a large red brick mansion, with very handsome stone mouldings and pillars, and a most splendid flower-garden, bordered by a high terrace overlooking the little shining river Terne and its pretty water-meadows. I have seldom known my mother happier than during this visit. It touched her so much to find how she was considered by these faithful old friends — how, after many year's absence, all the people she wished to see were asked to meet her, yet all arranged with thoughtful care, so as to cause her the least possible amount of fatigue and emotion.

We went to Stoke to visit my grandfather's grave, and any of his old parishioners who wished to see my mother were bidden to meet her in the churchyard. There we found fourteen poor women and three old men waiting. To the changed Rectory she never looked. Then we were for some days at Hodnet, where Lady Valsamachi¹ was staying, and both at Hodnet and Hawkestone my mother was warmly welcomed by old friends. I was glad to have the opportunity of walking with her in the beautiful fields consecrated to her by recollections of her happy life long ago in intimacy with the Hebers. From Hodnet we went to spend a few days with Henry de Bunsen at Lilleshall Rectory, which had a charming

¹ The widow of Reginald Heber.

garden, where all his parishioners were invited to walk on Sunday afternoons. Thence my mother returned home, and I went towards my northern work.

To MY MOTHER.

“*Weeping Cross, Stafford, August 21, 1862.* Miss Sarah Salt met me at the Stafford station, and drove me here — a moderate-sized house, simply furnished, but with the luxury of a cedar-wood ceiling, which smells delicious. Out of a window-seat in the low comfortable library rose the thin angular figure of Harriet Salt, speaking in the subdued powerless way of old. She had a huge cat with her, and an aunt — rather a pretty old lady. ‘What is your aunt’s name?’ I said afterwards to Miss Sarah. ‘Oh, Aunt Emma.’ — ‘Yes, but what is her other name? what am I to call her?’ — ‘Oh, call her Aunt Emma; she would never know herself by any other name.’ — ‘And what do you do when your Aunt Emma Petit is here too?’ — ‘Oh, she is only Aunt Emma, and this is the other Aunt Emma; so when Aunt Emma from Lichfield is here, and we want this one, we say, “Other Aunt Emma, will you come here?”’

“After luncheon, we went out round the domain — paddocks with round plantations, and a good deal of garden. Miss Salt rode a white pony, we walked. Then the aunt mounted the pony, and she and Miss Sarah and I went a longer round, Miss Sarah breaking down the fences and pulling the pony through after her. ‘Will not the farmers be angry?’ I said. ‘Oh, no; I threatened to have them up before the magistrates for stopping up a road, so we compromised; they are to have their road, and I am to break down their fences and go wherever I like, whether there is a road or not.’

“At seven the clergyman and his wife came to dinner.

I took in the aunt, a timid old lady, who seldom ventured a remark, and then in the most diffident manner. This was her first — ‘I think I may say, in fact I believe it has been often remarked, that Holland is a very flat country. I went there once, and it struck me that the observation was correct.’ In the evening Miss Sarah looked at my drawings, and said, ‘Well, on the whole, considering that they are totally unlike nature, I don’t dislike them quite so much as I expected.’

“We breakfasted this morning at half-past seven, summoned by a gong; Miss Sarah having said, ‘At whatever hour of the day or night you hear that gong sound, you will know that you are expected to appear *somewhere*.’ She presided at the breakfast-table with a huge tabby-cat seated on her shoulder. ‘Does not that cat often tear your dress?’ I asked. ‘No,’ she replied, ‘but it very often tears my face,’ and went on pouring out the tea.”

“*August 22.* Yesterday was hot and steamy, without a breath of air. Miss Sarah drove me and the clergyman’s wife to Cannock Chase, a wild healthy upland, with groups of old firs and oaks, extending unenclosed for fifteen miles, and surrounded by noblemen’s houses and parks. Here we joined a picnic party of fifty people. English fashion, scarcely anybody spoke to anybody else, and the families sat together in groups. Afterwards the public played at ‘Aunt Sally,’ and I walked with Miss Salt and her friends Misses Anastasia and Theodosia Royd far over the moorlands. A ridiculous old gentleman went with us, who talked of ‘mists, while they enhanced the merits of nature, obscuring the accuracy of vision.’ He also assured us that whenever he saw a snake, he shut his eyes and cried ‘Murder!’ We mounted another hill for kettle-boiling and tea, and then danced country-dances to the sound of a fiddle. It was seven o’clock and the mists were rolling up from the hollows when we turned to go home. Mr.

Salt was heard blowing a horn in the distance, which his daughter answered by a blast on her whistle, and so we found the carriage."

I am sorry not to find any letters recording the visit I paid after this to Mr. Petit, the ecclesiologist. He lived at Lichfield in a house built by Miss Porter, Dr. Johnson's step-daughter. With him resided his three sisters and seven cats, who appeared at all meals as part of the family, and rejoiced in the names of "Bug, Woodlouse, Nebuchadnezzar, Ezekiel, Bezor, Rabshakeh, and Eva — 'the mother of all the cats.'" Mr. Petit was most extraordinary, but a very interesting companion. I had a capital sight of the cathedral with him, beautiful still, though sadly "jemmyfied" by Scott, who has added some immense statues in the choir which put everything out of proportion, and has put up a bastard-gothic metal screen. At the end of an aisle is Chantrey's monument of the two Robinson children. One of them was burnt to death in reaching to get from the chimney-piece the snowdrops represented in her hand; the other died of consumption caused by too much rowing. When I was at Lichfield their mother was still living there with her third husband.

We went up Borrow Copp, a charming mound near the town, crowned by a chapel-like summer-house. Here the three Saxon kings are supposed to be buried whose bodies are represented in the arms of Lichfield.

The Petits are Petits des Étampes, and were refugees from Caen. They had a valuable miniature of

Mary Queen of Scotts by Bernard Lens, from their family connection with the Guises. Far more extraordinary than any other house I have ever seen was their country place of — “Bumblekite Hall”!

To MY MOTHER.

“*Ripley Castle, August 28, 1862.* In coming down to dinner, I found a tall distinguished-looking lady upon the staircase, with whom I made friends at once as Charlie Wood’s aunt, Lady Georgiana Grey. This afternoon I went with her and Miss Ingilby to Knaresborough, a town with stone roofs on a height above the Nid, crowned by the ruins of the castle which contains the vaulted dungeon where the murderers of Thomas à Becket were confined. Below the castle is the public-house called ‘Mother Shipton,’ bearing her picture and the inscription —

‘Near to this petrifying well
I first drew breath, as records tell.’

Through the inn — kept by one ‘Almeda Burgess’ — is a walk by the wooded bank of the river to the petrifying well, which is highly picturesque. The water falls from an overhanging umbrella-like cliff into a deep basin. A chain of stuffed birds is hung up for petrification, taking from twelve to fifteen months to turn into stone: bird’s-nests take twelve months.

“Also in the valley of the Nid, on the east of the town, is St. Robert’s Cave, excavated, as the guide told us, by St. Robert, ‘a gentleman who wished to live very retired.’ This was the place where the body of Clarke was discovered, which led to the execution of Eugene Aram. It is a most curious story.

“Eugene was the son of Peter Aram, who was head-gardener at Ripley Castle, and very respectable. But, together with two others, Housman and Clarke, Eugene

arranged a curious scheme of robbery. They gave out that they were going to give a grand supper, and borrowed a quantity of plate, which they made away with, and on the night of the supposed supper Eugene and Housman murdered Clarke, that it might be supposed, when he was not forthcoming, that he alone was the robber. Afterwards Eugene went at night to Housman's house and talked over what was to be done. Before they left he said, 'If your wife is in bed upstairs, she must have heard us; we must make this secure,' and they went up intending to murder her if she was awake, but they passed the candle before her eyes, and she bore it without flinching. Then they went down again and burnt the clothes of the murdered man. Only the buttons fell uninjured amongst the cinders, and were found next morning by the wife. Afterwards, whenever she had a quarrel with her husband, she frightened him by saying, 'How about those buttons?'

"Housman and Aram buried the body in St. Robert's Cave, which was then filled with earth. Brushwood and briars grew over it, and no trace was left; but the murderers had a perpetual dread that some day the Nid would rise and lay the body bare, and whenever there was a very high wind, Housman for years used to go to see that it was not uncovered.

"Eugene Aram went away to Norfolk, where he prospered exceedingly, and 'visited with the best families.' But fourteen years after the murder, some workmen digging in St. Robert's Cave found a skeleton. 'I shouldn't wonder if this were Clarke,' said one of them. 'No, it is not,' said one of his companions, and this led to his arrest. It was Housman. He then confessed to the murder, and said that Eugene Aram was his accomplice; but Eugene Aram was gone.

"It happened, however, that a Knaresborough pedlar, in his walks through Norfolk, accidentally recognised Eugene Aram in a garden. On his return home, he gave notice to

the constables, who went to Norfolk and fetched him away, and he was executed. The murder took place in 1745, the execution in 1759. It is said that after the murder Eugene never gave his right hand to any one. After he was executed, the 'finger of scorn pointed at his family,' and they went to America. The mother of the old woman who showed us the cave knew Clarke's widow intimately.

"A letter of Eugene Aram is preserved at Ripley Castle.¹ There were many letters there from Peter Aram, his father, but they were destroyed by the late Lady Ingilby, because they were 'so wicked and blasphemous.' The chief point against Eugene Aram was that, when he was discovered, a defence was found which he had written twelve years before: this is made use of in Bulwer's novel.

"In the evening something was said about many ghost-stories being the result of a practical joke. Lady Georgiana Grey, who had been sitting quietly, suddenly rose — awful almost with her white face and long black velvet dress — and exclaimed, 'If any one ever *dared* to play a practical joke upon me, *all* my fortune, *all* my energies, my whole *life* would be insufficient to work my revenge.' And she swept out of the room. They say it is because of the Grey story about a head. Lady Georgiana first saw the head, when she was in bed in Hanover Square, in the autumn of 1823. She rushed for refuge to her mother's room, where she remained all night. Lady Grey desired her on no account to mention what she had seen to her father. But a fortnight later Lord Grey came into the room where Lady Georgiana was sitting with her mother and sister, much agitated, saying that he had just seen a head roll towards him."

"*Ripley Castle, August 30.* The old Ladies Ruthven and Bellhaven came to-day. They appear to have spent

¹ The curious old muniment room at Ripley is now modernised, indeed destroyed.

their lives in an atmosphere of dukes, but are very simple great ladies, chiefly interested by art and artists, and draw well themselves. Lady Belhaven is allowed by her husband to be with her sister now because of the odd illness of the latter, an invincible sleeplessness, which makes her very peculiar, and gives her a habit of talking to herself in a low murmur, however many people are around her. Rather to my alarm, I had to take her in to dinner, and as she is very deaf, to talk to her the whole time at the pitch of my voice; but we got on very well notwithstanding, so well indeed, that before the fish had been taken away she had asked me to come to stay with her at her castle in Scotland. As soon as dinner was over she made me bring my portfolio and sit the whole evening talking to her about my drawings. However, I was very glad of it, as, when she went to bed, she said, ‘I have been so very happy this evening.’”

“*September 1.* Saturday was a dismally wet day. We sat in the oak parlour, drew and told stories. Lady Ruthven has lived many years at Athens, and four years — winter and summer — at Rome, and in summer used to study ‘*Roma Adombrata*,’ which taught her how to walk in the shade. On Sundays she invited all the artists, who never went to church, to her house, and ‘read them a sermon, poor things, for the good of their souls.’

“She used when at Rome to go to ‘*La toilette des pieds*’ of Pauline Borghese. Regular invitations were issued for it. When the guests arrived, they found the Princess — supremely lovely — with her beautiful little white feet exposed upon a velvet cushion. Then two or three maids came in, and touched the feet with a sponge and dusted them with a little powder — ‘*c’était la toilette des pieds*.’ The Duke of Hamilton used to take up one of the little feet and put it inside his waistcoat ‘like a little bird.’ . . . Lady Ruthven and all her household are still

wearing mourning for Lord Ruthven, who died seven years ago.

“The people here are full of quaint character, especially two brothers ‘Johnny and Jacky.’ Said Johnny to Jacky the other day, ‘I’ve found a saxpence.’ — ‘That’s moine,’ said Jacky, ‘for I’ve lost un.’ — ‘Had thoine a haule in it?’ said Johnny. — ‘Ees,’ said Jacky. — ‘Then this ain’t thoine,’ said Johnny, ‘for there’s na haule in’t.’

“Mrs. Ingilby herself is perfection — so refined and agreeable. No one would believe, when they see how admirably and unaffectedly she manages the castle and £20,000 a year, that seven years ago she and her husband lived in a Lincolnshire cottage with only £300 a year of income.

“Lady Georgiana Grey told me a curious story of some friends of hers.

“Lady Pennyman and her daughters took a house at Lille. The day after they arrived they went to order some things from a warehouse in the town, and gave their address. ‘What,’ said the man, ‘are you living there, ma’am? Did I not misunderstand you?’ — ‘Yes,’ said Lady Pennyman, ‘that is where I live. Is there anything against the place?’

“‘Oh dear, no, ma’am,’ said the warehouseman; ‘only the house has been for a long time without being let, because they say it’s haunted.’ Going home, Lady Pennyman laughed to her daughters, and said, ‘Well, we shall see if the ghost will frighten *us* away.’

“But the next morning Lady Pennyman’s maid came to her and said, ‘If you please, ma’am, Mrs. Crowder and me must change our rooms. We can’t remain where we are, ma’am; it’s quite impossible. The ghost, he makes such a noise over our heads, we can get no sleep at all.’ — ‘Well, you can change your room,’ said Lady Pennyman; ‘but what is there over your room where you sleep? I will go and see;’ and she found a very long gallery, quite

empty except for a huge iron cage, in which it was evident that a human being had been confined.

"A few days after, a friend, a lady living in Lille, came to dine with them. She was a very strong-minded person, and when she heard of the servants' alarm, she said, 'Oh, Lady Pennyman, do let me sleep in that room; I shall not be frightened, and if I sleep there, perhaps the ghost will be laid.' So she sent away her carriage and stayed; but the next morning she came down quite pale and haggard, and said certainly she had seen the figure of a young man in a dressing-gown standing opposite her bed, and yet the door was locked, and there could have been no real person there. A few days afterwards, towards evening, Lady Pennyman said to her daughter, 'Bessie, just go up and fetch the shawl which I left in my room.' Bessie went, and came down saying that as she went up she saw the figure of a young man in a dressing-gown standing on the flight of stairs opposite to her.

"One more attempt at explanation was made. A sailor son, just come from sea, was put to sleep in the room. When he came down in the morning, he was quite angry, and said, 'What did you think I was going to be up to, mother, that you had me watched? Why did you send that fellow in the dressing-gown to look after me?' The next day the Pennymans left the house.

"Lady Georgiana also told me:—

"There was once a Bishop Thomas.¹ His mother one day awoke, having dreamt that her husband had fought a duel and was killed. She was much frightened by her dream, and, having great influence over her husband, she persuaded him not to go out that day as usual, but to stay at home with her. They lived in Spring Gardens, and having stayed in all day, towards four o'clock Mr.

¹ Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Peterborough, and afterwards of Salisbury — some time tutor to George III.

Thomas began to repine, and to wish to go out and walk in the Park. Mrs. Thomas assented on condition of going with him, and they walked in the Park and enjoyed it very much. While they were out, they met an old Indian friend of Mr. Thomas, whom he had not seen for years, and was delighted to meet. They talked over old times and scenes with great avidity, and at last Mr. Thomas said that he would see his old friend back to his hotel. Mrs. Thomas, being tired, begged to be left at her own house on the way.

"Mrs. Thomas waited long for her husband's return. At last she heard a sound of many footsteps coming down the street, and a voice asking which was Mrs. Thomas's house. She rushed down saying, 'You need not tell me; I know what has happened,' and she found her dream realised. Mr. Thomas had gone back to the hotel with his friend. According to the custom of that time, they drank a good deal together: they quarrelled over their wine they fought, and Mr. Thomas was killed. The child that was born afterwards was Bishop Thomas."

"Middleton in Teesdale, Sept. 3. Yesterday I went with the party at Ripley to Brimham Rocks, a most curious place — the rock clustered in groups of enormous and fantastic forms on the very top of the Yorkshire range, and with a splendid view over the country, even York Minster appearing in the hazy distance.

"I slept at Barnard Castle last night, and set out at eight this morning for the Fells. It was gloomy and dismal, with mists gathering black over the distance, and constant rain falling; but there was no alternative. The valley of Upper Teesdale is in some ways like a valley in the Alps, the glaringly white farmhouses scattered thinly over the brilliantly green meadows, the hedgerows and trees replaced by low rugged stone walls, 'the Grass of Parnassus' springing up by the side of all the clear

streams. The people are all 'kin' to one another, and are singularly honest and truthful. 'They are all sincere men in these parts,' said the guide, 'and if they tell you a tale, you may know it's because they're deceived.' We met a man on a horse. 'What a long cloak that man has,' I said. 'Yes,' answered the driver, 'but he's a good man and a just, and he fears God rather than men.'

"The High Force is a truly grand waterfall, where the whole river tosses over a huge precipice in the black basaltic cliff. We left the gig at a little inn at Langdon Beck, whence we set out on a weary foot-pilgrimage — a most fatiguing walk of ten miles, over broken edges of scars, along the torrent-bed, through rushes and bogs and heather, and across loose slippery shale — all this too in ceaseless rain and wind, and with the burden of a thick Scotch cloak. But Cauldron Snout is a very curious waterfall, quite out in the desolate moorlands, with the Westmoreland Fells looming behind it. I was completely wet through before we got there, and came back plunging from tuft to tuft of rushes in the boggy moorlands. At one time we took refuge in a shepherd's hut, where an old shepherd, with flowing white hair and horn spectacles, was reading the Bible to his grandchildren — a group like many pictures one has seen. Here my socks were dipped in hot water and put on again, the mountaineer's remedy against cold."

"*Ridley Hall, Sept. 7.* Yesterday Cousin Susan sent me to Bonnyrigg, Sir Edward Blackett's place in the moors — an enchanting drive, out of the inhabited country into the purple heather-land, where the desolate blue Northumbrian lakes lie at the foot of their huge precipitous crags. Bonnyrigg itself is embosomed in woods, yet surrounded on all sides by rock and moorland, and with a delightful view of Greenlea Lough. The Scotts were

staying there, and I walked with the General¹ along the Roman Wall, high on the cliffs and running from crag to crag, as perfect in its 1600th year as in its first."

"*Chesters, Herham, Sept. 10.* I came here yesterday. My aged hostess, the elder sister of the Newcastle Clayton family, is of a most tall, weird figure, and speaks in an abrupt, energetic, startling manner, but she is the most perfect *lady* imaginable, both in feeling and manners, and her kindness and thoughtfulness and consideration for others make her beloved far and wide. Chesters is famous for its liberal unostentatious hospitality, and Miss Clayton always lives here, though it is her brother's place, and he resides at Newcastle. She reads everything, and is ready to talk on any subject, but her great hobby is Roman antiquities, and she is one of the best antiquarians in the North, which is only as it should be, as Cilurnum, one of the finest of the Roman stations, is here in the garden, where there is also a museum of Roman relics. This house is about the size of Hurstmonceaux Place,² and most thoroughly comfortable, with wide well-lighted galleries on each storey, filled with water-colour drawings by Richardson, with Roman antiquities, and curiosities of all kinds.

"This morning we were called at six, breakfasted at seven, and at half-past seven in the bright cold morning Miss Clayton herself drove me down to the train at Chollerford. A delightful journey brought me to Kielder, where, under the heather-clad hills, close to the Scottish Border, is the Duke of Northumberland's favourite castle and the scene of the beautiful ballad of the 'Count of Kielder.' I wandered through the valley:—

¹ General Scott had married the Hon. Alethea Stanley, sister of Mrs. Marcus Hare.

² It was rebuilt on a large scale in 1893.

“Up to ‘the bonny brae, the green,
Yet sacred to the brave ;
Where still, of ancient size, is seen
Gigantic Kielder’s grave.

‘Where weeps the birch with branches green
Without the holy ground,
Between two old grey stones is seen
The warrior’s ridgy mound.’

Coming back, I left the train at Bellingham, and walked to Hesleyside, the fine place of the Roman Catholic Charltons, where the celebrated Charlton spur is preserved, which the lady of the house, in time of Border raids, used to serve up at dinner whenever she wished to indicate that her larder needed replenishing.”

“*Chesters, Sept. 13.* On Thursday Miss Clayton drove me in her Irish car up North Tyne to Chipchase Castle, a noble old Jacobean house on a height, with a Norman tower, and afterwards to Simonburn and Tecket Lynn — a most picturesque waterfall through fern-fringed rocks; a very artistic ‘subject,’ too little known. Mr. John Clayton and Dr. Bruce arrived in the evening, and Roman antiquities became the order of the next day. We set off in a hurricane of cold wind in the Irish car, along the Roman Wall, and spent the whole day amongst Roman remains, lunching at Hotbank Farm, where the Armstrongs live — last relics of the great mosstrooping family — inspiring a sort of clannish attachment still, as when the last farmer died in 1859, two hundred mounted Borderers escorted him across the moorland to his grave.

“The great Roman station of Housesteads (Borcovicus) is a perfect English Pompeii of excavated houses and streets. Hence we clambered across stone walls and bogs for several miles to Sewing Shields, where Arthur and Guinevere and all their knights lie asleep in a basaltic cavern. . . . The Claytons are indescribably kind, and

spare no pains 'to amuse, interest, and instruct me, and their horses seem as untirable."

"*Chesters, Sept. 15.* I am becoming increasingly attached to 'Aunt Saily,' who is always finding out all the good she can in her neighbours and guests, and doing everything possible to make the world bright and pleasant to them: being really so loving and gentle herself, she influences all around her. On Saturday she took me to Houghton Castle, one of the most perfect inhabited feudal fortresses in the county; and to-day to Fallowfield, where there is a Roman inscription on a grey rock — 'the Written Rock' — in the moorland."

"*Otterburn, Sept. 18.* I left the train at Bellingham, where I found no further means of locomotion except a huge chariot with two horses. So, after going on a vain search for a cart to all the neighbouring farmhouses, I was obliged to engage it; but then there was another difficulty, for the key of the coach-house was lost, and I had to wait an hour till a smith could be brought to break it open. At length I set off in the great lumbering vehicle across the roughest moorland road imaginable — mere blocks of stone, scarcely chipped at all, with gates at every turn, over hideous barren moorland, no heather, only dead moss and blackened rushes and fern. It was like the drive in 'Rob Roy.' At last, in the gloaming, we drove over a rude bridge and up to this gothic castle, with terraces in front sloping down to the sullen Reedwater and barren deserted Fells. My host, Mr. James, has nine sons, of whom the two youngest, Charlie and Christie, are here now, and scamper on two little ponies all over the country. The whole family are inclined to abundant rude hospitality, and delight to entice visitors into these deserts. They have taken me to Elsdon, a curious desolate village in the hills, where the Baillies are rectors, and live in a

dismal old castle, built to fortify the rector in mosstrooping times. It is a place quite out of the world, so very high up, that the coming of any chance stranger is quite an event: its people live entirely by keeping sheep and rearing geese in large flocks."

"*Matfen, Sept. 20.* We had a very long excursion from Otterburn on Thursday. In these high moorlands, thirty-five miles is thought nothing extraordinary, and we drove in a brilliant morning all up the course of the Reedwater, through rocky valleys and relics of ancient forest, and by the Roman station of High Rochester to the Scottish border, upon the famous Reedswire. Here we carried our baskets up the hills and picnicked just inside Scotland, looking over the Lammermoor Hills and the valley of Jedburgh to Edinburgh far in the hazy distance. I long for my mother in all these moorland scenes — such feasts of beauty to mind and eye. The next morning we walked to Troughend, the grim haunted house of the Border hero Percy Reed.¹ Then I went with 'Christie' to Percy's Cross, where Percy fell in the battle of Chevy Chase, and Witherington fought upon his stumps.² Altogether it is an enchanting neighbourhood, full of ballads and traditions. . . . I much enjoy, however, the comparative rest at Matfen, nine or ten hours being the least time I was out any day at Chesters or Otterburn. Lady Blackett has been telling me a very curious story — from her personal knowledge.

"Mrs. Bulman went up from Northumberland to London, taking her little child with her. The evening after she arrived at her London house, she had occasion to go downstairs, and at the foot of the stairs passed a man talking to her maid; at that time she happened to have a bank-note in her hand. Afterwards she went upstairs again,

¹ Well known from the ballad of "The Death of Percy Reed."

² See the ballad of "Chevy Chase."

and put her child to bed. In a little while she went up to see if it was comfortable. When she went into the room, the child was in bed, but appeared to be in rather an excited state, and said, 'Mama, I feel quite sure that there is somebody under the bed.' Mrs. Bulman said, 'Nonsense, my dear; there is nothing of the kind: only you are over-tired; so go to sleep, and do not think of anything else foolish;' and she went downstairs.

"I don't know what the child did then, but when Mrs. Bulman went up again, there was no one under the bed, but the window was open, and the lock of the desk on the table had been tried.

"Many years afterwards, Mrs. Bulman had occasion to visit a London prison. When she was going away, the governor came to her and said that there was a man there who was under sentence of death, and that he could not account for it, but, having seen Mrs. Bulman pass as she went into the prison, he was exceedingly importunate to be allowed to speak to her, if it were only for a moment. 'Well,' said Mrs. Bulman, 'if it will be any comfort to the poor man, I am sure I shall be very glad to speak to him,' and she went to his cell. She did not recollect ever having seen the man before, but he said that as he was so soon to go into another world, it could not matter to him what he confessed now, and that he thought it might be some satisfaction to her to know what a very narrow escape she had once had of her life.

"He said he was in the house talking to her maid, having gone in to visit one of her servants, when she came downstairs with the banknote in her hand, and that he could not say what tempted him, but that he had seized a knife and hidden himself behind a door till she passed on her way upstairs again. Then he found his way to her room and concealed himself under her bed. There he had heard her come in and put the child to bed and leave it, and then, amazed at the strangeness of his situation, he

turned round. She came back, and he heard the child tell her that there was a man under the bed, and if at that moment she had looked under, he should have sprung out and murdered her. She did not, and afterwards hearing a noise downstairs, he thought it was better to make his escape, which he did by the window, leaving it open behind him."

"*Wallington, Sept. 24.* On the way here I stopped to see Belsay, the finest of the Border fortresses, a grand old gothic tower, standing in a beautiful garden and amongst fine trees.

"Opening from the enclosed courtyard, which now forms a great frescoed hall in the centre of this house of Wallington, are endless suites of huge rooms, only partly carpeted and thinly furnished with ugly last-century furniture, partly covered with faded tapestry. The last of these is 'the ghost-room,' and Wallington is still a haunted house: awful noises are heard all through the night; footsteps rush up and down the untrodden passages; wings flap and beat against the windows; bodiless people unpack and put away their things all night long, and invisible beings are felt to breathe over you as you lie in bed. I think my room quite horrid, and it opens into a long suite of desolate rooms by a door which has no fastening, so I have pushed the heavy dressing-table with its weighty mirror, &c., against it to keep out all the nasty things that might try to come in. Old Lady Trevelyan was a very wicked woman and a miser: she lived here for many years, and is believed to wander here still: her son, Sir Walter, has never been known to laugh.

"Sir Walter is a strange-looking being, with long hair and moustache, and an odd careless dress. He also has the reputation of being a miser.¹ He is a great teetotaller.

¹ Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir Walter's cousin and heir, who read this, asked me to add a note, and to say that though it is quite true

and inveighs everywhere against wine and beer: I trembled as I ran the gauntlet of public opinion yesterday in accepting a glass of sherry. Lady Trevelyan is a great artist. She is a pleasant, bright little woman, with sparkling black eyes, who paints beautifully, is intimately acquainted with all the principal artists, imports baskets from Madeira and lace from Honiton, and sells them in Northumberland, and always sits upon the rug by preference.

"There is another strange being in the house. It is Mr. Wooster, who came to arrange the collection of shells four years ago, and has never gone away. He looks like a church-brass incarnated, and turns up his eyes when he speaks to you, till you see nothing but the whites. He also has a long trailing moustache, and in all things imitates, but caricatures, Sir Walter. What he does here nobody seems to know; the Trevelyans say he puts the shells to rights, but the shells cannot take four years to dust."

"*Sept.* 26. — Such a curious place this is! and such curious people! I get on better with them now, and even Sir Walter is gruffly kind and grumpily amiable. As to information, he is a perfect mine, and he knows every book and ballad that ever was written, every story of local interest that ever was told, and every flower and fossil that ever was found — besides the great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers of everybody dead or alive. His conversation is so curious that I follow him about everywhere, and take notes under his nose, which he does not seem to mind in the least, but only says something more quaint and astonishing the next minute. Lady Trevelyan is equally unusual. She is abrupt to a degree, and contradicts everything. Her little black eyes twinkle with mirth

that Sir Walter was a miser, he was only a miser for philanthropic purposes. He gave £60,000 at once for a railway which he thought would benefit the district in which he lived, and his charities, though eccentric, were quite boundless.

all day long, though she says she is ill and has 'the most extraordinary *feels*;' she is 'sure no one ever had such extraordinary feels as she has.' She never appears to attend to her house a bit, which is like the great desert with one or two little oases in it, where by good management you may possibly make yourself comfortable. She paints foxgloves in fresco and makes little sketches *à la* Ruskin in the tiniest of books — chiefly of pollard willows, which she declares are the most beautiful things in nature. To see pollard willows in perfection she spent six weeks last spring in the flattest parts of Holland, and thought it lovely — 'the willows so fine and the boat-life so healthy.' 'Well, you *will* go to the bad,' she said to me yesterday, because I did not admire a miserable little drawing of Ruskin: my own sketches she thinks quite monstrous.

"We went the day before yesterday to Capheaton, the home of the Swinburnes, a very curious old house, and Sir John Swinburne, a very pleasing young miser, is coming to dinner to-day. Yesterday we went through fog and rain to Camphoe, Kirk Whelpington, and Little Harle, a fine inhabited castle. Sir Walter made me wade through the Wansbeck as we came back!"

"*Sept. 28.* — The more one knows Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan, the more one finds how, through all their peculiarities, they are to be liked and respected. Everything either of them says is worth hearing, and they are so full of information of every kind, that the time here has been all too short for hearing them talk.¹ On Thursday, Miss Ogle, the authoress of that charming novel 'A Lost Love,' came. She has lived here a great deal, and says the Wallington ghost is a lady with her head under her arm, who walks about at night. She has heard all the

¹ Paulina, Lady Trevelyan, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Jermyn, died in 1866. Sir Walter married afterwards a Miss Loft, and survived till 1879, but I never saw him again.

extraordinary rappings very often, and says they cannot be accounted for in any way, but she has never seen the lady.

"The library here is delightful, full of old topographical books and pamphlets; and sleek Mr. Wooster, with whites of his eyes turned up to the skies, is always at hand to find for you anything you want.

"On Friday Sir Walter took me a long drive through the beautiful forest-land called the Trench, and by Rothley Craggs to Netherwitton, where the Raleigh Trevelyan live. Mrs. Raleigh Trevelyan, a stately and beautiful old lady, is the direct descendant of the Witherington who fought upon his stumps. She has pictures of Lord Derwentwater and his brother, and one of her ancestors concealed Simon, Lord Lovat, in his house for months: the closet where he was hidden is still to be seen, and very curious. Then we went to Long Witton, to Mrs. Spencer Trevelyan, a great botanist and eccentric person, who breakfasts at six, dines at twelve, teas at four, and goes to bed at seven o'clock.

"Yesterday Miss Ogle and I went to Harnham, where Mrs. Catherine Babington, a famous Puritan lady who was excommunicated, is buried in the rock; to Shortflat Tower, the old peel castle of the Dents; and to the Poind and his Man, Druidical antiquities, and Shaftoe Crag, a beautiful wild cliff overgrown with heather. The country round this is singularly interesting — the view from the church (Cambo), where we have just been, quite beautiful over the endless waves of distant hill."

"*Warkworth, Oct. 2.* My mother will like to think of me with the Clutterbucks in this charming sunny old house, the most perfect contrast to Wallington; but if Sir Walter saw his house papered and furnished like those of other people, he would certainly pine away from excess of luxury. I have spent two days with the Ogles, whom we have often met abroad, with their dark handsome

daughters — dark, people say, because their grandmother was a Spaniard. They are proud of their supposed Spanish blood, and when Isabel Ogle married George Clayton, all her sisters followed in long *black* lace veils. Near their modern house is the old moated family castle of Ogle.”

“*St. Michael’s Vicarage, Alnwick, Oct. 4.* I have been kindly received here by the Court Granvilles: he is a fiery, impetuous little man; she (Lady Charlotte) a sister of the



WARKWORTH, FROM THE COQUET.

Duke of Athole. The Duke of Northumberland sent for me to his hot room at the castle, where he sits almost immovable, fingers and toes swollen with gout, and talked a great deal about the importance of my work, the difficulty of getting accurate information, &c.: but I do not think he heard a word that I said in reply, for when he has the gout he is almost quite deaf. Then he sent for the Duchess, who good-naturedly knotted her pocket-handkerchief round her throat, and went through all the rooms to show me the pictures. We went again to dinner

— only Sir Cresswell Cresswell, the famous judge, there, and Lady Alvanley, sister of the Duke of Cleveland. Sir Cresswell was most amusing in describing how, when a lady was being conveyed in a sedan-chair to a party at Northumberland House, the bottom fell out, and, as she shouted in vain to make her bearers hear, she was obliged to run as fast as she could all the way through the mire inside the shell of the chair.”

“*Blinkinsopp Castle, Oct. 11.* This is the castellated house of the Coulsons, in the upper part of South Tyne Valley — very large and comfortable. The owner, Colonel Coulson, is a great invalid, and his daughter-in-law, a daughter of Lord Byron, does the honours. We have made pleasant excursions to Gilsland Spa, and to Llanercoast and Naworth, the latter — externally a magnificent feudal castle — the home of Belted Will Howard in moss-trooping times.”

“*Bamborough Castle, Oct. 17.* — How enchanting it is in this grand old castle looking out on the sea, with all the Farne Islands stretched out as on a map. I think even the Mediterranean is scarcely such a beautiful sea as this, the waves are so enormous and have such gorgeous colouring. I have had delightful walks with the dear old cousin on the sands, and to Spindleston, where the famous dragon lived.”

“*Winton Castle, Trancot, Oct. 17, Evening.* As my mother will see, I have come here for holidays, and shall be glad of a day or two in which the mind is not kept in perpetual tension. I heard from Lady Ruthven that I was to meet Lord Belhaven at Prestonpans station, and had no doubt which was he — an old gentleman in a white hat with white hair and hooked nose. We drove here together, and very pleasant it was to exchange the pour-

ing rain without for the large, low, old-fashioned drawing-room, with a splendid ceiling and sculptured chimney, thick Indian carpets, and fine old pictures and china. Soon Lady Ruthven and Lady Belhaven came in, calling out 'welcome' as they entered the room. The other guests are Lady Arthur Lennox and her youngest daughter, who looks, as Lady Ruthven says, 'just like a Watteau;' also Lord Leven, cousin of our hostess, and Miss Fletcher of Saltoun."

"*Winton Castle, Oct. 20.* When I awoke on Saturday, I was surprised to see a fine old tower opposite my win-



WINTON CASTLE.

dows, with high turrets and richly-carved chimneys and windows; but the castle has been miserably added to. Lady Ruthven is most original, with a wonderfully poetical mind, and is very different from her regal-looking sister, Lady Belhaven, who, still very handsome, sweeps about

the long rooms and for whom 'gracious' is the only befitting expression. All the guests are pushed together by Lady Ruthven in a way which makes it impossible that they should not be intimate. For instance, as we went in to breakfast on Saturday, she said, 'Now, Mr. Hare, you are to sit next to Lord Leven, for you will not see any more of him; so mind you devote yourselves to one another all breakfast time.'

"On Saturday we all went to luncheon at Saltoun, the great place of the neighbourhood, where Mr. Fletcher lives, whose wife, Lady Charlotte, is one of Lady Ruthven's nieces. It is a large, stately, modern castle, containing a fine library and curious MSS. The tables were loaded with 'loot' from the Summer Palace in China.

"Yesterday we all went at twelve o'clock to the Presbyterian church at Pencaitland, one of the oldest in Scotland. The singing was beautiful, and we had an admirable sermon from the minister, Mr. Rioch, who came in the evening and made a very long 'exposition' to the servants."

"Oct. 21. The Mount-Edgacumbes and I went to-day with Lady Ruthven to Gosford — her nephew Lord Wemyss's place, near the sea. I walked for some time in the shrubberies with Lady Mount-Edgacumbe, till we were sent for into the house. There we found old Lady Wemyss with her daughter, Lady Louisa Wells, and her daughter-in-law, Lady Elcho. The last is a celebrated beauty, and has been celebrated also for fulfilling the part of 'Justice' in a famous tableau. In ordinary life she is perfectly statuesque, with a frigid manner. She was very kind, however, and took us over the house, full of works of art of which we had not time to see a tenth part, but there is a grand Pordenone."

"*North Berwick, Oct. 23.* It has been charming to be here again with dear Mrs. Dalzel. . . . What a quaint

place it is. Formerly every one who lived in North Berwick was a Dalrymple: there were nine families of Dalrymples, and seventeen Miss Dalrymples, old maids: the only street in the town was Quality Street, and all its houses were occupied by Dalrymples. North Berwick supported itself formerly upon its herring-fishery, and it is sadly conducive to strict Sabbatarianism that the herrings have totally disappeared, and the place become poverty-stricken, since an occasion in the spring when the fishers went out on a Sunday."

"*King's Meadows, Oct. 25.* This comfortable house of kind old Sir Adam Hay is close to Peebles. 'As quiet as Peebles or the grave,' is a proverb. The Baillie, however, does not think so. He went to Paris, and when he came back, all his neighbours were longing to know his impressions. 'Eh, it's just a grand place, but Peebles for pleasure,' he said. Ultra-Sabbatarianism reigns supreme. An old woman's son whistled on a Sunday. 'Eh, I could just put up wi' a wee swearing, but I canna thole whistling on the Sabbath,' she lamented. Another woman, being invited to have some more at a dinner given to some of the poor, answered, 'No, thank ye, mùm, I won't have any more, mùm; the sufficiency that I have had is enough for me.'"

"*Wishaw House, Motherwell, Oct. 27.* When I came here, I found Lord and Lady Belhaven alone, but a large party arrived soon afterwards, who have since been admirably shaken together by their hostess. The place is almost in the Black Country, but is charming nevertheless. A rushing river, the Calder, dashes through the rocky glen below the castle, under a tall ivy-covered bridge, and through woods now perfectly gorgeous with the crimson and golden tints of autumn. Above on either side, are hanging walks, and in the depth of the glen an old-

fashioned garden with a stone fountain, clipped yew-trees, and long straight grass walks.

"We have been taken to Brainscleugh, a wonderful little place belonging to Lady Ruthven—a sort of Louis XIV. villa, overhanging the river Avon by a series of quaint terraces, with moss-grown staircases and fountains—more like something at Albano than in Scotland. Miss Melita Ponsonby, Sir Charles Cuffe, and I walked on hence to the old Hamilton Chase, full of oaks which have stood there since the Conquest, and part of the forest which once extended across Scotland from one sea to the other. It poured with rain, but we reached the place where the eighty wild milk-white cattle were feeding together. Then we pursued the rest of the party to Hamilton Palace, which is like a monster London house—Belgrave Square covered in and brought into the country. There are endless pictures, amongst them an awful representation of Daniel in an agony of prayer in the lion's den. 'It is no wonder the lions were afraid of him,' the Duchess of Hamilton overheard one of the crowd say as they were being shown round. In the park is a huge domed edifice something like the tomb of Theodoric at Ravenna. It was erected by the last Duke for himself his son, grandson and his nine predecessors. 'What a grand sight it will be,' he said, 'when twelve Dukes of Hamilton rise together here at the Resurrection!' He lies himself just under the dome, upon a pavement of coloured marbles and inside the sarcophagus of an Egyptian queen, with *her* image painted and sculptured outside. He had this sarcophagus brought from Thebes, and used frequently to lie down in it to see how it fitted. It is made of Egyptian syenite, the hardest of all stones, and could not be altered; but when dying he was so haunted by the idea that his body might be too long to go inside the queen, that his last words were, 'Double me up! double me up!' The last drive he took had been to buy spices for his own

embalming. After he was dead, no amount of doubling could get him into the mummy-case, and they had to cut off his feet to do it!¹ The mausoleum is a most strange place, and as you enter mysterious voices seem to be whispering and clamouring together in the height of the dome; and when the door bangs, it is as if all the demons in the Inferno were let loose, and the shriekings and screamings around you are perfectly terrific. Beneath lie all the house of Hamilton in their crimson coffins, which you survey by the light of a single tallow candle.

"Yesterday I went to Dalzell, the old fortified house of the Hamiltons, and we have also been taken to the Falls of the Clyde at Stonebyres, which were magnificent, the river tossing wildly through woods which now have all the gorgeous colouring of an Indian autumn."

"*Ford Cottage, Nov. 5.* This is a charming little house, nestling at the foot of the castle-hill, and it has been an amusement to Lady Waterford to fit it up temporarily with the most interesting contents of the castle. The walls are hung with beautiful pictures and the rooms furnished with ivory and ebony cabinets, quantities of old china, tall glasses piled with ferns and flowers, old-fashioned tables and deep velvet arm-chairs. She will be here for another year probably, and thoroughly enjoys the life, saying that she never knew what it was to have a garden before.

"Dear old Lady Stuart is here in her deep mourning, and Lady Waterford, now her only remaining child, has been more closely united to her mother than ever since Lady Canning's death."²

¹ 1888. — Alas that I should have to add a note to say that the mummy-case has been since discovered not to have belonged to a queen at all, but to the court-jester!

² Charlotte, eldest daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, married (1835) Charles John, afterwards Viscount and Earl Canning and Governor-General of India, and died at Calcutta, Nov. 18, 1861.

"Lady Waterford is indeed perfectly delightful — brimming with originality and enthusiasm, and with the power — which so few people have — of putting all her wonderfully poetical thoughts into words, and so letting others have the benefit of them. Sometimes she will sit down to the pianoforte and sing in the most thrilling way — Handel or Beethoven, or old Spanish ballads — without having the music or words before her. At others she will draw, sud-



THE CHEVIOTS, FROM FORD.¹

denly and at once, the beautiful inspirations which come to her. Last night it was a lovely child crowned and sporting with flowers, and four other sweet little maidens dancing round her with garlands; it was from the childhood of Mary Queen of Scots and her four Maries. She is never tired of hearing of *people*; she says she sees so few

¹ From "The Story of Two Noble Lives."

and knows so little of them now — *places* she does not care to hear about.

“In the afternoon we went up to the castle, which is entirely changed since I saw it last, having gone back from a gingerbread gothic house to the appearance of an ancient building. The drawing-room is beautiful, with its ceiling and ornaments copied from that at Winton. Lord Durham was drilling his volunteer corps before the castle, and a mock siege was got up, with a storming of the new bridge over the dene. Then we walked to a new lodge which is building. All around are improvements — church restored, schools built, cottages renewed, gardens made, and then the castle.”

“*Nov. 5 (Evening).* The hard frost last night preluded a bright beautiful day. Lady Waterford let me have the pony-carriage with two white ponies to go where I liked, and I went to a ruined peel at Howtell Grange, and then through hollows in the Cheviots to Kirk-Newton, where Paulinus baptized his Northumbrian converts. ‘Oh! if my Lady were only here, for it is quite lovely!’ exclaimed the coachman, as we turned the corner of the mountains. He told me about Lord Waterford’s death, how he was riding by his side over the mountain when his horse stumbled. He got up safely, and then somehow overbalanced himself and fell from the saddle upon his head. They could not believe that he was hurt at first, for he lay in his hunting-coat unbruised and beautiful; but when they raised him up, his head fell down, for his neck was broken and he was dead. ‘Then there was an awful wail,’ said the man, ‘though we could none of us believe it. Dr. Jephson rode on to break it to my Lady, and he met her driving her two white ponies up to the door, all gay and happy, and told her at first that my Lord had broken his thigh-bone and was very much hurt; but she saw by his face that it was worse than that, and said so, and he

could not speak to her. Then she went away to her own room and locked herself in. When my Lord had been brought home and night came on, she ordered every one away from her, and she looked on his face once more, but what my Lady did that night we none of us knew.

"She cannot bear a horse now: she has only this little pony-carriage.

"This afternoon I have been with her to her school. She is covering it with large pictures which have the effect of frescoes. All the subjects are Bible stories from the lives of good children. In the first, of Cain and Abel, the devout Abel is earnestly offering his sacrifice of the lamb; while careless Cain, attracted by the flight of some pigeons, looks away and lets his apples fall from the altar. All the children are portraits, and it was interesting to see the originals sitting beneath the frescoes, slates and pencils in hand.

"It seems to me as if Lady Waterford had become strangely spiritualised this year since Lady Canning's death. She is just what she herself describes Miss Boyle to have become, 'A calm seeker after good, in whatever way she may find it.'"

"*Falldon, Nov. 7, 1862.* I have been most kindly received by Sir George and Lady Grey. . . . He has the reputation of being the most agreeable 'gentleman' in England, and certainly is charming, so cordial and kind and winning in manner. . . . We have been this evening to Dunstanborough — most lovely, the tall tower in the evening light rising rosy-pink against a blue sea."

"*Roddam, Nov. 13.* I have been with Mrs. Roddam at Eslington, a large grey stone house on a terrace, with a French garden and fine trees. Hedworth Liddell received us, and then his many sisters came trooping in to luncheon from walking and driving. 'We are sure this is our cousin

Augustus Hare: we saw you through the window, and were sure it was you, you are so like your sister.' . . . They were much amused at my delight over the portraits of our ancestors."

"*Chillingham, Nov. 14.* There is a large party here, including Captain and Mrs. Northcote, a very handsome, distinguished-looking young couple, and my hitherto unknown cousins, Lord and Lady Durham.¹ He has a morose look, which does him great injustice; she is one of Lord Abercorn's charming daughters — excessively pretty, natural, and winning."

"*Nov. 15.* Each evening we have had impromptu charades, in which Lord Durham acts capitally. Yesterday we went to a review of his volunteer corps on Millfield Plain, and afterwards to tea at Copeland Castle, an old Border fortress on the Till, which the Durhams are renting. You would be quite fascinated by Lady Durham — 'the little Countess,' as Lady Tankerville calls her. Lord Durham does not look a bit older than I, though he has seven children. They have given me a very cordial invitation to stay with them."

"*Morpeth, Nov. 16.* We dispersed yesterday evening. Lord Tankerville wished me to have stayed, and it was very pleasant at the end of an enchanting visit to have one's host say, 'I am so very sorry you are going; and, though the Greys are very nice people, I quite hate them for taking you away from us.' They sent me in one carriage, and my luggage in another, to meet the coach at Lilburn. I had three-quarters of an hour to wait, and took refuge in a shepherd's hut, where the wife was very busy washing all her little golden-haired children in tubs, and putting them to sleep in box-beds."

¹ His great-grandmother, Lady Susan Lyon and my great-grandmother, Lady Anne, were sisters.

“*Morpeth, Nov. 19.* On Monday I got up in pitch darkness and went off at half-past seven by coach to Rothbury, a lonely little town amid moorland hills with sweeping blue distance. There I got a gig, and went far up Coquetdale to Harbottle, a most interesting country, full of peel towers and wild rocky valleys. Coming back, I stopped at Holystone, where a tall cross and an old statue near a basin of transparent water mark the place where Paulinus baptized three thousand Northumbrians. Then, in the gloaming, I saw the fine old Abbey of Brinkburn, close upon the shore of Coquet, celebrated in many old angling songs.

“To-day I have been with the Greys to Cresswell, the largest modern house in the county, with an old peel tower where an ancestress of the family starved herself to death after seeing her three brothers murder her Danish lover upon the shore.”

Several more visits brought me home at the end of November, with an immense stock of new material, which I arranged in the next few months in “Murray’s Handbook of Durham and Northumberland” — work for which neither Murray nor any one else gave me much credit, but which cost me great labour, and into which I put my whole heart.

XI

HOME LIFE WITH THE MOTHER

“Golden years
Of service and of hope swept over us
Most sweetly. Brighter grew our home, more dear
Our daily life together. And as time went by,
God daily joined our hearts more perfectly.”

— B. M.

“Look at a pious person, man or woman, one in whom the spirit
always the senses; look at them when they are praying or have risen
from their knees, and see with how bright a ray of divine beauty
their faces are illuminated: you will see the beauty of God shine
on their faces: you will see the beauty of an angel. All those who
in adoring humility partake of the Holy Sacraments are so united to
God that the presence of the divine light is manifest upon their
faces. — SAVONAROLA, *Sermons*.

“God’s in his heaven —
All’s right with the world.”

— BROWNING, *Pippa Passes*.

WHEN I returned from the North in the winter
of 1862–63, I was shocked to find how much a
failure of power, which I had faintly traced in the
summer, had increased in my dearest mother. But
I cannot describe the unspeakable thankfulness I felt
that the work which had taken me so much away
from her during her four years of health was ended
just when she needed me; that it would never be
absolutely necessary for me to leave her again; and

I inwardly vowed never again to undertake anything which should separate me from her. Some work which might be done at home would doubtless turn up, and meanwhile, I had constant employment in the service and watchings which scarcely ever permitted me to be away from her side.

Meanwhile all the sympathy which I had to spare from the sick-room at home was called forth by the suffering of my sister, who had struggled bravely under the depression of her mother's ceaseless despair and wilful refusal to be comforted, but upon whom that struggle was beginning to tell most severely. My mother allowed me to have her at Holmhurst a great deal this winter, and she was no trouble, but, on the contrary, a constant source of interest to my mother, who, while deprecating the fact of her Roman Catholicism, became full of respect for her simple faith, large-hearted charity, and reality of true religion — so different from that of most perverts from the national faith of England. In her changed fortunes, accustomed to every luxury as she had been, she would only see the silver linings of all her clouds, truly and simply responding to Thackeray's advice —

“Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.”

At Christmas my mother suffered terribly, and was so liable to a sudden numbness which closely threatened paralysis, that by day and night remedies had always to be prepared and at hand. In the

last days of January she was moved to London, and immediately felt benefited; but the doctors who then saw my mother agreed with our old friend Dr. Hale at St. Leonards that it was absolutely necessary that she should go abroad. This gave rise to terrible anxiety. I remember how then, as on many other occasions when I was longing to stay at home, but felt certain the path of duty lay abroad, all my difficulties were enormously added to by different members of the family insisting that my mother ought to stay at home, and that I knew it, but "dragged her abroad for my own pleasure and convenience." This tenfold increased my fatigue when I was already at the last gasp, by compelling me to argue persistently to misinformed persons in favour of my convictions, *against* my wishes. On February 16 we left home, and went by slow stages to Hyères, whence we proceeded to Nice.

To MY SISTER.

"*Pension Rivoir, Nice, March 16, 1863.* We stayed at Hyères ten days, but did not like the place at all, though it has a tropical vegetation, and there are pretty corkwoods behind it. The town is a prolonged village, clouded with dust and reeking with evil odours. . . . We took a *returino* from Les Arcs to Cannes, but found prices there so enormously raised, that we decided on coming on here. This place also is very full, but we like our tiny apartment, which has the sea on one side, and a beautiful view across orange-groves to the snow mountains on the other. The mother already seems not only better but — quite well! We have found a great many friends here, including Sir Adam Hay and all his family, and Lord and Lady

Charles Clinton, the latter charming and most affectionately attentive to the mother."

The spring we spent at Nice is one of those I look back upon with the greatest pleasure — my mother recovered so rapidly and entirely, and was so pleased herself with her own recovery. The weather was beautiful, and as I was already in heart looking forward to drawing as the one lucrative employment which would not separate me from my



CARROZZA.¹

mother, I devoted myself to it most enthusiastically, inwardly determined to struggle to get a power of colour which should distinguish me from the herd of sketchers and washers, and I made real progress in knowledge and delicacy. It was the greatest help to me in this, as it was the greatest pleasure in everything else, to have our dear old friend

¹ From "South-Eastern France."

Lady Grey with her niece Miss des Vœux settled close by us, and I constantly drew and made excursions with them, dining with them afterwards: my only difficulty being that my mother was then often left alone longer than I liked, with only Lea as a companion. During the close of our stay I had some really adventurous expeditions with Miss Des Vœux, Mrs. Robert Elice, and Miss Elice along the bed of the Var and up Mount Chauve and to Aspromonte; with Miss Des Vœux and the Stepneys to Carrozza and Le Broc, proceeding with the carriage as far as it would go, and then on chairs lashed upon a bullock-cart — the scenery most magnificent; and with a larger party to the glorious Peglione.

Addie Hay was often the companion of our excursions, and deeply attached himself to the mother, sitting by us for hours, while we drew at Villeneuve or other mountain villages. His sister Ida did the honours at splendid parties which were given by Mr. Peabody the philanthropist, so I was invited to them. Mr. George Peabody — “Uncle George,” as Americans used to call him — was one of the dullest men in the world: he had positively no gift except that of making money, and when he was making it, he never parted with a penny until he had made hundreds of thousands, and then he gave vast sums away in charity. When he had thus become quite celebrated, he went back to America, and visited his native place of Danvers, which is now called Peabody. Here some of his relations, who were quite poor people, wishing to do him honour, borrowed a silver tea service from a neighbour. He partook of their

feast, and, when it was over, he looked round and said, "I am agreeably surprised to find that you are in such very good circumstances as to want nothing that I could do for you," — and he did nothing for them.

There was, however, at least one very interesting story connected with George Peabody's life. He was going to Berlin for some important financial meeting, in which he was to take a prominent part. On the way his carriage broke down, and he was in despair as to how he was to get on, when a solitary traveller passed in a carriage and offered to take him up. Soon they began to converse. "I had a remarkably good dinner to-night," said George Peabody; "guess what it was." — "Well, I guess a good turkey." — "Better than that," said Peabody, slapping his companion on the knee. "Well, a piece of Welsh mutton." — "Better than that," with another slap; "why, I've had a prime haunch of venison from a Scotch forest." Soon they were approaching Berlin, and every one saluted the carriage as it passed. "May I ask to whom I am so much indebted for my drive?" said Peabody. "Well, guess," said his companion, as they were passing some soldiers who saluted. "Well, I guess you're a captain in the army." — "Better than that," said the stranger, slapping Peabody on the knee. "Well, perhaps you're a general." — "Better than that," with another slap. "Well, Sir, I am — the Crown Prince of Prussia."

At Mr. Peabody's parties I always used to see the old King Louis of Bavaria, then a dirty, dissipated

old man, though Munich will ever bear witness to the great intelligence he showed in early life.

At dinner at Lady Grey's I used to meet Dr. Pantaleone, who was then practising at Nice as a Roman exile. Here are some fragments of his ever-amusing conversation:—

“What is gout, Dr. Pantaleone?”

“Why, the Clerici Canonici do say it is the devil, and the doctors do say it is in the nerves, and the statesmen do say it is Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell, as the case may be!”

“Have you studied the subject much?”

“Ah, yes! oh, it is beautiful to follow the gout. But I have felt it too, for my grandfather he did eat up all his fortune and leave us the gout, and that is what I do call cheating his heirs!”

“I have never had gout, but I have had rheumatism.”

“Ah, yes; rheumatism is gout's brother.”

“Why is Mr. B. in love with Miss M.?”

“Why, you see it is an ugly picture, but is beautiful *encadré*. She has £1500 a year—that is the *cadre*, and the husband will just step into the frame and throw the old picture into the shade!”

“They seem to be giving up the Bishops in Piedmont.”

“Yes, but they must not do it: it is no longer wise. With us all is habit. We have now even been excommunicated for three years, and as we find we do as well or rather better than before, we do not mind a bit.”

“I have often been miserable when I have lost a patient, and then I have cursed myself for wasting my time and sympathy when I have seen that the relations did not

mind. It is always thus. Thus it was in that dreadful time when the Borghese lost his wife and three children. I was so grieved I could not go near the Prince. Some days afterwards I met him in the garden. ‘Oh, M. le Prince,’ I said, ‘how I have felt for you!’ — ‘Dr. Pantaleone,’ he replied, ‘if I could have them back again now I would not, for it was the will of God, and now I know that they are happy.’ Then I did curse myself. ‘Ah, yes, you are quite right, M. le Prince,’ I said, and I did go away, and I never did offer condolences any more.”

“Do you know Courmayeur?”

“Yes, that is where our King (Victor Emmanuel) goes when he wants to hunt. And when Azeglio wants the King back, he writes to his ministers, ‘The tyrant wants to amuse himself’ — because his enemies do call him the tyrant.”

“It is a dreadful thing not to remember. I had a friend once who married an Italian lady. One day they were at a party, and he went out in the course of the evening. Nothing was thought of it at the time: Italians often do go out. At last his wife became excited — agitated. They tried to calm her, but she thought he had poséd her there and gone away and left her for ever. She flew home, and there he was comfortably seated by his fireside. ‘Oh, Tommaso, Tommaso!’ she exclaimed. ‘Che, che!’ he said. ‘Oh, why did you leave me?’ she cried. ‘Oh,’ said he, striking his forehead, ‘I did forget that I was married!’”¹

“There was a poor woman whose son was dreadfully ill, and she wanted to get him a doctor; but somehow,

¹ The celebrated Porson was given to such utter fits of absence that he forgot he was married and dined out on the very day of the ceremony.

instead of going for the doctor, she fell asleep, and *dreamt* that her son was ill, and that she was going for the doctor. She went first (in her dream) to the house of the first physician in the town, but, when she arrived, the door was crowded with a number of pale beings, who were congregating round it, and calling out to those within. So the woman asked them what they were, and they said, 'We are the spirits of those who have been killed by the treatment of this doctor, and we are come to make him our reproaches.' So the woman was horrified, and hurried away to the house of another doctor, but there she found even more souls than before; and at each house she went to, there were more and more souls who complained of the doctors who had killed them. At last she came to the house of a very poor little doctor who lived in a cottage in a very narrow dirty street, and there there were only two souls lamenting. 'Ah!' she said, 'this is the doctor for me; for while the others have killed so many, this good man in all the course of his experience has only sent two souls out of the world.' So she went in and said, 'Sir, I have come to you because of your experience, because of your great and just reputation, to ask you to heal my son.' As she talked of his great reputation the doctor looked rather surprised, and at last he said, 'Well, Madam, it is very flattering, but it is odd that you should have heard so much of me, for I have only been a doctor *a week*.' Ah! then you may imagine what the horror of the woman was — he had only been a doctor a week, and yet he had killed two persons! . . . So she awoke, and she did not go for a doctor at all, and her son got perfectly well."

In May we went to spend a week at Mentone, seeing old haunts and old friends; thence also I went for three days with Lady Grey to S. Remo, where we drew a great deal, but I did not then

greatly admire S. Remo. We stayed a few days at Arles, where M. and Madame Pinus, the landlord of the Hôtel du Nord and his wife, had become quite intimate friends by dint of repeated visits. Each time we stayed at Arles we made some delightful excursions: this time we went to S. Gilles. Then by a lingering journey, after our fashion of the mother's well-days, loitering to see Valence and Rochemaure,



ROMAN THEATRE. ARLES.¹

we reached Geneva, where we had much kindly hospitality from the family of the Swiss pasteur Vaucher, with whose charming daughter we had become great friends at Mentone two years before. We were afterwards very happy for a fortnight in the pleasant Pension Baumgarten at Thun, and went in *einspanners* in glorious weather to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald. On our way north, we lingered at Troyes, and

¹ From "South-Eastern France."

I also made a most interesting excursion from Abbeville to St. Riquier and the battlefield of Crecy, where the old tower from which Edward III. watched the battle still stood,¹ and the cross where the blind King of Bohemia fell amid the corn-lands.

It was the 9th of June when we reached Holmhurst, and on the 15th I went to Arthur Stanley's



HÔTEL DU MAUROY TROYES.²

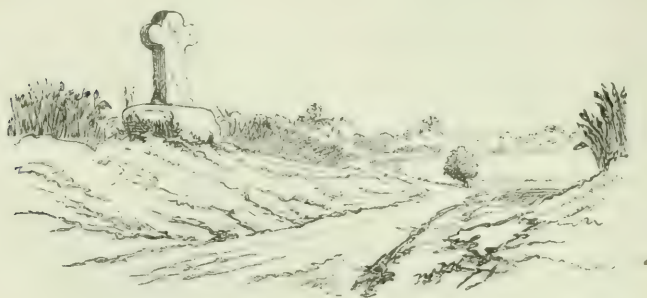
house at Oxford for the Commemoration, at which the lately married Prince and Princess of Wales were present, she charming all who met her as much by her simplicity as by her grace and loveliness. "No

¹ Now (1895) pulled down.

² From "North-Eastern France."

more fascinating and lovely creature," said Arthur, "ever appeared in a fairy-story." Mrs. Gladstone was at the Canonry and made herself very pleasant to everybody. "Your Princess is so lovely, it is quite a pleasure to be in the room with her," I heard her say to the Prince of Wales. "Yes, she really is *very* pretty," he replied.

Afterwards I went to stay with Miss Boyle, who had lately been "revived," and it was a most curious



THE KING OF BOHEMIA'S CROSS, CRECY.¹

visit. Beautiful still, but very odd, she often made one think of old Lady Stuart de Rothesay's description of her — "Fille de Vénus et de Polichinelle."

To MY MOTHER.

"*Portishead, June 27, 1863.* Miss Boyle is quite brimming with religion, and, as I expected, entirely engrossed by her works. She preaches now almost every night. She began a sort of convertive talking instantly. She asked at once, 'Are you saved?' &c. She seems to have in everything '*une grande liberté avec Dieu,*' as Madame de Glapion said to Madame de Maintenon. She thinks

¹ From "North-Eastern France."

Arthur an infidel, and said that there had been a meeting of six thousand people at Bristol to pray that his influence at Court may be counteracted. Speaking of this, on the spur of the moment she had up the servants and prayed for 'our poor Queen, who is in ignorance of all these things.' Then, at great length, for me, 'Thy child and servant who is just come into this house.' She said she had put off her meeting for the next day on my account, but I begged that she would hold it, even though the bills were not sent out.

"On Friday she did not appear till one. We dined at three, and then an 'Evangelist' came in, who also asked at once 'if I was saved,' and then knelt down and made a long prayer, 'O God, I thank Thee that I am a saved sinner,' with a sort of litany of 'Yes, bless the Lord,' from Miss Boyle. Then I was prayed for again: it felt very odd.

"Then we went off in a fly, with one of the maids and another Evangelist called Mr. Grub, a long drive through a series of country lanes to solitary farm-houses amongst the hills. It was like the description in 'The Minister's Wooing.' At one of the houses a young woman came out and said to me that she 'hoped we were one in Christ.'

"From a turn of the road I walked down to Pill, the rude town on the Avon where Miss Boyle preaches almost every evening to the wharfingers and sailors, nearly two hundred at a time. I saw her pulpit in the open air close to the river, with the broad reaches of the Channel and ships sailing in behind it. When she preaches there it must be a very striking scene. Numbers of people crowded round to ask — 'Isna Lady Boyle a-cooming down?' — and all the little children, 'Is Lady Boyle a-cooming?' Tell us, Mister, where's Lady Boyle?"

"When we returned to the other village, St. George's, Miss Boyle and her maid were sitting on a well in an old farmhouse garden, singing beautiful revival hymns to a

troop of mothers and little children, who listened with delight. As the crowd gathered, she came down, and standing with her back against the fly, beneath some old trees in the little market-place, addressed the people. Then Miss Boyle prayed; then the Evangelist preached. Then came some revival hymns from Dick Weaver's hymn-book. The people joined eagerly, and the singing was lovely — wild, picturesque choruses, constantly swelled by new groups dropping in. People came up the little lanes and alleys, listening and singing. Great waggons and luggage-vans passing on the highroad kept stopping, and the carters and drivers joined in the song. At last Miss Boyle herself preached — most strikingly, and her voice, like a clarion, must have been audible all over the village. She preached on the ten lepers, and words never seemed to fail her, but she poured out an unceasing stream of eloquence, entreating, warning, exhorting, comforting, and illustrating by anecdotes she had heard and from the experiences of her own life. The people listened in rapt attention, but towards the end of her discourse a quantity of guns and crackers were let off close by by agents of a hostile clergyman (Vicar of Portbury), and a fiddle interrupted the soft cadences of the singing. On this she prayed aloud for 'the poor unconverted clergyman, that God would forgive him,' but when she had done, the people sang one of Weaver's hymns, 'He is hurrying — he is hurrying — he is hurrying down to hell.' Some of the clergy uphold her, others oppose. She has had a regular fight with this one. The meeting was not over till past nine; sometimes it lasts till eleven. The people did not seem a bit tired: I was, and very cold."

I seldom after this saw my old friend, Miss Boyle. I could not press her coming to Holmhurst, because she forewarned me that, if she came, she *must* hold

meetings in the village. A sister of John Bright declared, "I always agree with my old gardener, who says 'I canna abide a crowing hen ;'" and latterly I have been of much the same opinion.

We left home again for Italy on the 26th of October. In those days there was no railway across the Mont Cenis, but my mother enjoyed the *vetturino* journey along the roads fringed with barberries. Beyond this, travelling became difficult, owing to the floods. At Piacenza we were all ejected from the train, and forced to walk along the line for a great distance, and then to cross a ford, which made me most thankful that my mother was tolerably well at the time.

JOURNAL.

"Nov. 7, 1863. We left Bologna at 5 A.M. In the journey to Vergato the colouring was beautiful, the amber and ruby tints of autumn melting into a sapphire distance. At Vergato we engaged the coupé of the diligence, and had a pleasant passage over the Apennines, sometimes with four, sometimes with seven horses in the ascent. The richness of the autumnal glory was beyond description — a tossing torrent, rocky moss-grown forests of old oaks and chestnuts, their leaves golden in death: here and there thickets of holly and box: an old castle on a rock: a lonely old town (La Porretta) in a misty hollow: and then a grand view from the top of the pass over purple billowy mountains. The scenery becomes suddenly Italian — perfectly Italian — in the descent, cypresses and stone-pines, villas and towers, cutting the sky and relieved upon the delicate distance: and in the depth Pistoia, lying like a map, with dome and towers like a miniature Florence."

At the station of Ficule near Orvieto, where the railway to the south came to an end altogether at that time, the floods were out all over the country, and there were no carriages — everything being quite disorganised. We arrived at a miserable little station, scarcely better than a small open shed, in torrents of rain, at twelve o'clock in the day, and had to wait till the same hour of the day following, when carriages would arrive from Orvieto. After some



S. FLAVIANO MONTEFIASCONI.¹

time my mother was conveyed to a wretched little inn, but it was necessary for some one to remain to guard the luggage, and knowing what a fearful hardship it would be considered by our cross-grained manservant, John Gidman, I remained sitting upon it, without any food except a few biscuits, in pitch darkness at night, and with the swelching rain beating

¹ From "Days near Rome."

upon my miserable shed, for twenty-four hours. It was a very unpleasant experience.

When at length we got away, we had to take the road by Montefiascone and Viterbo, which was then almost untravelled, and the postboys took advantage of the utter loneliness of the road and disturbed state of the country to be most insolent in their demands for money. Sometimes they would stop altogether in a desolate valley and refuse to let their horses go an inch farther unless we paid a sort of ransom. On such occasions we always took out our books and employed ourselves till they went on from sheer weariness. We were never conquered, but it made the journey very anxious and fatiguing.

It was with real thankfulness that we reached Rome on November 12, and engaged the upper apartment of 31 Piazza di Spagna, our landlady being the pleasant daughter of Knebel the artist, who lived in some little rooms above us, with her brother Tito and her nurse Samuccia.

The first days at Rome this winter were absolute Elysium — the sitting for hours in the depth of the Forum, then picturesque, flowery, and “unrestored,” watching the sunlight first kiss the edge of the columns and then bathe them with gold: the wanderings with different friends over the old mysterious churches on the Aventine and Coelian, and the finding out and analysing all their histories from different books at home in the evenings: the very drives between the high walls, watching the different effects of light on the broken tufa stones, and the pellitory and maiden-hair growing between them.

We were also especially fortunate this winter in our friends. At first I much enjoyed very long walks with a Mr.¹ and Mrs. Kershaw, who lived beneath us. Taking little carriages to the gates, we wandered forth to the Aqueducts and Roma Vecchia, where we spent the day in drawing and picking up marbles, not returning till the cold night-dews were creeping up from the valleys, and the peasants, as we reached the crowded street near the Theatre of Marcellus, were eating their frittura and chestnuts by lamplight, amid a jargon of harsh tongues and gathering of strange costumes.

We saw much of the handsome young Marchese Annibale Paolucci di Calboli, in the Guardia Nobile, whose wife was an old friend of early Hurstmonceaux days, and whose children, especially the second son, Raniero, have always remained friends of mine. This is the family mentioned by Dante in "Purgatorio," xiv. —

"Questo è il Rinier; quest' è il pregio e l' onore
Della casa da Calboli."

Old Lady Wenlock² came to the Hôtel Europa close beside us, and was a constant pleasure. My mother drove with her frequently. She scarcely ever said anything that was not worth observing, and her reminiscences were of the most various kinds. She it was who, by telling my mother of her own strong wish and that of other people to possess some of my sketches, first suggested the idea of selling my draw-

¹ Rev. E. Kershaw, afterwards chaplain to Earl De la Warr.

² Caroline, daughter of Richard, Lord Braybrooke, widow of the first Lord Wenlock.

ings. We amused ourselves one evening by putting prices on the backs of sketches of the winter — highly imaginative prices, as it seemed to us. Some time afterwards Lady Wenlock had a party, and asked for the loan of my portfolio to show to her friends: when they came back there were orders to the amount of £60.

Other friends of whom we saw much this winter were old Lady Selina Bridgeman, sister of my mother's dear friend Lady Frances Higginson; and Lord and Lady Hobart. Lord Hobart was afterwards Governor of Madras, but at this time he was excessively poor, and they lived in a tiny attic apartment in the Via Sistina. At many houses we met the long-haired Franz Liszt, the famous composer, and heard him play. Mr. and Mrs. Archer Houblon also were people we liked, and we were drawn very near to them by our common interest in the news which reached us just after our arrival in Rome of the engagement of Arthur Stanley, just after his appointment to the Deanery of Westminster, to Lady Augusta Bruce (first cousin of Mrs. Houblon), the person whom his mother had mentioned as the one she would most like him to marry.

A little before Christmas — a Christmas of the old kind, with a grand Papal benediction from the altar of St. Peter's — Henry Alford, Dean of Canterbury, and his family came to Rome. With them I went many delightful expeditions into the distant Campagna: to Ostia, with its then still gorgeous marbles and melancholy tower and pine: to Castel Fusano, with its palace, like that of the Sleeping Beauty, rising

lovely from its green lawns, with its pine avenue and decaying vases with golden-flowered aloes, and beyond all the grand old forest with its deep green recesses and gigantic pines and bays and ilexes, its deep still pools and its abysses of wood, bounded on one side by the Campagna, and on the other by the sea; to Colatonia, with its woods of violets and anemones, and its purling brook and broken tower; to Cerbara, with its

OSTIA.¹

colossal caves and violet banks, and laurustinus waving like angels' wings through the great rifts; to Veii, with its long circuit of ruins, its tunnelled Ponte Sodo and its mysterious columbarium and tomb. Another excursion also lives in my mind, which I took with Harry and Albert Brassey, when we went out very early to Frascati, and climbed in the gorgeous early morning to Tusculum, where the little crocuses were just opening upon the dew-laden turf, and then made our way across hedge and ditch to Grotto Ferrata and its frescoes.

¹ From "Days near Rome."

I have always found — at Rome especially — that the pleasantest way is to see very little, and to enjoy that thoroughly. “*Je n’avale pas les plaisirs, je sais les goûter.*”

In the spring our sketchings and excursions were frequently shared by our cousins, Maria and Mary Shaw-Lefevre, who came to Rome with their maternal aunt, Miss Wright, whom I then saw for the first time, but who afterwards became the dearest of my friends — a nominal “Aunt Sophy,” far kinder and far more beloved than any real aunt I have ever known.

But most of all does my remembrance linger upon the many quiet hours spent alone with the mother



THEATRE OF TUSCULUM.¹

during this winter, of an increasing communion with her upon all subjects, in which she then, being in perfect health, was able to take an active and energetic interest. Especially do I look back to each Sunday afternoon passed in the Medici Gardens, where she would sit on the sheltered sunny seats backed by the great box hedges — afternoons when her gentle presence, when the very thought of her loved existence, made all things sweet and beautiful to me, recalling Cowper's lines —

¹ From “Days near Rome.”

“When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled her urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
’Tis e’en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
And tells us whence her treasures are supplied.”

These afternoons with the mother are my real Roman memories of 1863–64—not the hot rooms, not the evening crowds, not the ceremonies at St. Peter’s!

This year I greatly wished something that was not compatible with the entire devotion of my time and life to my mother. Therefore I smothered the wish, and the hope that had grown up with it. Those things do not — cannot — recur.

One day in the spring, mother and I drove to our favorite spot of the Acqua Acetosa, and walked in the sun by the muddy Tiber. When we came back, we found news that Aunt Esther was dead. She had never recovered from a violent cold which she caught when lying for hours, in pouring rain, upon her husband’s grave. Her death was characteristic of her life, for with the strongest sense of duty and a determination to carry it out to the uttermost, no mental constitution can possibly be imagined more happily constructed for self-torment than hers. My mother grieved for her loss, and I grieved that my darling had sorrow. . . . How many years of heartburnings and privation are buried forever out of sight in that grave! *Requiescat in pace.* I believe that I have entirely forgiven all the years of bitter suffering that she caused me. “He who cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself:

for every man hath need to be forgiven," was a dictum of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. I believe that I really feel this; still "les morts se prêtent aux réconciliations avec une extrême facilité," as Anatole France says.¹

We did not go to many of the services. The most impressive processions we saw were really those of the bare-footed monks who followed the funerals, many hundreds of them, each with his lighted candle: we used to hear their howling chant long before they turned the corner of the Piazza di Spagna.

TO MY SISTER.

"31 *Piazza di Spagna, Rome, Feb. 1864.* Manning is indefatigable in proselytising. I once went to hear him preach at San Carlo: anything so *dull*, so wholly unimpassioned, I never heard. There was a great function at the Minerva the other day as a protest against Reman. Michelangelo's statue of Christ was raised aloft and illuminated. A Dominican friar preached, and in the midst of his sermon shouted, 'Adesso, fratelli miei, una viva per Gesù Cristo!' and all the congregation shouted 'Viva.' And when he finished he cried 'Adesso tre volte viva per Gesù Cristo!' and when they were given, 'E una viva di più,' just as if it were a toast. The Bambino of Ara Cœli has broken its toe! It was so angry at the church door being shut when it returned from its drive, that it kicked the door till one of its toes came off, and the monks are in sad disgrace.

"The old Palace of the Cæsars, as we have always called it, is being superseded by immense *scavi*, opened by the French Emperor in the Orti Farnesiani: these have laid

¹ All Mrs. Julius Hare's family of her generation have passed away: all to whom the story of my child life as connected with her could give any pain.

bare such quantities of old buildings and pavements, that the Orti are now like a little Pompeii."

We left Rome before Easter, and spent it quietly at Albano, where we had many delightful days, with first the Hobarts and then the Leghs of Booths in our hotel, and I made charming excursions up Monte Cavi and round the lake of Nemi with Alexander Buchanan and the Brasseys. On Good Friday there was a magnificent procession, the dead and bleeding Christ carried by night through the streets upon a bier, preceded and attended by monks and nuns with flaming torches, and followed by a wailing multitude. In the principal square the procession stopped, the bier was raised aloft, and while the torchlight flamed upon the livid features of the dead, a monk called upon the people to bear witness and to account for his "murder."

At Sorrento we spent a fortnight at the Villa Nardi, with its quiet orange-grove and little garden edged with ancient busts overlooking the sea. At Amalfi, the Alford's joined us. We went together to Ravello. I remember how the Dean insisted on calling the little dog that went with us from the inn "Orthodog," and another dog, which chose to join our company, "Heterodog," on the principle of Dr. Johnson, who explained the distinction by saying, "Madam, orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy is any other person's doxy."

As we returned through Rome we stayed at the Palazzo Parisani, and much enjoyed the luxury of the large cool rooms, where we lived chiefly on riccotta

and lettuces. One day as we came in, the porter gave us a black-edged letter. It was the news that poor "Italima" was released from all her sorrows. For my sister, to whom Madame de Trafford had written exactly foretelling what was going to happen, one could only give thanks (though she truly mourned her mother); but it was strangely solemnising receiving the news in "Italima's" own rooms, where we

AMALFI.¹

had seen her in her utmost prosperity. It was a fortnight before Esmeralda could send us any details.

"34 Bryanston Street, May 9, 1864. Your long-expected letter came this morning. I had been waiting for it every day, every hour. The illness was so short, and the sense of desolation so terrible afterwards, it seems strange to

¹ From "Southern Italy."

have lived. On the Thursday the nuns of the Precious Blood came to dinner, and were alarmed by seeing a change in Mama. She talked cheerfully to them, but when I left the room, she said to the Superior, 'I am really ill,' but this was not told me till afterwards. I sent for Dr. Bell. He said at once, 'It is bronchitis, but there is no danger, nothing to be feared.' On Friday, Mama was up as early as usual. Father Galway came to see her, also Lady Lothian. Mama was cheerful, and they saw no cause for anxiety. Every hour made me more anxious. Mama kept saying, 'Esmeralda, you cannot keep quiet, what is the matter with you? I am not ill.' On Saturday I thought Mama worse, and more so on Sunday, though she got up and came downstairs. Lady Lothian came at two o'clock, then Father Galway. Mama talked to Father Galway about her past life, and seemed quite cheerful. She sat up till nine o'clock. When Mama was in bed, she said, 'I am better, I think; go to bed, you are so tired, and do not get up again.' I went to my room and wrote a letter to Father Galway, as I dreaded that a change might take place in the night, and wished that the letter might be ready to send. I went to Mama several times. . . . It was at two o'clock that she laid her hand upon my head and said, with a great effort, 'Esmeralda, I am going from you.' . . . In a few minutes she began to say the Gloria. I repeated the Belief, the Our Father, and the Hail Mary. . . . Soon after five o'clock Father Galway was here, and then Lady Lothian came with a nun of the Miséricorde as a nurse. Mama was then better, and seemed surprised to see Father Galway. I remained praying in the next room with the nun and Lady Lothian. At seven, I went in to Mama. She did not then believe she was dying, but said she was ready to make her last confession. The nuns of the Precious Blood had brought the relic of the True Cross. At a quarter past eight o'clock Father Galway had heard Mama's confession; he then said she

must be raised before she could receive the Last Sacraments. We all went into the room. Lady Lothian made every effort to raise Mama. She *stood* on the bed, and tried to raise her; it was no use; we all tried in turn. The nun of the Miséricorde suggested raising Mama on sheets. It must have been dreadful agony. There were a few deep moans, but at last the nuns and Lady Lothian did raise Mama. Then she received Extreme Unction: the nuns, Lady Lothian, and I kneeling around. Father Galway approached the bed, and said to Mama that she was going to receive the Body and Blood of our Lord—‘Could she swallow still?’ She said ‘Yes’ audibly. She fixed her eyes on Father Galway; her face was for the instant lighted up with intensity of love and faith. There was a pause. Her breathing had in that moment become more difficult. Father Galway said a second time the same words, and again, with a great effort, Mama said ‘Yes.’ She then received the Holy Viaticum, and in that solemn moment her eyes opened wide, and a beautiful calm peaceful look came over her countenance, — and this calm look never left her through all the long hours till half-past three o’clock when she breathed her last. When she was asked anything, she always answered, ‘Pray, pray.’ Once she opened her eyes wide, and with a long parting look said, ‘Do not worry,’ — she passed her hand over my head: she liked to see me kneeling by her side.

“Francis did not arrive till Mama had received the Last Sacraments. I met him on the stairs, and said, ‘Francis, you are too late.’ He staggered against the wall, and with a cry of agony exclaimed, ‘It is impossible.’ Father Galway was then saying the prayers of the agonising, the responses being taken up by the nuns and Lady Lothian. Lady Williamson and Lady Georgiana Fullerton had also arrived, but I do not think Mama knew them. At two o’clock Mama asked for Lady Lothian, for she always missed her when she left the room and asked for her back

again, asked her to pray, and tried hard to say something to her about me. I led Francis into the room, and Lady Lothian said to Mama, 'Francis, you remember Francis,' and Mama said 'Yes,' and then she blessed him. Francis buried his head in his hands, his whole frame quivering with sobbing. Mama fixed her eyes on him with a kind parting look, and then closed them again. Lady Lothian then said, 'William' (for he and Edith had come), and Mama said 'Yes,' and she opened her eyes again and blessed William. Father Galway at intervals took up the prayers for the dying, — and then, at last, while Francis, William, Auntie, and Lady Lothian were kneeling at the foot of the bed, and the nuns supporting Mama, the words were heard — 'Go forth.' There was a slight, hardly audible, rattle in Mama's throat. Father Galway turned round to me, and said, 'Now you can help her more than you did before,' and began the prayers for the dead — the five joyful mysteries of the Rosary. The overpowering awe of that solemn moment prevented any outburst of grief; a soul had in that instant been judged. For long I had prayed that Mama might make a good death, and this prayer was answered. All Father Galway's devotion before and afterwards to each and all of us, — all Lady Lothian's untiring kindness, I can never tell you, it was so beautiful. Then came long days of watching by the body. The nuns of the Precious Blood sent their large crucifix and their high silver candlesticks; the room was hung in black and white. Auntie is sadly altered, but always patient and self-sacrificing. I was with Lady Lothian a week; how that week went by I cannot tell, and now there are lawyers. I long for rest. There is such a blank, such a loneliness. I like to be alone with our Blessed Lord, and to shut out the world."

"*May 18.* Probably I have told you everything up to the time of the death, three weeks last Monday, and still

I can hardly realise it. Those last hours are so vivid. My thoughts are going back. Was there anything that could have been done that was not done to save Mama's life? was there anything she wished for that was not done? because her breathing was so difficult she could only articulate the shortest words. There was one sentence she tried to say to Lady Lothian, and over and over again she began it with such an anxious look that Lady Lothian should understand it, but it was impossible. It began with *Es . . . da*, and ended with *her*, but the intermediate words were lost.

"After all was over, Lady Lothian took me by the hand and led me gently to the sofa in the other room. After some time the nun of the Miséricorde fetched me into the room of death, and we began to light torches round the bed, and watch those dear remains, and there we watched and prayed for the dead for long, long hours. I ordered a person to watch from eleven at night until the morning, when the nun of the Miséricorde went in. She had been resting in my bedroom next door, and we had been taking up alternately, in the stillness of the night, the prayers for dear Mama. Then began the watching through the day. The Abbé de Tourzel, Father Galway, William, Edith, Lady Lothian, and Lady G. Fullerton came in turn to watch, and so the day passed, and the night, and Tuesday. On Tuesday evening Francis came up. The whole room had been transformed. When he entered the door, he stopped and looked around, then he went round the bed, stooped over Mama, and said, 'Oh sister, Mama does not look *dead*,' then he sat down, buried his head in his hands, and there he remained for an hour and a half without moving. And then he left, and others came and joined in the Rosary and Litany for the dead, and then came the second night, and on Wednesday there were watchers through the day. On Wednesday I first felt the great fatigue, but that day also passed praying and watching. The next

day Lady G. Fullerton came and took me to her house while those dear remains were laid in the coffin. In the evening the nun who was watching would not let me see Mama again, but I got up early the following morning and went into the room, and I cannot tell you what the agony of that moment was: — I became senseless and was carried out. The coffin was closed and stood in the middle of the room, which looked like a chapel. The crucifix stood at the head of the coffin, huge silver candlesticks near and around, — the room draped in black and white, and a bouquet of fresh flowers at the head of the coffin. Watchers succeeded each other, Miss Turville several times, Mrs. Galton, and so through Thursday and Friday. On Friday evening Lady Lothian took me away.

“The body was carried to the church at Farm Street at half-past eight on Friday evening, as it was my wish that it should remain before the Blessed Sacrament throughout the night. Low Masses commenced at seven o’clock, at which time persons began to assemble. At ten o’clock were the Requiem and High Mass. The coffin was placed on a catafalque in front of the high altar, surrounded by burning tapers. Francis was on the right, William on the left, the four nuns at the foot, Lady Williamson, Lady Hardwicke, Sir Hedworth, Lord Normanby, Col. Augustus Liddell, Victor Williamson, and many others, stood near them. The chapel was full, the wailing chant very impressive. There was one person, an old man tottering with grief, whom every one saw, and every one inquired who he was. At eleven o’clock six bearers came up the centre of the church, and slowly the coffin was carried out. The family followed. Lady Lothian came out of one of the seats and implored me not to follow to the cemetery. The crowd closed in behind the coffin. Lady Lothian and I remained in the church; after a time we returned to her house. Everything appeared indistinct from that time. Now William will tell the rest.

(Continued by William.) "The four carriages started along the road; by the side ran the weather-beaten white-haired gentleman, and every one still inquired who he was. We reached Kensal Green at half-past one. The coffin was carried into the chapel, and laid upon another catafalque, where it was asperged. After a very impressive oration by Father Galway, the procession left the chapel headed by the four nuns. Then came the priests, then all the others following the coffin, and last of all the white-haired unknown. As the coffin was lowered, the responses were chanted by the nuns, and at the same time a gleam of sunshine burst forth, being the only one that appeared, throwing a strong light over everything.

"That day the nuns and Father Galway went to see my sister, who was terribly exhausted. On Monday morning the white-haired unknown came to Bryanston Street and asked for Miss Hare. He was sent on to Lady Lothian. Sister was alone (now she dictates the rest). The door opened, and as I looked, I saw a white-haired old man, who seemed almost as if he had not strength to come forward. I went up to him. Tears were streaming down his face; he clasped my hands in his, and exclaimed, 'Ah! Mademoiselle!' and his sobs choked him and prevented him from saying any more, and I, in my turn, exclaimed, 'Oh! Lamarre, c'est vous!' It was indeed Lamarre, our old cook from Palazzo Parisani! His was the most touching sorrow I ever saw. 'Celle que j'ai servie, celle que j'ai vénérée pendant tant d'années, j'ai voulu lui rendre ce dernier hommage de mon devoir. J'ai respecté votre douleur dans l'église, et j'ai suivi le cortège à pied jusqu'au cimetière. J'ai désiré voir la fin.' As Lamarre leaned over me, he was trembling from head to foot. I made him sit down by the fireside, and then we talked more calmly. Only when he spoke of Victoire and her terrible grief, all his sorrow burst out again, and large tears trickled down his cheeks. It was such a sad parting when he went.

But I was comforted in feeling how Mama had been loved, how much she had been esteemed in her life, how many there were who were deeply attached to her, who felt the sorrow as I felt it. Then came the days of long letters of condolence from France, from Italy, from Pisa, from Victoire, whose heart seemed breaking, and where the funeral mass was said with great pomp, sixty of the Pisan clergy attending, who sent me a list of their names. At Rome the Duchess Sora will have a funeral mass said at San Claudio, and all the clergy and friends who knew Mama well will be present to offer up their prayers."

According to Roman custom, the death was announced to acquaintances by a deep mourning paper inscribed:—

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends." — *JOB* xix. 21.

Of your charity pray for the soul of

MRS. ANN FRANCES HARE.

(Widow of Francis George Hare, Esq., brother of the late Archdeacon Hare of Lewes, Sussex), who departed this life, after a short illness, on the 25th of April 1864, aged sixty-three years, fortified with all the rites of Holy Church. On whose soul sweet Jesus have mercy.

Requiescat in pace. Amen.

"Afflicted in few things, in many shall they be well rewarded, because God has tried them." — *Wisdom*, iii. 5.¹

It was Mr. Trafford who responded to the announcement of the death which had been sent to Madame de Trafford:—

"Château le Beaujour, par Onzain, Cher et Loire, ce 1 Mai 1864. Croyez, ma chère Demoiselle, que nous

¹ Placed on the doors of Catholic churches and chapels.

partageons bien votre douleur, mais femme propose, et Dieu dispose. Vous savez que Madame de Trafford avait prévu ce qui est arrivé. . . . Madame de Trafford vous dira encore 'Espérance et Confiance.'

"E. W. TRAFFORD."

To MY SISTER.

"*Florence, May 22, 1864.* This morning we have received your most touching account of the last hours, of which we had so longed to know something. You may imagine with what breathless interest we have followed every detail.

"... I have seen poor Mr. Landor several times. He has a small lodging in the Via della Chiesa, where he 'sits out the grey remainder of his evening,' as Coleridge would describe it. He is terribly altered, has lost the use of his hearing and almost of his speech, and cannot move from his chair to his bed. I think he had a very indistinct recollection who I was, but he remembered the family, and liked to say over the old names — 'Francis, Augustus, Julius, i miei tre imperatori. I have never known any family I loved so much as yours. I loved Francis most, then Julius, then Augustus, but I loved them all. Francis was the dearest friend I ever had.' He also spoke of the Buller catastrophe. 'It was a great, great grief to me.' I did not tell him what has happened lately; it was no use, he can live so short a time.¹

"When he last left the Villa Landore, it was because Mrs. Landor turned him out by main force. It was a burning day, a torrid summer sun. He walked on dazed down the dusty road, the sun beating on his head. His

¹ He died on the 17th of the following September.

"Oh, let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer." — *King Lear*.

life probably was saved by his meeting Mr. Browning, who took him home. After some time Browning asked to take him to the Storys' villa at Siena, and he stayed with them a long time. Mrs. Story says that nothing ever more completely realised King Lear than his appearance when he arrived, with his long flowing white locks and his wild far-away expression. But after a day of rest he seemed to revive. He would get up very early and sit for hours at a little table in the great hall of the villa writing verses — often Latin verses.

“One day he wrote, and thundered out, an epigram on his wife: —

‘From the first Paradise an angel once drove Adam;
From mine a fiend expelled me: Thank you, madam.’

“Then he would tell the Storys interesting things out of his long-ago, describing Count D’Orsay and Lady Blessington, with Disraeli sitting silently watching their conversation, as if it were a display of fireworks. He was always courteous and kind — a polished gentleman of the old school. At last Browning arranged for him to go to a lodging of his own, but he went to spend their little girl’s birthday with the Storys. He walked to their villa along the dusty road in his old coat, but when he came in, he unbuttoned it, and with one of his old volleys of laughter showed a flowered waistcoat, very grand, which ‘D’Orsay and he had ordered together,’ and which he had put on in honour of the occasion.

“After he was living in Florence, Mrs. Browning told him one day that she had just got Lord Lytton’s new book ‘Lucile.’ — ‘Oh, God bless my soul!’ he said, ‘do lend it to me.’ In an hour he sent it back. ‘Who could ever read a poem which began with *But?*’ However, he was afterwards persuaded to read it, and shouted, as he generally did over what pleased him, ‘Why, God bless my soul, it’s the finest thing I ever read in my life.’

"Mrs. Browning did not think he was properly looked after at Florence, and sent her excellent maid, Wilson, to care for him. But it did not answer. Wilson cooked him a most excellent little dinner, and when he saw it on the table, he threw it all out of the window; it was too English, he said."

In returning north from Italy, we made an excursion to Courmayeur, driving in a tiny carriage from Ivrea along the lovely Val d'Aosta, and lingering to sketch at all the beautiful points. In France we had an especially happy day at Tonnerre, a thoroughly charming old town, where the people were employed in gathering the delicious lime-flowers which lined the boulevards, for drying to make tisanes.

There was a subject of painful interest to us during this summer, which it is difficult to explain in a few words. My sister's letter mentions how, when Italima was dying, there was one thing which she tried over and over again to say to the Dowager Lady Lothian, who was with her, and which Lady Lothian and the other bystanders vainly endeavoured to understand. It began with "Esmeralda" and ended with "her," but the intermediate words were lost. We naturally explained it to mean "Esmeralda will be very desolate when I am gone; you will look after her."

After Italima's death, Esmeralda had moved from Bryanston Street to a house in Duke Street, Manchester Square, which was kept by Mrs. Thorpe, the faithful and devoted maid of Italima's old friend Mrs. Chambers. Here my sister had every comfort, and might have had rest, but one day her brother

William came to visit her, and broke a blood-vessel while he was in the house. His wife was sent for, and for several weeks he hovered between life and death; indeed, he never really recovered from this attack, though he was able to be moved in a month



COURMAYEUR.¹

and lived for more than three years. The fatigue of her brother's illness entirely prostrated Esmeralda, who was already terribly shaken in health by the

¹ From "Northern Italy."

fatigue of the strange watchings, enjoined by Catholicism, which followed her mother's death.

It was about August that I received a letter from my Aunt Eleanor Paul begging me to come to London immediately for something most extraordinary and trying had happened. When I went, I found my sister looking terribly ill, and my aunt greatly agitated. My aunt said that two days before Mrs. Beckwith had been to visit my sister; that, supposing she was come to talk of Catholic matters, she had not paid any especial attention to what they were saying, and owing to her deafness, she consequently heard nothing. That she was suddenly startled by a scream from my sister, and looking up, saw her standing greatly excited, and Mrs. Beckwith trying to soothe her; that she still supposed it was some Catholic news which had agitated my sister, and that consequently she made no inquiries.

The next day, Esmeralda went out to drive with Mrs. Beckwith, and when she came back she looked dreadfully harassed and altered, so much so that at last my aunt said, "Now, Esmeralda, I am quite sure something has happened. I stand in the place of a mother to you now, and I insist upon knowing what it is."

Then my sister said that Mrs. Beckwith had startled her the day before by saying that, as she had been walking down Brook street, Madame de Trafford had suddenly appeared before her, and, looking back upon all the events connected with the past appearances of Madame de Trafford, the news was naturally a shock to her. After driving with Mrs.

Beckwith, she had returned with her to her hotel, and while she was there the door suddenly opened, and Madame de Trafford came in.

The malady from which Esmeralda had been suffering was an extraordinary feeling, a sensation of burning in her fingers. The doctor whom she had consulted, when this sensation became so acute as to prevent her sleeping, said it arose from an overwrought state of nerves, possibly combined with some strain she might have received while helping to move furniture to turn the room into a chapel, after her mother's death. When Madame de Trafford came into the room at the hotel, my sister instantly, as usual, jumped up to embrace her, but Madame de Trafford put out her hands and warded her off with a gesture of horror, exclaiming, "*Ne me touchez pas, ma chère, je vous en supplie, ne me touchez pas : c'est vos doigts qui sont en feu. Ah ! ne me touchez pas.*" And then she became terribly transfigured — the voice of prophecy came upon her, and she said, "When your mother was dying, there was something she tried to say to Lady Lothian, which you none of you were able to hear or understand. I, in my château of Beaujour in Touraine, I heard it. It echoed through and through me. It echoes through me still. For three months I have struggled day and night not to be forced to tell you what it was, but I can struggle no longer; I am compelled to come here; I am forced away from Beaujour; I am forced to England against my will. When your mother was dying she saw the future, and said, 'Esmeralda will soon follow me: I shall not long be

separated from her.' And you *will* follow her," shrieked Madame de Trafford, her eyes flaming, and every nerve quivering with passion. "You *will* follow her very soon. Only one thing could save you: if you were to go to Rome before the winter, that might save your life; but if not, you must — die!" And then Madame de Trafford, sinking down suddenly into an ordinary uninspired old woman, began to cry; she cried and sobbed as if her heart would break.

When my aunt heard what Madame de Trafford had said, she felt the injury it might do to my sister's impressible nature, and she was very angry. She felt that, whatever her impulse might have been, Madame de Trafford ought to have conquered it, and she determined to see her and to tell her so herself. Very early the next morning she went to the hotel where Madame de Trafford was and asked to see her. She was refused admittance, but she insisted upon waiting, and she did wait, till at last she was let in. Madame de Trafford was then quite composed and calm, very courteous, very kind, very like other people, and my aunt said that in entering upon her subject, it was like accusing a sane person of being perfectly mad. But suddenly, whilst they were talking, Madame de Trafford glided round the table, and standing in front of the fireplace, seemed to rise out of herself, and in her terrible voice, every syllable of which was distinctly audible to my deaf aunt on the other side of the room, exclaimed these words — "*Votre nièce est malade; elle sera encore plus malade, et puis elle mourra,*" and having said this.

she went out — she went entirely away — she went straight back to France. She had fulfilled the mission for which she came to England, and the next day she wrote from Beaujour in Touraine to pay her bill at the hotel.

Aunt Eleanor said that to her dying day that awful voice and manner of Madame de Trafford would be present to her mind.

Looking back upon the past, could Esmeralda and her aunt disbelieve in the prediction of Madame de Trafford? Had not my sister in her desk a warning letter which had told the day and hour of her mother's death? and how true it had been! Yet at this time her going to Rome seemed quite impossible; she could not go away whilst all her law affairs were unwound up, indeed even then in the most critical state: besides that, she had no funds. But in November, three suits in Chancery were suddenly decided in her favour. By two of these my sister recovered £8000 of her mother's fortune; by the third she secured £3000 from the trustees who had signed away her mother's marriage settlement. So she and her aunt immediately started for Rome, accompanied by Clémence Boissy, the old maid of her childhood, whom she had summoned to return to her immediately on her recovering an income. I will give a few extracts from Esmeralda's letters after this: —

"Paris, Nov. At last we did start. But what a packing! what a confusion! . . . Yesterday I saw Madame Davidoff,¹ as enthusiastic as ever, but she was so rushed

¹ Adèle. Madame Davidoff. See vol. i. pp. 461, 500.

upon from all quarters, that I could not get a quiet talk. I also saw the Père de Poulevey, the great friend of the Père de Ravignan, who wrote his life. . . . And now you will say this is a very cheerful letter, and on the contrary I feel very sad, and very sad I felt at the Sacré Cœur and at S. Roch this morning. Everything I see brings back the past."

"Dec. 8, 1864, *Maçon*. How astonished you will be to see the date of this place. 'Why are you not in Rome by this time?' you will exclaim. Because I was so exhausted when we arrived here that Auntie agreed that the only thing to do was to take a long rest, give up the Mont Cenis and proceed slowly by Nice and Genoa.

"Villefranche, which is about an hour's drive from Ars, is on our way to Lyons. If the road is not a heavy one, Auntie and I shall spend the Feast of the Immaculate Conception there next Thursday, and then proceed on our journey. The mistress of the hotel here has been backwards and forwards to Ars for upwards of twenty-five years, and constantly talked to the Curé d'Ars and heard him preach. 'Vous ne pouvez pas vous imaginer,' she says, 'ce que c'était que d'entendre le Curé d'Ars en chair; on fondait en larmes, on croyait entendre les paroles de notre Seigneur quand il enseignait le peuple. C'était peu de paroles, mais cela remuait jusqu'à fond de l'âme. "Oh, mes enfants," disait le Curé, "*si* vous pouviez voir le bon Dieu comme je le vois, combien peu de chose seraient à vos yeux les choses de cette terre! Ah! si vous connaissiez l'amour de Dieu!" Et puis les larmes coulaient le long de ses joues. Il pleurait toujours quand il parlait de l'amour de Dieu. Ce n'était pas un grand orateur que l'on écoutait. Oh! non, Mademoiselle, c'étaient seulement quelques paroles qui allaient droit au cœur. Vous deviez l'entendre quand il faisait son catéchisme à midi, à chaque jour un sujet nouveau. L'église

était toujours pleine. Il y a vingt-cinq ans, il y a même trente ans, l'on parlait du Curé d'Ars et on allait à Ars. Le Curé restait dans son confessionnal, jusqu'à minuit quelquefois jusqu'à une heure de matin. Alors il sortait de l'église pour prendre deux heures de repos. Quatre femmes de la campagne se mettaient aux quatre coins pour empêcher le monde de passer, car, au moindre bruit, M. le Curé se levait et sortait de suite: ces femmes de la campagne étaient bien dévouées.

“ Un jour que j'étais dans l'église d'Ars, le Curé s'écriait, “Laissez passer cette dame,” désignant du doigt une dame au chapeau vert — “laissez-la passer.” Un jour une autre fois il me vit; il dit à la foule qui se pressait autour de lui, “Laissez passer cette dame, car elle n'est pas d'ici, il faut qu'elle parte,” — et ainsi j'ai pu m'approcher et lui parler. J'allais voir le Curé d'Ars, bien malade d'une maladie des nerfs à la suite de la maladie de ma fille. “Vous êtes bien souffrante,” dit le Curé, “vous ne voulez pas encore mourir; c'est pour vos enfants que vous désirez vivre: c'est bien,” dit-il, “c'est bien; vous serez encore malade aussi longtemps que vous l'avez été, et puis vous serez bien.” En effet, il y avait huit mois que je souffrais, et huit mois après je fus guérie — tel que M. le Curé d'Ars m'avait dit.’

“ Le Vicaire-Général,’ said the mistress, ‘m'a raconté ceci lui-même, avec des larmes aux yeux. Il a logé ici une nuit: c'est alors qu'il me l'a raconté. “Madame,” dit-il, “je ne pouvais croire à tout ce que j'entendis d'Ars. Je croyais que ces paysans étaient exaltés. Je voulus donc voir en personne: je me rendis à Ars. J'arrivai donc à Ars. Il y avait beaucoup de monde. J'y suis resté deux jours. Voici ce qui est arrivé. Je quittais l'église avec M. le Curé. J'allais avec lui vers sa petite maison. En arrivant, la vieille cuisinière ou bonne du Curé vient à notre rencontre. “Ah! M. le Curé,” dit-elle, “nous n'avons plus rien, nous ne pouvons plus donner.” —

‘Donnez,’ répondit M. le Curé, ‘donnez toujours.’ — ‘Mais nous ne pouvons pas,’ dit encore la vieille femme, ‘il n’y a rien, *rien*,’ répétait-elle. M. le Curé était vif. Combien il lui a coûté pour pouvoir se modérer. — ‘Donnez, donnez toujours par poignées,’ dit-il encore. ‘Comment,’ répondit la vieille, ‘comment voulez-vous que je donne? il n’y a rien.’ C’est alors,” dit M. le Vicaire-Général, “que j’ai dit au Curé, ‘Je ferai un rapport à Monseigneur l’Evêque, je suis sûr qu’il vous enverra pour vos pauvres.’ Le Curé ne répondit pas; il fit comme un mouvement d’impatience. ‘Montez au grenier,’ dit-il à la vieille cuisinière, ‘et donnez, donnez toujours aux pauvres.’ Cette fois elle obéit. Elle court, elle ouvre la porte du grenier. Elle descend aussi vite; le grenier était tout plein. ‘Ah, M. le Curé, si c’est ainsi,’ dit-elle, ‘nous pouvons toujours donner.’ Ce fait,” dit M. le Vicaire, “je l’ai vu de mes yeux, et les larmes remplissaient ses yeux en me le racontant.”’

“Miraculous cures are still constantly occurring. Clémence is going to-morrow to find out for me a boy whose limbs were distorted and who was made whole. I wish to hear from his own lips about the wonderful cure; but here people are accustomed to all this, and any particular miraculous cure does not strike them as extraordinary. The facts in this case are that the boy was the son of a baker, eight years old, who, with limbs all distorted and suffering acutely, was carried by his parents to Ars. The Vicar-General and several of the clergy were at the church-door when the carriage drove up with this poor cripple in it. His mother carried him to the altar-rail and endeavoured to place him on his knees, but the boy could hardly keep himself in a kneeling posture owing to his distorted limbs, and seemed to swing first to the right and then to the left. When mass was ended he said, ‘I am better,’ and was led, being supported, to the hotel, where he was laid upon a bed. His mother, remaining in the

room, after a while saw him looking upward intently, and for a long time he continued as if gazing at something above him. She called her husband and said, 'Come and see our child looking upwards; what is he looking at?' Suddenly the boy turned towards his mother and said, 'Lift me off the bed; I think that I am well and that I can walk,' — and so it was: she lifted him on to the floor, and the boy was cured, and has been well from that hour, and lives opposite this hotel at the baker's shop.

"The mistress told me — 'Un jour le Curé d'Ars alla voir un curé de Lyon qu'on dit être saint. "Vous prendrez ma place," dit-il. "Vous ferez encore plus de conversions."' I am going to Lyons to try to find out this curé. At Maçon also there is a certain 'Curé de S. Pierre,' who is greatly beloved, and of whom many beautiful stories are told.

"I think of you at different times in the day, and try to picture you, sometimes in the study, sometimes reading to Aunt Augustus, sometimes late in the evening sitting on the large sofa, with all your manuscripts on the table, and good Lea coming in to put up the curtains. When I think of all the late family troubles, I try to remember that God never allows anything to happen, however painful, unless it is for our good. It depends on ourselves to make use of every trial, so I trust that you may be able to forgive and forget — the last is the more difficult.

". . . You expect too much good from — Do not expect too much. We must leave those to flutter like sparrows who cannot soar like eagles. It is S. Ambrose who says so."

My sister next wrote from Avignon: —

"Dec. 11, 1864. Not further than Avignon! I was ill at Lyons and could not go on. There I had a most agreeable visitor, a M. Gabet, very zealous in the œuvres de la

Propagation de la Foi. He spent two evenings with us, and told us much that was very interesting. He told me that he had lately received a donation from Dahomey, and he corresponds with missionaries in every part of the world. Auntie went up to the convent to fetch two friends of mine who were staying there, and I have been given a small medal of the Curé d'Ars blessed by himself."

ARS.¹

My sister did not reach Rome till the second week in January.

"Jan. 16, 1865. We arrived late on Tuesday night, coming *voiturier* from Leghorn, two long days, and very fatiguing. When we arrived at Leghorn a violent storm was raging, and we were obliged to give up going by sea, only sending Leonardo with the luggage. Auntie, Victoire, Clémence, and I travelled in a tolerable carriage.

¹ From "South-Eastern France."

There are so few travellers that way, that at Orbetello, where we slept, the excitement was intense, the women wishing to examine dress and coiffure, to know the *ultima moda*. The carriage was quite mobbed, the *voiturier* having declared it was a *gran signora*. 'La vogliamo vedere,' the people cried out, and pushed and struggled. It seemed so strange to return to a country where so little could create such an excitement. I was carried upstairs, so terribly tired with the incessant shaking. We slept also at Civita Vecchia, whence Victoire and Clémence went on to Rome by an early train, Auntie and I following late. It was quite dark as we drove up to the Parisani, and the streets seemed perfectly silent. The porter came out saying 'Ben tornata,' and then his wife, with a scarlet handkerchief over her head, exclaiming 'Ben tornata' also, and we came upstairs without being heard by any one else. I rushed through the rooms, throwing open one door after another. In the little sitting-room Clémence and Victoire were sitting together, a look of misery on both faces. When I reached my own room I fell upon a chair: I could scarcely breathe. I heard Victoire cry out, 'Mon Dieu! courage; c'est la volonté de Dieu: l'heure de votre mère a sonné, l'heure aussi du mari de Clémence a sonné.' She poured something down my throat and rubbed my hands, and brought me round by degrees. Clémence was sobbing violently for the old husband, whose death she had learnt on her arrival: Auntie was standing looking from one to the other, as if she did not realise how terrible was that evening: she had hoped that the joy of seeing Rome again would make me forget what was sad. Poor Victoire had made one great effort, and then she could scarcely speak for hours. I never saw such devotion to the memory of a relation or friend as her devotion to the memory of dear Mama: and then there was so much to remind her also of the good Félix, gone to his rest since our Roman home was broken up. I had dreaded this arrival for months,

and had been glad to put it off from week to week, till I could put it off no longer. Now it is a pleasure to Victoire to unpack Mama's things and bring them to me, one after another, her eyes often filled with tears, and then she says, trying to compose herself, 'Que la volonté de Dieu soit faite.' And yet I cannot wish dear Mama back again. What I had lived for was that deathbed — that it should have God's blessing and that her soul should be saved. I used to think *how* glorified that soul might be, after so much suffering, if only at death resigned. But now I am going back to past thoughts, instead of telling my Augustus about the present.

"The old beggar-woman at San Claudio rushed towards me. 'L'ho saputo,' she said, 'quella benedetta anima!' and she cried also, and then the sacristan of San Claudio, and he told me how Mama had died on one of the great days of San Claudio — the feast of Notre Dame de Bon Conseil — our Lady's altar under that title being the altar where Mama had knelt for so many years: all have been struck by this."

"Feb. 9. It is, as you say, a gathering up of the fragments that remain. I am beginning to feel the sense of loneliness in these desolate rooms less, though I still feel it very much. I do not wish that anything should be different from what God has willed it. I used to tell Mama when we were so poor how strange it was that I never *felt* poor. She used to say that was the great difference between herself and me, that she felt poor and I did not; why not she could never understand. I feel quite certain that Mama would never have liked Rome again; probably she never would have returned here, and perhaps it was necessary that through suffering she should be prepared for death by being detached from the things of life.

"Most of the Romans have called, some paying long

visits — Duchess Sora, Princess Viano, Prince Doria, Dukes Fiano and Sora. In fact, a day never passes without two or three visitors. I have made three devoted friends — the Princess Galitzin; the Padre Pastacaldi, a venerable ecclesiastic of Pisa, who is anxious to further my views in establishing a particular association for raising funds for the Church; and lastly, Don Giovanni Merlini, the friend of 'the Venerable'¹ for thirty years, who has already paid me four visits. These visits are quite delightful: I always feel I am in the presence of a saint. His language is most beautiful. Yesterday he gave me his blessing in the most solemn, earnest manner, laying his hand on my head. I have heard from him so much of the Venerable del Bufalo. . . . A great storm has swept over the nuns of the Precious Blood: it nearly swept them out of England, but instead of that they are to move to the Italian Church of S. Pietro in Bloomsbury. I have had a great deal of correspondence about them."

"*March 4.* The friend of the Venerable² came to-day, and we planned together work for the nuns in London, — a great work I have wished to see established since early in 1858. Again he gave me his solemn blessing. He spoke of poverty — voluntary poverty, but said that all were not called to that '*spogliamento*.' Then I told him that I had also been poor, and he looked around at the decorations of the room and said simply 'Iddio ci ha rimediato.' His is certainly a beautiful face from its expression; there is so much light about it, and such simplicity and humility. Pierina³ certainly ought to be saint-like, since she has been trained to a religious life by such a man."

¹ The Venerable Gaspare del Bufalo, to whose influence the foundation of the Order of the Precious Blood was due.

² Don Giovanni Merlini of the Crociferi.

³ Mary Pierina Roleston, Superior of the Order of the Precious Blood in England.

“*March 9.* During my mother’s illness I often thought of the 80,000 who die daily, and who have to appear before the judgment-seat and who are found wanting. Sometimes, when I am alone, I think how in every moment which I am idling away a soul has been judged, and perhaps a prayer could have saved that soul. Oh! in your watchings beside the sick-bed, ask forgiveness for the souls that are then passing away from the earth, that they may be counted amongst the blessed for eternity. . . . It is strange what mental agony one can live through. A sort of supernatural strength is given when it is required, and is it not another proof of the watchful tenderness of our Blessed Lord? It is so true, that when a soul is ready for the change, death is only an entering on the perfected life. . . . I believe that God has still blessings left for my brother: His blessings can never be exhausted.”

“*May 3.* How you will envy me when you hear that the saint of Acuto, the Rev. Mother-General of the Precious Blood, is coming to Rome at the end of the week and is coming to see me. The Father-General came to give me his welcome news, when I was wondering and planning how I could get to Acuto with my weak back. I have begged for two visits at least. . . . I have constant letters from the Rev. Mother of the Precious Blood in London about the new work of her nuns. I have been thinking of writing the life of the Venerable del Bufalo. Don Giovanni Merlini, the Father-General, promises help and materials, and the Italian life is very poor. The Taigi and Bufalo lives would come out so well together, as they lived at the same time, and died, I believe, in the same year, though quite independent of each other; but I have not the gift of writing — *there* is the difficulty.

“On the 25th there was an anniversary High Mass and a very beautiful choir for dearest Mama, Monseigneur Level attending, and many friends. Mrs. Monteith sat

next to me, and felt it so much, she cried nearly the whole time. It is so beautiful this love for the dead in the Catholic Church.

"I have had a letter from Mrs. Wagner, who says just that which struck me in one of Father Galway's sermons, when he spoke of parents' sorrow at the loss of their children, that they are to look upon them as gifts *lent* for a time. She says, 'We do not repine, but render back with thankfulness the gift lent us for a season.'

"To-day I had a beautiful simple note from the Father-General of the Precious Blood. I wrote to thank him for several things he had sent me. His answer was, 'Do not thank me; it suffices me that you love our Lord Jesus Christ. I bless you from my heart. Pray for me miserable.' I thought how my Augustus would have liked this note."

My sister during the whole of this winter very seldom left the house, and never went into society. Political differences, however, rendered Roman society at this time less pleasant than before. Esmeralda wrote — "The usual conversation goes on, but all parties are divided and contradictory: the Pope (Pius IX.) alone is perfectly calm, and trusts in Providence whilst the world is raging and storming and plotting." If Esmeralda went out, it was generally to the Villa Ludovisi, where the Duke and Duchess Sora were living in a sort of honourable banishment, the Duke's parents, the Prince and Princess Piombino, having been exiled to Tuscany. The Duchess Sora used to talk to my sister of the patriarchal life in her great "villa," where there were so many small farm-houses and cottages within the grounds, that it gave her occupation enough to visit their inmates and

learn their characters. She said that she brought up her children amongst the people within the walls of the villa, that they might thus early learn to know thoroughly those who would depend on them afterwards. She let them call one man after another to work in their little gardens, that they might thus make individual acquaintance with each. On Good Friday, when the chaplain called in all the work-people to prayer, there were seventy in the chapel, including the Duke and herself, and all, as it were, one great family.¹

One of the people who most rejoiced over Esmeralda's return to Rome was Giacinta Facchini, commonly known as "the Saint of St. Peter's." This extraordinary woman lived for forty years in St. Peter's without ever leaving it, devoting herself to incessant prayer and sleeping in a cell in one of the pillars. When people had any particular object in view, they used to go down to St. Peter's and ask her to pray for it. Esmeralda used constantly during her prosperity, to go to visit her in St. Peter's, and she would remain with her for hours. At length one day the confessor of the saint came to her and said that now, though she had lived in St. Peter's for forty years, she would be showing a far more real devotion to God and a more lowly spirit if she were to break through the life which was beginning to make her celebrated, and return to the humble service

¹ Alas! after the Sardinian occupation of Rome, the Soras, then Prince and Princess Piombino, were induced to sell all the grounds of Villa Ludovisi, the noblest ornament of Rome; its magnificent groves of ilex and cypress were cut down, and hideous stucco houses built over its site.

of God in the world. Giacinta Facchini obeyed, and after that she often used to go to see my sister at the Palazzo Parisani. But she still spent the greater part of her time in St. Peter's, where I have often seen her quaint figure, in a half nun's dress, bowed in prayer before one of the altars, or perfectly prostrate on the pavement in silent adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

Here are a few extracts from Esmeralda's private meditations at this time:—

“Let me offer myself continually with all I have for the greater glory of God, remembering the words of St. Ignatius, that ‘having received everything from God, we ought to be ever ready to render back all that He has given us.’ The propensity most opposed to the reign of Jesus in our souls is the want of resolution in all matters connected with spiritual advancement. Kneeling at the foot of the cross, let me make war against all my evil propensities: that I may be purified and strengthened in God's love, let me seek to detach myself from everything, exterior and interior, that separates me from God.

“Self-love must be overcome by mortification of self, by asking of God to give us His love, to fill us with His love, for if the love of God *fills* our hearts, self-love must be rooted out. Let me ask of our Lord that I may have the same resolution in spiritual matters, and in the carrying out and *on* of a spiritual life, which I have where a temporal matter is concerned. Oh! with what zeal and earnestness can I pursue a temporal object, with the same zeal and earnestness may I carry out my resolutions for a spiritual life.”

“*Jan.* 14, 1865. Unless we can build up a solitude in our hearts, completely detaching ourselves from the love of everything in this world, we can never hope to

attain to that spiritual joy which is a preparation for the life of Jesus in our souls, a preparation for the resurrection to eternal life."

"*March 4.* Where there is such a strong attachment to this life, my will cannot be perfectly united to the Divine. Oh! *how* many steps there are in the ladder of a spiritual life! Detachment from this life must gradually lead to the union of my will with the Divine and to the entire *indwelling* of the love of Jesus in my soul."

"*March 17.* By the light of the wounds of Jesus Christ, may I search the innermost folds of my heart, and cast out all that is contrary to charity and humility. 'We must study in the book of Charity more than in any other: that book teaches us all things;' these are the words of S. Dominic."

"*March 30.* May filial love of God take the place of servile fear in our hearts; then will our Lord draw nigh to us and replenish us with His grace. When filial love has closed the door against all earthly thoughts, then shall we return into that inward solitude in which our Lord loves that we should dwell, to seek Him and commune with Him."

"*April 1.* I ask for the grace of a pure love of God. The more we can leave off thinking of ourselves, the nearer we shall attain to that union with our Lord which the saints speak of — loving Him only and entirely, because He first loved us. In proportion as our confidence in God increases, and we can lay aside all confidence in ourselves, we shall attain purity of intention in all our thoughts, words, and actions. Let us seek that purity of intention which can only follow confidence in God, and can only exist in those souls which unite themselves entirely to God."

"April 22. They say that I have in the best of the cross something more of myself. I cannot live again the time that is no longer mine. We are continually journeying on to old Jerusalem, where we strive to our spiritual life truly to lay us to the feet of the cross something of that which kind our will to ourselves and to ourselves, and thus the we will love all that makes us perfect under with the will of our Lord Jesus Christ."

I have been making a long digression from my personal story, but I cannot, in her gentle presence and serene words about all things right and holy, had become so greatly comforted to us in the last few years, that her life was almost over. And indeed all these things are over a part of the whole are a constant part of thought and conversation.

In the summer of 1894 we had a delightful visit at Hildesheim from Dean Alfred and his family. He read Tennyson's "Guinevere" aloud to us in the garden, and was at his very best, full of wisdom and fun. I remember his description of a trial by combat which resulted in a verdict of manslaughter owing to the very effective evidence of a Somersetshire peasant. "He is a stick and he is a stick, and he hit he and he hit he, and if he hit he hit he when he hit he, he if he killed he and not he he."

In the autumn, while I was staying with Mr. Stephen Lewis at Epsom near York, I had most conversation with the charming old mother, Lady Wentworth.¹ Here are some notes of what she told me:—

¹ Lady Wentworth died May 1898.

"I once saw Lord Nelson. It was when I was quite a little child. The monks took me to church at St. George's, and there I saw the wonderful little man, covered with orders and with one arm. They told me it was Lord Nelson, and I knew it was, for his figure and prints were in all the shop-windows.

"I remember well the battle of Trafalgar. It was the *Swedish* Captain Blackwood, that brought the news, and, oh dear! the sensation. I was seven years old then, but I knew the names of all the ships and captains. My mother was then the mistress of my father's house, and I was sent to sleep to bed. She was not up, and the newspaper was lying on the bed. 'Oh, my dear,' she said, 'my father has sent me up the newspaper, and we have taken twenty slips of the life, but — Nelson is dead!' Child as I was, I burst into tears; one had been taught to think that nothing could go on without him.

"I cannot quite forgive Dean Trench his death. Nelson was the one hero of his time, and it was a pity to bring up the bad vulgar side again and not to let it sleep. . . . The Lady Carrington the book testator was my aunt. My cousins were quite devoted to Mrs. Trench, and have often told me how enchanted they felt when she came back to England."

"King George III. used to be very fond of driving about in Berkshire with the Queen and visiting the houses in the neighbourhood of Windsor — those whom they used to honour with their notice. He often came to my grandfather's, who was guilty with the rest of that day, which prevented people from riding, so that he was not able to

¹ "The Remains of Mrs. Richard Trench," by her son, Richard George Trench, Dean of Westminster, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin.

² The Rt. Hon. George Grenville, brother of Catherine, Lady Blackmore.

get up when the King came in. The King and Queen always came quite simply in a carriage and four with the prickers riding before in crimson liveries. There was a particular point in the avenue at which the prickers were visible from the windows, and when they were seen, my grandfather used to ring the bell and ask if there was a round of beef in the house. He was generally answered in the affirmative, and then it was all right, for none of the royal party took luncheon, only the Queen used to have a particular kind of chocolate brought to her: my father generally offered it on a tray, after they had been about half-an-hour in the house. They used to take an interest in everything, and if any one ventured to rehang their pictures, they would say, 'Mr. So-and-so, why have you rehung your pictures?' I remember the King one day asking my grandfather if he had read the memoirs which every one was talking about at that time. They were those of the Duc de St. Simon, La Grande Mademoiselle, &c., and my father said no, he had not seen them. The King came again within the fortnight, and my grandfather did not see him coming down the avenue, nor did he know the King was in the house, till there was a kind of fumbling outside the door, and the King, who would not let any one come to help him, opened the door, with a great pile of volumes reaching from his waist to his chin, saying, 'Here, Mr. Grenville, I have brought you the books we were talking about.' But as the King came through the door, the books slipped and fell all about on the floor: my grandfather could not move, and the King began to pick them up, till some one came to help him and put them on the table for him.

"The scene on the terrace at Windsor on Sundays was the prettiest thing. It was considered proper that every one in the neighbourhood who could should go; those who were in a position of life to be presented at court stood in the foremost rank. The presence of the King was

announced by the coming of 'Lavender,' a kind of policeman-guard, who used to clear the way and always preceded the royal family; he was the only kind of guard they had. The Queen wore evening dress, a sort of cap with a string of diamonds, and a loose flowing kind of gown; there was no such thing then as demi-toilette. After her came the princesses, or any of the princes who happened to have come down from London, or, on fine days, some of the Cabinet Ministers. The royal family stopped perpetually and talked to every one. I remember the King coming up to me when I was a very little girl, and dreadfully frightened I was. 'Well, now,' said the King, 'and here is *this* little girl. Come, my dear, take off your bonnet,' he said (for I wore a poke), and then he added, 'I wanted to see if you were like your mother, my dear.'

"It was Miss Burney who gave the impression of Queen Charlotte as being so formidable. Nothing could be more false; she was the kindest person that ever lived, and so simple and unostentatious. The fact was that Miss Burney had been spoilt by having been made a sort of queen in Dr. Johnson's court. The day 'Evelina' came out Dr. Johnson said to her, 'Miss Burney, *die* to-night,' meaning that she had reached the highest point of fame which it was possible to attain. Queen Charlotte made her one of her readers, for she was passionately fond of being read to while she worked. But Miss Burney was one of those people afflicted with *mauvaise honte*. She could not read a bit, and the Queen could not hear a word she said. 'Mama the Queen,' said the Duchess of Gloucester to me, 'never could bear Miss Burney, poor thing!' So the Queen invented some other place in her extreme kindness to Miss Burney, to prevent having to send her away, and in that place Miss Burney was obliged to stand.

"An instance of Queen Charlotte's extreme kindness was shown when she made Lady Elizabeth Montagu one of her ladies-in-waiting, out of her great love to Lady Cornwallis.

When Lady Elizabeth arrived at court, the Queen sent for her and said, 'My dear, you have no mother here, so I must beg that you will consider me as your mother, and if you have any trouble or difficulty, that you will come to me at once.' When Lady Elizabeth went to her room, she found the bed covered with new things — new dresses, a quantity of black velvet to make the trains which were worn then, and a great many ornaments. 'My dear,' said the Queen, 'you will want these things, and it will be a year before your salary is due: I thought it might not be convenient to you to buy them just now, so you must accept them from me.'

"Another day, when Lady Elizabeth had been ill in the evening and unable to go with the Queen to a concert, early in the morning she heard a knock at her door while she was in bed, and the Queen came in in her dressing-gown, with what we called a combing-cloth (which they used because of the powder) over her shoulders, and all her hair down. 'May I come in, Lady Elizabeth?' she said. 'I heard you were ill, and there is nothing stirring to-day, so I came to beg that you will not think of getting up, and that you will send for everything you can wish for. Pray think of everything that it is right for you to have.' "

"Mrs. Fry came to Escrick once, and was pleased to see our gardens and the few little things we had to show her. 'Friend Caroline, I like thy pig-styes,' she said."

During this and the following summer I was often with my sister in London, and saw much of her friends, persons who have been entirely lost to me, never seen again, since the link which I had to them in her has been broken. Thus at Esmeralda's house

I often saw the gentle sisters of the Precious Blood and their sweet-looking Mother, Pierina Roleston. She was utterly ignorant of worldly matters, and entirely governed by her priests, but her own character was of a simplicity much like that of the Curé d'Ars. She once described to me Maria de Matthias, and the story of the foundation of her Order.

"Oh, I wish you could see the Mother-General: she is so simple, such a primitive person. When she wants anything, she just goes away and talks to our Blessed Lord, and He gives it to her. Sometimes the nuns come and say to her, 'What can we do, Mother? we have no flour, we cannot bake;' and she answers, 'Why should you be troubled? Are not the granaries of our Master always full? We will knock at them, and He will give us something.'

"One day there was nothing at all left at Acuto: there was no bread, and there was no money to buy any. But Mother-General had just that simple faith that she was not at all troubled by it, and she even brought in five additional persons, five workmen who were to make some repairs which were necessary for the convent. When they came, she made the nuns come into the chapel, and she said, 'Now, my children, you know that we have nothing left, and we must pray to our Master that He will send us something;' and she herself, going up to the altar, began to talk to Our Blessed Lord and to tell Him all her needs. 'Dear Lord,' she said, 'we have nothing to eat, and I am just come to tell you all about it, and to ask you to send us something; and I am in debt too, dear Lord. I owe twenty-five scudi for your work; will you send it to me?' and so she continued to talk to Our Blessed Lord, just telling Him all she wanted.

"At that moment there was a knock at the door, and a

young man put a paper into the portress's hand, only saying these words — 'Pray for the benefactor.' The portress brought the paper to the Mother-General in the chapel, and she opened it and said, 'My children, give thanks; the Master has sent us what we asked for.' It was the twenty-five scudi. Mother-General was not surprised. She *knew* that our Blessed Lord heard her, and she felt sure He would answer her. Soon after the convent bell rang for the dinner-hour. The nuns were coming downstairs, but there was nothing for them to eat. The Mother-General said, however, that the Master would send them something, and indeed, as they reached the foot of the stairs, the door-bell rang, and a large basket of food was left at the door, sent by some ladies in the neighbourhood. 'See how our Lord has sent dinner to us,' said the Mother-General.

"The Mother-General is an educated person, really indeed quite learned, considering that in the time of her youth it was not thought well to teach girls much, for fear they should learn anything that is evil.

"When the Mother-General was a young person, as Maria de Matthias in Vallecorsa, she was very worldly and gay. But she heard 'the Venerable' (Gaspare del Bufalo) preach in Vallecorsa, and, as he preached, his eye fixed upon her, he seemed to pierce her to the very soul. When she went home, she cut off all her hair except the curls in front, and turned her gown inside out, and wore her oldest bonnet. She thought to please our Lord in this way, and she remained for seven years shut up in her father's house, but all that time she was not satisfied, and at last she went to 'the Venerable' and asked him what she was to do, for she wished to do something for our Blessed Lord. And the Venerable said to her, 'You must go to Acuto, and there you will be told what you must do.' She had never heard of Acuto, but she went to a friend of hers, also named Maria, and inquired where

Acuto was, for she was ordered to go there. The friend said she would go with her, and ordered out her horse, but the horse was a wild horse,¹ and she did not know how to ride it. Maria de Matthias, however, went up to the horse and patted it, saying, 'You must not be wild, you must become calm, because it is necessary that we should go to Acuto: you and I have to go in obedience, and I cannot walk, for it is twelve hours' journey.' When the Mother had thus spoken to the horse, it became quite mild, and, hanging down its head, went quite gently, step by step, and the Mother rode upon it. When they had gone half-way, she wished that the other Maria should ride, and the Mother got off, and Maria climbed upon a wall to mount the horse, but with her the horse would not move an inch, and then Maria felt it was not our Lord's will that she should mount the horse, and the Mother continued to ride to Acuto. When they arrived, and the Mother got off the horse, it became again immediately quite wild, and when Maria attempted to touch it, it was in such a fury that it kicked and stamped till the fire came out of the ground.

"The priest of Acuto was waiting to receive the Mother, and she remained there teaching a school. She believed at first that this only was her mission, but in a short time the children began to call her 'Mother,' and to ask her to give them a habit. The first nun who received the habit was a little child of eight years old, who is now Mother Caroline, Superior of the Convent at Civita Vecchia.

"The Mother-General often preaches, and she preaches so powerfully that even the priests crowd to hear her. When the people see her come forward to the edge of the altar-steps and begin to speak, they say 'Hark! the great Mother is going to talk to us,' and there is fixed silence and attention. She generally begins by addressing them as 'Brothers and Sisters,' and then she teaches them.

¹ I give, of course, the words of Pierina.

"The Mother-General cannot write. When she is obliged to write a letter, she kneels down and kisses the feet of the Crucifix and asks Our Lord to help her, and letters of hers which she has written in this way, in the most beautiful hand, are preserved. When there are no flowers for the altar she says, 'Our Master's flowers are always blooming: He will send us some;' and that day flowers come.

"After her death Sister Caterina appeared three times to Sister Filomena, and begged her to tell the Mother not to be troubled, for that the Sisters would suffer yet for four months longer, and then that they would have all that they needed. That day four months Lady Londonderry gave us a house.

"The Venerable' left a prophecy that an English subject should come to join his Order in Italy, and then go back to found the female Order in England. When I took the veil, it was remembered that the Venerable had said this.

"Don Giovanni Merlini used to accompany 'the Venerable' on his missions. 'The Venerable' used to say, 'Take care of Don Giovanni, for he is a saint.' Don Giovanni is still living at the little church of the Crociferi near the Fountain of Trevi."

At this time my sister went frequently to see and consult Dr. Grant, the Bishop of Southwark. She believed him to be quite a saint, and fancied that he had the gift of healing, and she delighted to work for others under his direction. But Esmeralda was always willing to believe in or to find out saints of the nineteenth century. It was by Dr. Grant's advice, I believe, that she went to visit a nun of saintly attributes who lived near him, the Sœur Marie Anne. Of this visit she wrote: — "Sœur

Marie Anne was quite full of canonizations and of all that was going on about the Venerable Labre, because she said that when she was a child, she had once seen him as a venerable pilgrim, going through a village, when the boys stoned him. She had been so struck, so *saisie* by his appearance, that she went up to him and said, 'Forgive me, but I hope that you will not refuse to tell your name.' — 'Labre,' he said and the name Labre had stuck by her to that day. She implored me to get up a special veneration for the Venerable Labre, but I said that I really could not for he was *too* dirty."

In 1863, under the direction of her priests, and with the assistance of many Catholic friends, Esmeralda had published a "Manual of the Dolours of our Lady," which she caused to be translated into almost every language of Europe and to be disseminated among all its nations; this she did through the medium of foreign converts. In her "retreats" and in her religious life Esmeralda had for some years been brought nearer to many of her former friends with the same interests, but especially to Lady Lothian, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, and to a Miss Bradley, a recent convert to the Church of Rome. By them she had been induced to join the society of "Les Enfants de Marie;" a society of persons united together by special acts of devotion to the Virgin, and works of charity conducted in her honour. In sorrow, faithfully borne, the beauty and power of holiness had become hourly more apparent to Esmeralda. But she could never join in the exaggeration which led many of these ladies to invest

the Virgin with all the attributes of our Lord Himself, as well as with the perfection of human sympathies. I remember as rather touching that when the Dowager Lady Lothian was writing to Esmeralda about her son as being so "fearfully Protestant," she said, "It is very trying to know that one cannot share one's thoughts with any one. I try to make our dear Mother more my companion, but I am tempted sometimes to remember how Our Lady, in all her sorrows, never can have had that of anxiety about her son's *soul*. I know that she has it in and for us, her adopted children, but she never can have felt it about Our Lord."

From the devotion which Esmeralda felt to the Blessed Virgin followed her especial interest in the Order of the Servites, who had lately been established in London, and who always wore black in sympathy with the sorrows of Mary. The very name had an interest for Esmeralda, derived as it was from the special love shown to the Madonna by seven noble Florentines, the founders of the Order, which induced the children to point at them in the streets, saying, "*Guardate i servi di Maria*." For the Servites Esmeralda never ceased to obtain contributions.

Another confraternity in which my sister had entered herself as an associate, together with Lady Lothian and most of her friends, was that of "The Holy Hour" — first instituted by the beatified nun, Margaret Mary Alacoque of Paray le Monial, a convent near Monceaux les Mines,¹ for which her ad-

¹ Paray le Monial, now so constant a resort of pilgrimages, was, up to this time, almost unknown.

mirers, and my sister amongst them, had worked a splendid carpet, to cover the space in front of her altar. The rules of this society set forth that it "is established as a special manner of sharing the agony of our Divine Lord, and of uniting in associated prayer for reparation of insults offered Him by sin. The associates of this devotion thus form a band of faithful disciples, who in spirit accompany our Saviour every Thursday night to the scene of His agony, and share more particularly that watch which Our Blessed Lady and the Apostles kept on the eve of the Passion. With this end in view, the associates spend one hour of Thursday evening in mental or vocal prayer upon the Agony in the Garden, or other mysteries of the Passion." Thus every Thursday night my sister repeated:—

"O Lord Jesus Christ, kneeling before Thee I unite myself to Thy Sacred Heart and offer myself again to Thy service. In this hour when Thou wert about to be betrayed into the hands of sinners, I, a poor sinner, dare to come before Thee and say, 'Yes, Lord, I too many times have betrayed and denied Thee,' but Thou, who knowest all things, knowest that I desire to love Thee, that I desire to comfort Thee insulted by sin, that I desire to watch with Thee one hour, and to cry before Thy throne, 'O Lord, remember me when Thou comest into thy kingdom!' And therefore, with my whole heart, I now promise before thee—

"When the mysteries of Thy life and Passion are denied: the more firmly will I believe in them and defend them with my life.

"When the spirit of unbelief, coming in like a flood, seeks to quench our hope: I will hope in Thee and take refuge in Thy Sacred Heart.

“When blinded men obstinately shut their hearts to Thy love: I will love Thee who hast shown me an everlasting love.

“When the Majesty and power of Thy Divinity are denied: I will say to Thee — day by day — ‘My Lord and my God!’

“When Thy law is broken and Thy sacraments profaned: I will keep Thy words in my heart and draw near to thy holy altar with joy.

“When all men forsake Thee and flee from Thy ways: I will follow Thee, my Jesus, up the way of sorrow, striving to bear Thy cross.

“When the evil one, like a roaring lion, shall seek everywhere the souls of men: I will raise Thy standard against them and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart.

“When the Cross shall be despised for the love of pleasure and the praise of men: I will renew my baptismal vows, and again renounce the devil, the world, and the flesh.

“When men speak lightly of Thy Blessed Mother and mock at the power of Thy Church: I will renew my love to the Mother of God, hailing her as ‘Our life, our sweetness, and our hope,’ and will again give thanks for the Church that is founded upon the rock.”

At my sister’s house, I now, at least on one occasion, met each of my brothers, but we never made the slightest degree of real acquaintance; indeed, I doubt if I should have recognised either of them if I had met him in the street. When my eldest brother, Francis, came of age, he had inherited the old Shipley property of Gresford in Flintshire, quantities of old family plate, &c.. and a clear £3000 a year. He was handsome and clever, a good linguist and a toler-

able artist. But he had a love of gambling, which was his ruin, and before he was seven-and-twenty (October 1857) he was in the Queen's Bench, without a penny in the world, with Gresford sold — Hurstmonceaux sold — his library, pictures, and plate sold, and £53,000 of debts. After Francis was released in 1860, he went to join Garibaldi in his Italian campaign, and being a brave soldier, and, with all his faults, devoted to military adventure and impervious to hardships, he was soon appointed by the Dictator as his aide-de-camp. He fought bravely in the siege of Capua. His especial duty, however, was to watch and follow the extraordinary Contessa della Torre, who rode with the troops, and by her example incited the Italians to prodigies of valour. Of this lady Francis said —

“The Contessa della Torre was exceedingly handsome. She wore a hat and plume, trousers, boots, and a long jacket. She was foolhardy brave. When a shell exploded by her, instead of falling on the ground like the soldiers, she would stand looking at it, making a cigarette all the time. The hospital was a building surrounding a large courtyard, and in the centre of the court was a table where the amputations took place. By the side of the surgeon who operated stood the Contessa della Torre, who held the arms and legs while they were being cut off, and when they were severed, chucked them away to join others on a heap close by. There were so many, that she had a heap of arms on one side of her and a heap of legs on the other. The soldiers, animated by her example, often sang the Garibaldian hymn while their limbs were being taken off, though they fainted away afterwards.

“When the war was over, the Contessa della Torre

retired to Milan. Her first husband, the Count della Torre, she soon abandoned: her second husband, Signor Martino, a rich banker, soon abandoned *her*. Lately she has founded a Society for the Conversion of the Negroes of Central Africa, of which she appointed herself patroness, secretary, and treasurer; and, obtaining an English Clergy List, wrote in all directions for subscriptions. Of course many clergy took no notice of the appeal, but a certain proportion responded and sent donations, which it is needless to say were *not* applied to Central Africa."

After the siege of Capua, Francis was very ill with a violent fever at Naples, and then remained there for a long time because he was too poor to go away. It was during his stay at Naples that he formed his friendship with the K.'s, about which my sister has left some curious notes.

"When Francis first went to Naples, he had his pay, was well to do, and stayed at the Hotel Victoria. Amongst the people who were staying in the house and whom he regularly met at the *table-d'hôte*, were an old Mr. K. and his daughter. Old Mr. K. was a very handsome old gentleman and exceedingly pleasant and agreeable; Miss K. was also handsome, and of very pleasing manners: both were apparently exceedingly well off. After some time, the K.'s went to Rome, where they passed some time very pleasantly. When they returned, the siege of Capua was taking place, and it was a source of great surprise to the Garibaldian officers to see the father and daughter constantly walking about arm in arm with the most perfect *sang-froid* in the very teeth of the firing, shells bursting all around them. The Garibaldians remonstrated in vain: the K.'s remained unhurt in the heat of every battlefield, and appeared to bear charmed lives.

"Some time after, it transpired that the K.'s had no money to pay their bills at the Victoria. They were much respected there, having been there often before, but they could not be allowed to remain without payment, so the landlord told them they must leave. They went to another hotel, where the same thing happened. Then they went to a lodging.

"One day Francis met them coming down under the arch in the Chiaja. He turned round and went with them to the Villa Reale. As they went, Miss K. spoke of the great distress which was then prevalent in Naples, and said that a *gentleman* had just begged of them in the street, and that they had nothing to give him. 'Before I would be reduced to that,' she said, 'I would drown myself.' — 'Yes, and I too would drown myself,' said Mr. K.; but what they said did not strike Francis till afterwards. When they reached the Villa Reale, they walked up and down together under the avenue. Miss K. was more than usually lively and agreeable, and they did not separate till nightfall, when the gates of the Villa were going to be shut.

"At two o'clock the next morning, Francis was awakened by the most dreadful and vivid dream. He dreamt that he stood on the little promontory in the Villa Reale, and that he saw two corpses bobbing up and down a short distance off. The dream so took possession of him, that he jumped up, dressed himself, and rushed down to the Villa, but the gates were shut when he got there, and he had to wait till they were opened at four o'clock in the morning. He then ran down the avenue to the promontory, and thence, exactly as he had seen in his dream, he saw two corpses bobbing up and down on the waves a short distance off. He called to some fishermen, who waded in and brought them to land, and he then at once recognised Mr. and Miss K. They must have concealed themselves in the Villa till the gates were closed, and must then have

deliberately climbed over the railing of the promontory, and then tied each other's ankles and wrists, and, after filling their pockets with heavy stones, leapt off into the sea.

"Capua they had vainly hoped would destroy them.

"Some time after Francis found that Mr. K. had once been exceedingly rich, but had been ruined: that his wife, who had a large settlement, had then left him, making him a handsome allowance. A few days before the catastrophe this allowance had been suddenly withdrawn, and Mr. K. with the daughter who devoted herself to him, preferred death to beggary."

It may seem odd that I have never mentioned my second brother, William, in these memoirs, but the fact is, that after he grew up, I never saw him for more than a few minutes. It is one of the things I regret most in life that I never made acquaintance with William. I believe now that he was misrepresented to us and that he had many good qualities; and I often feel, had he lived till I had the means of doing so, how glad I should have been to have helped him, and how fond I might have become of him. At Eton he was an excessively good-looking boy, very clever, very mischievous, and intensely popular with his companions. He never had any fortune, so that it was most foolish of his guardian (Uncle Julius) to spend £2000 which had been bequeathed to him by "the Bath aunts," in buying him a commission in the Blues. I only once saw him whilst he was in the army, and only remember him as a great dandy, but I must say that he had the excuse that everything he wore became him.

After he left the army he was buffeted about from pillar to post, and lived no one knows where or how. Our cousin Lord Ravensworth was very kind to him, and so was old Lady Paul; but to Hurstmonceaux or Holmhurst he was never invited, and he would never have been allowed to come. I have often thought since how very odd it was that when he died, neither my mother nor I wore the slightest mourning for him; but he was so entirely outside our life and thoughts, that somehow it would never have occurred to us. He had, however, none of the cold self-contained manner which characterised Francis, but was warm-hearted, cordial, affectionate, and could be most entertaining. After his mother's great misfortunes he went to Spain on some temporary appointment, and at Barcelona nearly died of a fever, through which he was nursed by a lady, who had taken an extraordinary fancy to him; but on his return, when it was feared he would marry her, he took every one by surprise in espousing the very pretty portionless daughter of a physician at Clifton.

During the year 1864 I constantly saw my Lefevre cousins and found an increasing friendship for them. Sir John always showed me the greatest kindness, being full of interest in all my concerns. I consulted him on many subjects, feeling that he was the only person I had ever known, except my mother, willing to take the trouble of *thinking* how to give the best advice and perfectly disinterested in giving it; consequently I always took *his* advice and his only. His knowledge was extraordinary, and was only equalled by his humility and self-forgetfulness.

Many were the interesting reminiscences of other days which he delighted to call up — many the remarkable parallels he drew between present events and those he remembered — many the charming stories he told me. One of these, which has always struck me as very grand and dramatic, I have so often repeated that I will make a note of it here: —

“Within the memory of those still living there resided in Madrid a family called Benalta. It consisted of Colonel Benalta, a man of choleric and sharp disposition; of his wife, Madame Benalta; of his young daughter; of his little son Carlos, a boy ten years old; and of the mother of Madame Benalta, who was a woman of large property and of considerable importance in the society at Madrid. On the whole, they were quoted as an example of a happy and harmonious family. It is true that there were, however, certain drawbacks to their being completely happy, entirely harmonious, and the chief of these was that Colonel Benalta, when his temper was not at its best, would frequently, much more often than was agreeable, say to his wife, ‘My dear, you know nothing; my dear, you know nothing at all: you know nothing whatever.’ This was very disagreeable to Madame Benalta, but it was far more unpleasant to the mother of Madame Benalta, who considered her daughter to be a very distinguished and gifted woman, and who did not at all like to have it said, especially in public, that she knew — nothing!

“However, as I have said, on the whole, as Madrid society went, the Benaltas were quoted as an example of a happy and harmonious family.

“One day Colonel Benalta was absent on military duty, but the rest of the family were assembled in the drawing-room at Madrid. In the centre of the room, at a round table, sat Madame Benalta and her daughter working. At

a bureau on one side of the room sat the mother of Madame Benalta, counting out the money which she had just received for the rents of her estates in Andalusia, arranging the louis-d'ors in piles of tens before her, and eventually putting them away in a strong box at her side. At another table on the other side of the room sat little Carlos Benalta writing a copy.

"Now I do not know the exact words of the Spanish proverb which formed the copy that Carlos Benalta wrote, but it was something to the effect of 'Work while it is to-day, for thou knowest not what may happen to-morrow.' And the child wrote it again and again till the page was full, and then he signed it, 'Carlos Benalta, Sept. 22nd,' and he took the copy to his mother.

"Now the boy had signed his copy 'Carlos Benalta, Sept. 22nd,' but it really was Sept. 21. And Madame Benalta was a very superstitious woman; and when she saw that in his copy Carlos had anticipated the morrow — the to-morrow on which 'thou knowest not what may happen' — it struck her as an evil omen, and she was very much annoyed with Carlos, and spoke sharply, saying that he had been very careless, and that he must take the copy back and write it all over again. And Carlos, greatly crestfallen, took the copy and went back to his seat. But the mother of Madame Benalta, who always indulged and petted Carlos, looked up from her counting and said, 'Bring the copy to me.' And when she saw it she said to her daughter, 'I think you are rather hard upon Carlos, my dear; he has evidently taken pains with his copy and written it very well; and as for the little mistake at the end, it really does not signify; so I hope you will forgive him, and not expect him to write it again.' Upon which Madame Benalta, but with a very bad grace, said, 'Oh, of course, if his grandmother says he is not to write it again, I do not expect him to do it; but I consider, all the same, that he ought to have been obliged to do it for his care-

lessness.' Then the grandmother took ten louis-d'ors from the piles before her, and she tore the copy out of the book and rolled them up in it, and sealed the parcel, and she wrote upon the outside, 'For my dear grandson, Carlos Benalta; to be given to him when I am dead!' And she showed it to her daughter and her grand-daughter, and said, 'Some day when I am passed away, this will be a little memorial to Carlos of his old grandmother, who loved him and liked to save him from a punishment.' And she put the packet away in the strong box with the rest of the money.

"The next morning the news of a most dreadful tragedy startled the people of Madrid. The mother of Madame Benalta, who inhabited an apartment in the same house above that of her daughter and son-in-law, was found murdered in her room under the most dreadful circumstances. She had evidently fought hard for her life. The whole floor was in pools of blood. She had been dragged from one piece of furniture to another, and eventually she had been butchered lying across the bed. There were the marks of a bloody hand all down the staircase, and the strong box was missing. Everything was done that could be done to discover the murderer, but unfortunately he had chosen the one day in the year when such a crime was difficult to trace. As Mademoiselle Benalta was not yet 'out,' and as the family liked a quiet domestic life, they never went out in the evening, and the street door was known to be regularly fastened. Therefore, on this one day in the year, when the servants went on their annual picnic to the Escorial, it was supposed to be quite safe to leave the street door on the latch, that they might let themselves in when they returned very late. The murderer must have known this and taken advantage of it; therefore, though Colonel Benalta offered a very large reward, and though the Spanish Government — so great was the public horror — offered, for them, a very large

reward, no clue whatever was ever obtained to the murderer.

"A terrible shadow naturally hung over the house in Madrid, and the Benalta family could not bear to remain in a scene which to them was filled with such associations of horror. By the death of the poor lady, Madame Benalta's mother, they had inherited her estates in Andalusia, and they removed to Cordova. There they lived very quietly. From so great a shock Madame Benalta could not entirely rally, and she shrank more than ever from strangers. Besides, her home life was less pleasant than it had been, for Colonel Benalta's temper was sharper and sourer than ever, and even more frequently than before he said to her, 'My dear, you know nothing: you really know nothing at all.'

"Eleven years passed away, melancholy years enough to the mother, but her children grew up strong and happy, and naturally on them the terrible event of their childhood seemed now quite in the far-away past. One day Colonel Benalta was again absent on military duty. Madame Benalta was sitting in her usual chair in her drawing-room at Cordova, and Carlos, then a young man of one-and-twenty, was standing by her, when the door opened and Mademoiselle Benalta came in. 'Oh, mother,' she said, 'I've been taking advantage of our father's absence to arrange his room, and in one of his drawers I have found a little relic of our childhood which I think perhaps may be interesting to you: it seems to be a copy which Carlos must have written when he was a little boy.' Madame Benalta took the paper out of her daughter's hand and saw, 'Work while it is to-day, for thou knowest not what may happen to-morrow,' and at the bottom the signature 'Carlos Benalta, September 22nd,' and she turned it round, and there, at the back, in the well-known trembling hand, was written, 'For my dear grandson Carlos Benalta, to be given to him when I am dead.'

Madame Benalta had just presence of mind to crumple up the paper and throw it into the back of the fire, and then she fell down upon the floor in a fit.

"From that time Madame Benalta never had any health. She was unable to take any part in the affairs of the house, and scarcely seemed able to show any interest in anything. Her husband had less patience than ever with her, and more frequently abused her and said, 'My dear, you know nothing;' but it hardly seemed to affect her now; her life seemed ebbing away together with its animation and power, and she failed daily. That day-year Madame Benalta lay on her death-bed, and all her family were collected in her room to witness her last moments. She had received the last sacraments, and the supreme moment of life had arrived, when she beckoned her husband to her. As he leant over her, in a calm solemn voice, distinctly audible to all present, she said, 'My dear, you have always said that I knew nothing: now I have known two things: I have known how to be silent in life, and how to pardon in death,' and so saying, she died.

"It is unnecessary to explain what Madame Benalta knew."

In later years, in Spain, I have read a little book by Fernan Caballero, "*El Silencio en la Vida, y el Perdono en la Muerte*," but even in the hands of the great writer the story wants the simple power which it had when told by Sir John.

The winter of 1864-65 was a terribly anxious one at Holmhurst. My mother failed daily as the cold weather came on, and was in a state of constant and helpless suffering. I never could bear to be away from her for a moment, and passed the whole day by

the side of her bed or chair, feeding her, supporting her, chafing her inanimate limbs, trying by an energy of love to animate her through the weary hours of sickness, giddiness, and pain. We were seldom able to leave one room, the central one in the house, and had to keep it as warm as was possible. My recollection lingers on the months of entire absence from all external life spent in that close room, sitting in an armchair, pretending to read while I was ceaselessly watching. My mother was so much worse than she had ever been before, that I was never very hopeful, but strove never to look beyond the present into the desolate future, and, while devoting my whole thoughts and energies to activity for her, was always able to be cheerful. Still I remember how, in that damp and misty Christmas, I happened to light upon the lines in "In Memoriam" —

"With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round our Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas Eve."

And how wonderfully applicable they seemed to our case.

To MY SISTER.

"*Holmhurst, Dec. 17, 1864.* How we envy you the warmth of Italy! Had we known how severe a winter this was likely to be, we also should have started for Italy at all risks, and I feel that I have been *very* wrong ever to have consented to the mother's staying in England, though she seemed so weary of travelling and so much better in health, that I could not believe the effect would be so bad. The cold is most intense. After a month of wet, we have

had two days of snow with black east wind, and now it is pouring again, but the rain freezes as it falls.

"The dear mother is perfectly prostrated by the cold, and looks at least twenty years older than in the summer. She has great and constant pain, and trembles so greatly as to be quite unable to feed herself, and she can do nothing whatever all day, so that she is very miserable. Of course I am dreadfully and constantly anxious about her, and the dread of paralysis haunts me night and day. I need not say how sweet, and gentle, and uncomplaining my poor darling is, but one can see she suffers greatly, and 'the pleasures of an English winter,' which some of the family have always been urging her to enjoy, consist in an almost total non-existence on her part, and constant watching on mine."

Gradually the consciousness came to all around her that the only chance of my mother's recovery would be from taking her abroad. How I longed to follow the advice given in "Kotzebue's Travels" when he urges us to take pattern by our ancestors, who were content to sit still and read the injunction in their Bibles, "Let not your flight be in the winter." Yet this year even poor Lea, generally so averse to leaving home, urged us to set off. Then came the difficulty of how to go, and where. We decided to turn towards Pau and Biarritz, because easier of access than Cambrés, and because the journeys were shorter: and then there was the constant driving down to look at the sea, and the discovery that, when it was calm enough, my mother was too ill to move, and when she was better, the sea was too rough. At last, on the 20th of January, we left home in the evening.

TO MY SISTER.

"*Bordeaux, Jan. 28, 1865.* I cannot say what a comfort it is, amid much else that is sad and trying, to think of you safe at Palazzo Parisani, in the home of many years, with the devoted auntie and the two old domestic friends to share your interests and sorrows and joys — so much left of the good of life, so much to gild the memory of the past. I know how you would feel the return to Rome at first — the desolate room, the empty chair, the unused writing-table; and then how you would turn to 'gather up the fragments that remain,' and to see that even the darkest cloud has its silver lining. . . . No, you cannot wish your mother back. In thinking of her, you will remember that if she were with you now, it would not be in the enjoyment of Rome, of Victoire, and Parisani, but in cheerless London rooms, with their many trials of spirits and temper. *Now* all those are forgotten by her, for

'Who will count the billows past
If the shore be won at last?'

"And for yourself, you are conscious that you are in the place where she would have you be, and that if she can still be with you invisibly, her life and your life may still be running on side by side, and yours now giving to her unclouded eyes the pleasure it never could have given when earthly mists obscured them.

"I often think of Christian Andersen's story of the mother who was breaking her heart with grief for the loss of her only child, when Death bade her look into his mirror, and on one side she saw the life of her child as it would have been had it remained on earth, in all the misery of sorrow and sickness and sin; and on the other, the glorified life to which it was taken; and then the mother humbly gave thanks to the All-Wise, who chose for her, and could only beg forgiveness because she had wished to choose for herself.

"Do you know, my Esmeralda, that great sorrow has been very near me too? My sweetest mother has been very, very ill, and even now she is so little really better, that I am full of anxiety about her. From the New Year she was so ill at Holmhurst from the cold and snow, that it was decided that we must take the first available moment for going abroad. But we were packed up and waiting for more than a fortnight before her health and the tempests allowed us to start.

"Her passage on the 21st was most unfortunate, for a thick fog came on, which long prevented the steamer from finding the narrow entrance of Calais harbour, and the boat remained for two hours swaying about outside and firing guns of distress every ten minutes. These were answered by steamers in port, and the great alarm-bell of Calais tolled incessantly. At last another steamer was sent out burning red lights, and guided the wanderer in. My poor mother was quite unable to stand from the cold and fatigue when she was landed, and the journey to Paris, across the plains deep in snow, was a most anxious one. During the three days we spent at Paris, she was so ill that I had almost given up all hope of moving her, when a warm change in the weather allowed of our reaching Tours, where we stayed two more days.

"Tours is a fine old town, and is the place where our grandfather died. I saw his house, quite a palace, now the museum. We slept again at Angoulême, a very striking place, the old town rising out of the new, a rocky citadel surrounded with the most beautiful public walks I ever saw out of Rome, and a curious cathedral. This Bordeaux is a second Paris, only with a river like an arm of the sea, and immense quays, full of bustle and hubbub, like the Carminella at Naples."

"*Hotel Victoria, Pau, Feb. 2.* On Monday we made the easiest move possible from Bordeaux to Arcachon, a most

quaint little watering-place. The hotel was a one-storied wooden house, with an immensely broad West-Indian-like balcony, in which three or four people could walk abreast, descending on one side to the strip of silver sand which alone separated it from the waveless bay of the sea called the Bassin d'Arcachon;¹ the other opening into the forest — sixty or seventy miles of low sandhills covered with arbutus, holly, and pine. Near the village, quantities of lodging-houses, built like Swiss chalets, are rising up everywhere in the wood, without walls, hedges, or gardens,

TOURS.²

just like a fairy story, and in the forest itself it is always warm, no winds or frosts penetrating the vast living walls of green. If the mother had been better, I should have liked to linger at Arcachon a few days, but we could not venture to remain so far from a doctor. Here at Pau we live in a deluge: it pours like a ceaseless waterspout: yet, so dry is the soil, that the rain never seems to make any impression. Pau is dreadfully full and enormously expen-

¹ These were the very early days of Arcachon.

² From "South-Western France."

sive. I see no beauty in the place, the town is modern with a modernised castle, the surrounding country flat, with long white roads between stagnant ditches, the '*coteaux*' low hills in the middle distance covered with brushwood, the distant view scarcely ever visible. We are surrounded by cousins. Mrs. Taylor¹ is most kind — really as good-natured as she is ugly, and, having lived here twenty years, she knows everything about the place. Dr. Taylor is a very skilful physician. Edwin and Bertha



AT ANGOULÊME.²

Dashwood are also here with their five children, and Amelia Story with her father and step-mother.³

"Alas! my sweetest mother is terribly weak, and has hitherto only seemed to lose strength from day to day.

¹ Born Julia Hare of Hurstmonceaux, a first cousin of my father.

² From "South-Western France."

³ Edwin Dashwood was the son, and the first Mrs. Story had been the daughter, of Emily Hare of Hurstmonceaux, sister of Mrs. Taylor.

She cannot now even walk across the room, nor can she move from one chair to another without great help. We are a little cheered, however, to-day by Dr. Taylor."

To MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Pau, Feb. 12.* For the last two days my dearest mother's suffering has been most sad, without intermission. . . . This evening Dr. Taylor has told me how very grave he thinks her state, and that, except for the knowledge of her having so often rallied before, there is no hope of her precious life being restored to us. God has given her back before from the brink of the grave, and it might be His will to do so again; this is all we have to cling to. Her weakness increases daily. She cannot now help herself at all. . . . Her sweetness, her patience, the lovely expression of her countenance, her angelic smile, her thankfulness for God's blessings even when her suffering is greatest, who can describe? These are the comfort and support which are given us.

"I do not gather that the danger is quite immediate; the dread is a stupor, which may creep on gradually. . . . I am always able to be cheerful in watching over her, though I feel as if the sunshine was hourly fading out of my life."

To MY SISTER.

"*Pau, Feb. 14.* My last account will have prepared you for the news I have to give. My sweetest mother is fast fading away. . . . Lea and I have been up with her all the last two nights, and every minute of the day has been filled with an intensity of anxious watching. The frail earthly tabernacle is perishing, but a mere look at my dearest one assures us that her spirit, glorious and sanctified, has almost already entered upon its perfected life. Her lovely smile, the heavenly light in her eyes, are quite undescribable.

"All through last night, as I sat in the red firelight, watching every movement, it seemed to me as if the end was close at hand. Her hymn rang in my ears — so awfully solemn and real:—

‘It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed:
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.’

When the Master does come, she will be always found waiting. Has not my darling kept her lamp burning all her life long? Surely when the Bridegroom cometh, she will enter into the kingdom.

"I cannot tell how soon it will be. I have no hope now of her being given back to me. It is a solemn waiting. Oh! my Esmeralda, when you hear that the hour *has* come, pity, pray for her unutterably desolate son."

To MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Feb. 17.* There has been an unexpected rally. Two days ago, when I was quite hopeless and she lay motionless, unconscious of earth, Dr. Taylor said, '*Wait, you can do nothing: if this trance is to end fatally, you can do nothing to arrest it; but it may still prove to be an extraordinary effort of Nature to recruit itself.*' And truly, at eight o'clock yesterday morning, after sixty hours of trance, she suddenly opened her eyes, smiled and spoke

naturally. I had just left the room, when Lea called me back — ‘She is talking to me.’ I could scarcely believe it; yet, when I went in, there my darling sat in her bed, with a sweet look of restored consciousness and returning power.

“It was like a miracle.

“She remembers nothing now of her illness. She does not think she has suffered. During the last night she says she was constantly saying the seventy-first Psalm. Almost the first thing she said after rallying was, ‘I have not been alone: your Uncle Penrhyn and your Aunt Kitty¹ have been here, supporting me all through the night.’

“Our nice simple little landlady had just been to the church to pray for her, and coming back to find her restored believes it is in answer to her prayers.

“I did not know what the agony of the last three days was till they were over. While they lasted, I thought of nothing but to be bright for *her*, that she might *only* see smiles, to prevent Lea from giving way, and to glean up every glance and word and movement; but to-day I feel much exhausted.”

To MY SISTER.

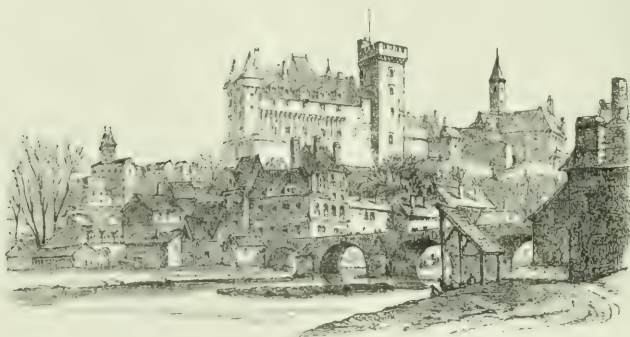
“*Pau, Feb. 21.* My darling has been mercifully restored to me for a little while — a few days’ breathing space; and yet I could not count upon this even while it lasted; I could not dwell upon hope, I could not look forward — the frail frame is so *very* frail. I cannot think she is given to me for long: I only attempt to store up the blessings of each day now against the long desolate future.

“Last Sunday week she fell into her trance. It lasted between sixty and seventy hours. During this time she was almost unconscious. She knew me, she even said ‘Dear’ to me once or twice, and smiled most sweetly as

¹ Her brother and sister, who had died long before.

she did so, but otherwise she was totally unconscious of all around her, of day and night, of the sorrow or anxiety of the watchers, of pain or trouble. A serene peace overshadowed her, a heavenly sweetness filled her expression, and never varied except to dimple into smiles of angelic beauty, as if she were already in the company of angels.

"But for the last sixteen hours the trance was like death. Then the doctor said, 'If the pulse does not sink and if she wakes naturally, she may rally.' This happened. At eight the next morning, my darling gently awoke and was given back into life. This was Thursday, and there were

PAU.¹

three days' respite. But yesterday she was evidently failing again, and this morning, while Dr. Taylor was in the room, the trance came on again. For ten minutes her pulse ceased to beat altogether. . . . Since then she has lain as before — scarcely here, yet not gone — quite happy — *between* heaven and earth.

"I believe now that if my darling is taken I can give thanks for the exceeding blessedness of this end.

"Meantime it is again a silent watching, and, as I watch, the solemn music of the hymns that my darling loves comes

¹ From "South-Western France."

back to me, and I repeat them to myself. Now these verses are in my mind: —

‘Have we not caught the smiling
On some beloved face,
As if a heavenly sound were wiling
The soul from our earthly place? —
The distant sound and sweet
Of the Master’s coming feet.

We may clasp the loved one faster,
And plead for a little while,
But who can resist the Master?
And we read by that brightening smile
That the tread we may not fear
Is drawing surely near.’

And then, in the long watches of the night, all the golden past comes back to me — how as a little child I played round my darling in Lime Wood — how the flowers were our friends and companions — how we lived in and for one another in the bright Lime garden: of her patient endurance of much injustice — of her sweet forgiveness of all injuries — of her loving gratitude for all blessings — of her ever sure upward-seeking of the will and glory of God: and my eye wanders to the beloved face, lined and worn but glowing with the glory of another world, and while giving thanks for thirty years of past blessing, shall I not also give thanks that thus — not through the dark valley, but through the sunshine of God — my mother is entering upon her rest?

“God will give me strength: I feel quite calm. I can think only how to soothe, how to cheer, how to do everything for her.”

“*Feb.* 26. It is still the same; we are still watching. In the hundred and twelfth hour of her second trance, during which she had taken no nourishment whatever, my

mother spoke again, but it was only for a time. You will imagine what the long watchings of this death-like slumber have been, what the strange visions of the past which have risen to my mind in the long, silent nights, as, with locked doors (for the French would insist that all was over), I have hovered over the pillow on which she lies as if bound by enchantment. Now comes before me the death-bed scene of S. Vincent de Paul, when, to the watchers lamenting together over his perpetual stupor, his voice suddenly said, 'It is but the brother that goes before the sister.' Then, as the shadows lighten into dawn, Norman Macleod's story of how he was watching by the death-bed of his beloved one in an old German city, and grief was sinking into despair, when, loud and solemn, at three in the morning, echoed forth the voice of the old German watchman giving the hours in the patriarchal way — 'Put your trust in the *Divine Three*, for after the darkest night cometh the break of day.'

"Last night the trance seemed over. All was changed. My sweetest one was haunted by strange visions; to her excited mind and renewed speech, every fold of the curtains was a spirit, every sound an alarm. For hours I sat with her trembling hands in mine, soothing her with the old hymns that she loves. To a certain extent, however, there is more hope, more of returning power. Is it a superstition to think that she began to revive when in the churches at Holmhurst, Hastings, Hurstmonceaux, Alton, and Pau prayers (and in many cases how earnest) were being offered up for her restoration?

"*Two P. M.* My darling has been sitting up in bed listening to sweet voices, which have been singing to her; but they were no earthly voices which she heard.

"*Ten P. M.* She has just declared that she sees Ruth Harmer (a good, sweet girl she used to visit, who died at Hurstmonceaux) standing by her bedside. 'It is Ruth

Harmer — look at Ruth Harmer,' she said. But it was not a voice of terror; it was rather like the apostolic question, 'Who are these who are arrayed in white robes, and whence come they?' There has also been a time when she has spoken of 'dear Holmhurst, *dear* beautiful Holmhurst,' in the most touching way."

"*Feb. 27.* She has fallen into a third stupor, deeper than the others; there is no sign of breath, the heart does not beat, the pulse does not beat, the features have sunk. I *alone* now declare with certain conviction that she lives. The shadows are closing around us, yet I feel that we are in the immediate presence of the Unseen, and that the good Ruth Harmer is only one of the many angels watching over my sweetest one. Years ago she told me that when dying she wished her favourite hymn —

‘How bright those glorious spirits shine —

to be sung by her bedside; was it these words which she heard the angels sing to her? Oh! my Esmeralda, are you praying that I may endure while it is necessary to do everything for her, only so long? How strange that the scene which I have so often imagined should be in a country hitherto unknown, the only relations near having been strangers before; yet the simple French people here are very sad for us, and there is much sympathy."

"*March 10.* It has been many days since I have ventured to write: it has been so difficult to say anything definite, with the constant dread of another relapse, which we have thought must come every day: yet I think I may now venture to write in thanksgiving that my mother is restored to me from the brink of the grave. It seemed *quite* impossible that she could come back, as if she *must* enter the world on the portals of which she had been so long resting. Doctor and nurse gave up all hope; and at

last the nurse went out, saying all must be over when she returned in three hours' time. In those three hours the remedies began to take effect, the dead limbs to revive, the locked mouth to open, the closed eyes to see, the hands to feel. It had been a death-like trance of a hundred and ninety-six hours altogether — ten days and nine nights. She remembers nothing of it now, and nothing of the illness which came before, but a gradual revival and awakening of all her powers is going on. It has been less painful to her throughout than to any one, and it is so still.

"Dr. Taylor is made Sir Alexander. He and Lady Taylor have been most kind to us — could not have been more so. It has been interesting to see so much of her, the last survivor of our father's generation in the family, and one who, living constantly at Hurstmonceaux, was present through all the old family crises and conflicts, which she narrates with much of sound sense and observation. I shall hope to write down much of her recollections, and shall begin in good earnest to collect the memorials of that earlier family period, quite as curious in its way as many later ones."¹

"*Pau, March 27.* My sweet mother continues slightly better certainly, but in a most fragile and harassing state of health. I never feel happy in leaving her, even for half-an-hour. On some days she is better and almost able to enjoy reading a few words, or being read to a little: on others, as to-day, the trembling increases to such a degree as to prevent her occupying herself in any way. I need not say how beautiful are her faith and love, how increasing the beatitude of her inner, her heavenly life. 'Oh, how long it is since I have been at church,' she said

¹ This I afterwards carried out in six unpublished volumes of the *Memoirs of the Hare Family*.

last night. 'But you are always at church in your soul, darling,' I said. 'Yes,' she answered, 'that is the greater part of my day — meditation and prayer, and in the night I say my hymns and texts.' On my birthday she gave me a solemn blessing. Each day I watch her every look and movement. Truly I feel as if the pulse of her life beat into mine. She does not see many people, but our sweet little cousin Lady Dashwood, Lady Taylor, and Lady Charles Clinton come occasionally.

"Pau is the most unattractive place I ever was in, and it pours or snows almost incessantly. The 'society' is small, good, and uninteresting, and snubs the immense remainder of the Anglo-Pau world with hearty goodwill.

"For some days we have been very sad about dear Emma Leycester, who has been terribly ill: at least I have been, for I think the mother has scarcely taken in the great cause for alarm."

I think the name of this most dear cousin, Emma Leycester (Charlotte's much younger sister), has scarcely been mentioned in these memoirs, and yet there was scarcely any one who had a tenderer place in our home life and thoughts, or to whom we were more devoted. Perhaps the very fact of omitting her shows how entirely she must have kept aloof from all family squabbles and disorders, whilst rejoicing in all our pleasures and sorrowing in all our griefs. She was never strong, and I always recollect her as a semi-invalid, yet more animated and cheerful than most people in strong health, and able, from the very fact of weakness removing her from the general turmoil of all that was going on around her, to give her full attention and sympathy to the things she could participate in. Small in person, she was

of a most sweet countenance, with grey hair, a most delicate complexion, and bright eyes, full of expression and humour —

“Her angel’s face
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.”¹

As a child, in her visits to Stoke and Lime, I was quite devoted to her, and in the persecutions of my boyhood was comforted by her unfailing sympathy. When at Southgate, the greatest pleasure of my London excursions was that they sometimes ended at “Charlotte and Emma’s house” in Wilton Crescent, and that I often went to have tea with the dear Emma, who was already gone to rest upon the sofa in her own little sitting-room. When I was at Oxford she came to visit me there; and latterly the loss of her own brother and sister had drawn this sister-like cousin nearer to my mother as well as to myself.

To MISS LEYCESTER.

“*Pau*, April 6, 1865, 8 P. M. I must write one little line of love this evening: the sad news reached us two hours ago, and you will know *how* we are mourning with you. I had just a hope, and can hardly feel yet that dearest Emma’s sweet presence, her loving tender sympathy and interest, are taken from us in this world: but may we not feel that she is perhaps still near us in her perfected state, and to you and to my darling mother even the visible separation may be a very short one, it *can* only be a few years — long here, but like a moment to her, till the meeting again.

“I am glad to think of you at Toft, and of her resting there, where we can visit the grave. I feel so *deeply* not

¹ Spenser, “Faerie Queene.”

being able to be with you, or to do anything for you, as dearest Emma so often said I should do for her, if you were taken from her.

“The news came at tea-time. It was impossible to conceal it. The mother had had a suffering day, and was utterly crushed. We put her to bed at once, and very soon she literally ‘fell asleep for sorrow,’ and I, watching beside her, heard her lips murmur, ‘O blessed are they who die in Thee, O Lord, for they rest from their labours.’”

“*L'Estelle*, April 8. My mother continued so seriously ill up to yesterday morning, that I was certain if she were not moved at once, I must not hope she ever would be. Dr. Taylor declined to take the responsibility, but I felt some one *must* act; so I sent for a large carriage, and had her carried down into it like a baby, and brought off here, only two hours' easy drive from Pau. Before we had gone six miles she began to revive, was carried to her room without exhaustion, and to-day opens her eyes on a lovely view of the snow mountains above the chestnut woods, with a rushing river and the old convent of Bétharram in the gorge, which is a wonderful refreshment after having lived in a narrow street, and seen nothing but a whitewashed wall opposite for eleven weeks. Already she is better.”

To MY SISTER.

“*L'Estelle*, April 9. You will have heard of our great sorrow. . . . A week ago dearest Emma's fever passed and took the form of prayer, which, as Charlotte says, ‘flowed like a river.’ Once she said, ‘I have been fed with angels' food; I did not *ask* for it, I could not, but I have *had* it.’ Her last resting-place is at Toft. Charlotte was able to be present. . . . I feel that, though we have

many still to love, no one can ever fill the *same* place in our hearts."

During my mother's long illness at Pau, I naturally thought of nothing, and saw scarcely any one, but her. In the last three weeks, however, after her rally, and before the last alarm, I saw a few people, amongst them very frequently Lady Vere Cameron, whose husband, Cameron of Lochiel, had been known



BÉTHARRAM.¹

to my mother from girlhood. Through Lady Vere, I was introduced to a remarkable circle then at Pau, which formed a society entirely occupied with spiritualism. Most extraordinary were the experiences they had to narrate. I have kept some notes of my acquaintance with them: —

"*Pau, March, 1865.* When I was at Lady Vere Cameron's, the subject of table-turning was brought forward, and

¹ From "South-Western France."

I then said that I had been told that I was a medium, meaning merely with reference to tables. We sat down to a table and it turned. Soon it began to rap violently, and a scratching noise was heard underneath. This I believe to have been owing to some ventriloquism on the part of Ferdinand Russell, who was present, but it excited Lady Vere very much.

"Some days after I had a note from Lady Vere to desire that I would come to be introduced to her 'particular friend,' Mrs. Gregory, at a party in her own house. As I knew that Mrs. Gregory was a great spiritualist and much occupied with the subject, I naturally supposed that this desire to make my acquaintance was due to the table-turning at Lady Vere's, and I went expecting to find a séance.

"But it was a large party, a great number of people whom I had never seen before. Mrs. Gregory had the odd expression of always looking for something behind her. She spoke at once of my being a medium, and then said in an excited manner, 'But are you far advanced? are you like me? when a friend is going to die, do you see it written before you in letters of light *there*?' — pointing into vacancy. 'No,' I said, 'certainly not: that never happens to me.' Speaking of this afterwards to a Mr. Hamilton, he bade me beware, for very unpleasant things often happened at Mrs. Gregory's séances, or, if they did not happen, every one present believed that they did — that hands appeared, &c.: that his cousin, Mrs. H. of S., had received messages from her child who was dead: that others also had received messages from their dead relations. The meetings were always solemnly opened with prayer.

"At Mrs. White Hedges' I saw Mrs. H. She said that she also was certain that I was a medium, and asked whether I did not frequently have messages from the other world. I said 'No,' and that I did not wish to have any. 'What,' she said, with a look of great surprise, 'you do

not wish, then, for the regeneration of the world; for if you did you would feel that it can only be brought about through the instrumentality of spirits.’”

“*April 4.* At Lady Robinson’s¹ I again met Mrs. Gregory, who asked me to come on the 6th to help her to turn a table, and see if I should receive any messages. I agreed to do so, understanding that nothing more was intended than she said. Afterwards I sat by Miss N. L., who said, ‘I see that terrible woman has been getting hold of you. Pray don’t go. You don’t know what you will see. Every one who goes is beguiled by small pretexts till they see the most appalling things. It can only be through the devil.’

“Persuaded by Miss N. L., I went to Mrs. Gregory and said, ‘Mrs. Gregory, do tell me exactly what you expect to happen on Thursday, because I do not wish to *see* anything.’

“‘Oh, you are a coward, are you?’ said both Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Alexander, who was sitting near her.

“‘Yes, certainly I am a coward about trifling with the supernatural. It is not because I do not believe that spirits can return from the dead, but because I do believe it, that I would rather not come, if you expect to see anything.’

“‘Well, I can only say that both seeing and receiving messages are the greatest possible comfort to me: it is only that which keeps me in my right mind,’ said Mrs. Gregory.

“I answered that I should dislike being upset for the ordinary and practical duties of life by being led to dwell constantly upon the supernatural.

“‘That is precisely what strikes me as the greatest advantage,’ said Mrs. Gregory; ‘surely one cannot think too much of the other world. To feel that spirits are constantly watching you, and grieving or rejoicing over you,

¹ Wife of Sir George Robinson of Crauford.

must surely tend to keep you from a great deal of evil. I have known many infidels entirely converted to a new and Christian life by what they have seen with me — Mr. Ruskin, for instance. I asked Mr. Ruskin one day what he believed, and he answered, "Simply nothing." He afterwards came to my house several times when I had séances, and then he took my hands, and with tears in his eyes said, "Mrs. Gregory, I cannot thank you enough for what you have shown me: it will change my whole life, for because I have seen I believe." Mr. Pickersgill the artist was another instance. Certainly hands often appear to me, but I like to see them. If you had lost any one who was a part of your life, would you not like to know that you were receiving a message from those you loved? You need not be afraid of the messages I receive. Just before I came here I received this message — "Keep close to God in prayer." There was nothing dreadful in that, was there? Was not that a beautiful message to receive? But sometimes the spirits are conflicting. There are good and bad spirits. If the messages are not such as we should wish, then we know the bad spirits are there. All this is in the Bible, "Ye shall try the spirits, whether they be good or evil." This is one of the means of grace which God gives us: surely we ought not to turn aside from it.'

"Afterwards I asked Lady Robinson her experience. She said that she had been at one of the séances, but nothing appeared and 'the Indicator' gave nothing decided. She said it was conducted most seriously, with all religious feeling. She described Mrs. Gregory as not only praying at the time, but living in a state of prayer, and she believed that the messages were granted in answer to real faith. She said quantities of people had seen the hands appear. Mrs. Gregory had a very large séance at Sir William Gomm's in London, and Lady Gomm asked for an outward sign before she would believe. A bodiless hand then appeared, and, taking up a vase with a plant in

it from a china dish upon the table, set it on the floor, and then breaking a flower from the plant, came and laid it in Lady Gomm's lap : all the company saw it.

"I told the Taylors what I had heard. Sir Alexander said that he thought the chief good of such a clever physician as Mrs. Gregory's husband (Dr. Gregory of the powders) appearing would be to write a prescription for the living."

While we were at Pau, my sister wrote much to me upon the death of Cardinal Wiseman, to whom she was greatly devoted, and whom I have always believed to be a most sagacious and large-hearted man. His burly figure upon the sands at Eastbourne used to be very familiar to me in my boyhood. I heard Monsignor Capel, who afterwards attained some celebrity, preach his funeral sermon at Pau.

"Thirty years ago," he said, "there were only six Catholic churches in London; now there are forty-six. Then there were six Catholic schools in London; now there are at least three in each of these parishes — one for boys, one for girls, and one for infants. Then there were only 30,000 Catholics in all England; now there are two millions, one-ninth of the whole population of the country. Then there were no religious Orders except the Jesuit Fathers, who had lingered on from the Reformation, flying from one Catholic house to another, and administering the sacraments in fear and trembling; now there are in London the followers of St. Francis and St. Dominic, the Passionist Fathers, the Redemptorists, and at least twelve nunneries of English ladies. All this change is in a great measure due to Cardinal Wiseman, the founder of the English hierarchy. He entered on his labours in troublous times: with the enthusiasm and love of splendid ritual which he

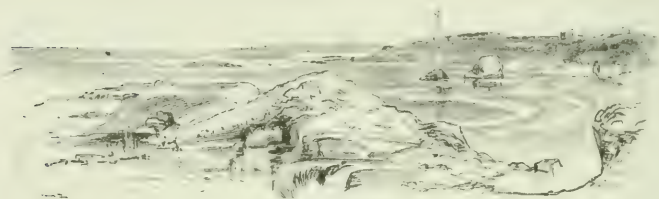
imbibed as a Spanish boy, with the ecclesiastical learning of Italy, with the dogmatic perseverance and liberality which he drank in with his English education. He chose as the title of his bishopric the see of the last martyred English bishop, and he also thirsted for martyrdom."

These notes are curious as showing how the rapid growth of Catholicism in England, which we Protestants are so unwilling to recognise, had advanced under Cardinal Wiseman's leadership.

At L'Estelle my mother daily revived, and was soon able to sit out on the sunny balcony, for the valleys of the Pyrenees were already quite hot, though the trees were leafless and the mountains covered with snow. It was long, however, before I ventured to leave her to go beyond the old convent of Bétharram, with its booths of relics and its calvary on a hill. When she was stronger, we moved to Argelès, a beautiful upland valley, whence excursions are very easy to Cauterets and Luz. Afterwards we visited Eaux Chaudes and Eaux Bonnes; but though the snow was too deep to allow of mountain rambles, the heat was already too intense for enjoyment of the valleys. We had left Pau without a sign of vegetation, and when we came back three weeks later, it was in all the deadest, heaviest green of summer. So it was a great refreshment to move at once to Biarritz, with its breezy uplands, covered with pink daphne, and its rolling, sparkling, ever-changing sea, so splendid in colour. To my mother, Biarritz was a complete restorative, and she was able there to take up her drawing again, to enjoy seeing friends, and to enter into

the interests and peculiarities of the curious Basque country.

We visited many of the Basque churches, which are always encircled within by three galleries, except over the altar. These galleries are of black oak. The men sit in the galleries, and the women below, and they enter at different doors. In the churchyards the graves have all little crosses or Basque head-stones with round tops, and they are all planted with flowers. The houses all have wide overhanging roofs and external wooden galleries. Bidart and Cambo are



BIARRITZ.¹

good specimens of Basque villages. Bidart is a beautiful place on the road to S. Jean de Luz, and has a church with the characteristic overhanging belfry and high simple buttresses. A wide entry under the organ-loft is the only entrance to the church. In the hollow below is a broken bridge reflected in a pool, which is golden at sunset, and which, with the distant sea and sands, and the old houses with their wooden balconies scattered over the hillside, forms a lovely picture. Here I stayed one evening to draw with

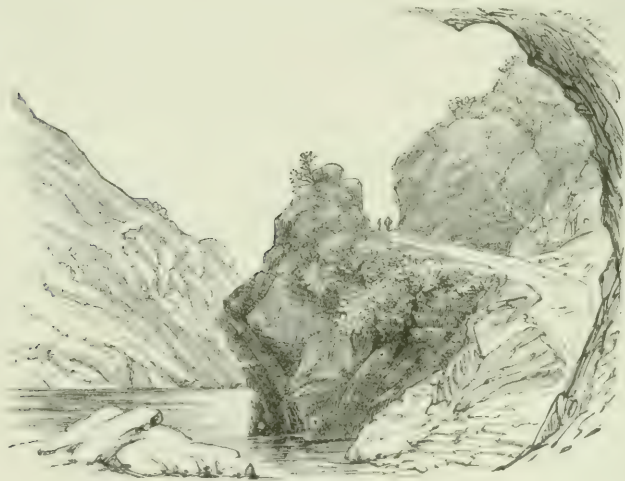
¹ From "South-Western France."

Miss Elizabeth Blommart, an acquaintance we made at Biarritz (afterwards our friend for many years), while my mother and Lea walked on, and descended from the opposite hill upon the sands. We had often been told of the treacherous waves of Bidart, but could not have believed in danger — so distant, beyond the long reaches of sand, seemed the calm Atlantic, glistening in the last rays of sunlight. To our horror, when we had nearly finished our drawing, we looked up, and saw my mother and Lea coming towards us pouring with salt water from cloaks, bonnets, everything. They had been walking unsuspectingly on the sands three-quarters of a mile from the sea, when suddenly, without any warning, a great wave surrounded them. My mother was at once swept off her feet, but Lea, with her usual presence of mind, caught her cloak and rolled it round her arm, and plunging herself deep into the sand, resisted the water and held her mistress till the wave receded, when they made their escape. A few days afterwards an Englishman with his little dog was walking in the Bay of Bidart; the man escaped, but the dog was swept out to sea.

Cambo is two hours' drive from Biarritz — a most pleasant watering-place on a high terrace above the Nive, with pergolas of vines and planes, a churchyard which is a perfect blaze of lilies and roses, and an im-garden which is full of lovely flowers. Close by is the opening to the Pas de Roland, a grand little gorge where the Nive rushes through the mountains — a finer Dovedale. A rocky path ascends by the side of the stream and climbs a succession of steeps to *la*

roche percée, through which it passes to a little hamlet and old bridge. Eighteen miles farther is S. Jean de Port, whence one can ride to Roncesvalles.

The whole of this Basque country is full of memorials of the Peninsular War, the events of which in this district are wonderfully well described in the novel of "The Subaltern." There are deep woods and glens which ran down with blood; green lanes (as at Irogne) which were scenes of desperate com-



THE PAS DE ROLAND.¹

bats; tombs of English officers, as in the churchyard at Bidart and in the picturesque mayor's garden between Bidart and Biarritz, where a flat stone commemorating three English officers is to be seen under the old apple-trees, overlooking a wide expanse of country. The most dreadful slaughter was near the

¹ From "South-Western France."

Negressa Station, where the two armies, having occupied the ridges on either side the lake, suffered frightful carnage. It might have been spared, but in both armies it was then unknown that Napoleon had abdicated, and that peace was proclaimed. Between S. Jean de Luz and the Behobia is a picturesque old château, which was taken by the English after an easy siege, the inhabitants having been forced to fly with such precipitation that everything was abandoned, even the mail-bags which they had just seized being left behind and the contents scattered about on the floor. The first letter the English officer in command picked up was directed to himself, and from his own father! He took nothing from the house but a Spanish dictionary from the library, but returning that way three weeks afterwards, found it completely pillaged by the Spanish camp-followers.

The peasantry of the Basque country are most interesting to talk to, and it is strange that more should not have been said and written about them, as their conversation is more full of ancient proverbs and folklore than that of the inhabitants of any other part of France. I remember an old Basque woman saying that her language was not only the best, but far the oldest in the world — in fact, it was that which Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise!

Twice, while we were at Biarritz, I made excursions into Spain, crossing the Bidassoa close to the Isle of Pheasants with intense interest. In all the Spain I have seen since, there is nothing more utterly Spanish than the tiny walled town of Fontarabia, with its wooden balconies piled one above another, and its

look-out over a blue estuary. Most striking also is Passages. — a land-locked bay of the sea with a very narrow opening, which is passed on the way to S. Sebastian.

Our return journey to England in the late spring was very delightful. My mother, in entire enjoyment



S. EMILION CATHEDRAL DOOR.¹

of her marvellously restored health, and delighting to drink in the full beauties of nature and antiquity, was in no hurry to return to the turmoil of English life. We lingered everywhere, making short half-

¹ From "South-Western France."

day journeys, and spending quiet afternoons sketching in the grass-grown streets of half-deserted cities, or driving out in little carriages to grand old châteaux. Thus we first saw S. Emilion, that marvellous place, where the buildings are so mingled with the living rock, that you scarcely can tell where the work of man begins, and where each sculptured cornice glows in late spring with a glory of crimson valerian. In one of the quietest streets of Poitiers, before a cottage door, we bought an old inlaid table, which is one of the pleasantest memorials of our journey. At Amboise we stayed several days in a most primitive but charming hotel, the vision of my dear mother in which often comes back to me, sitting with her psalm-book in a low room with white-washed walls and brick floor, and with a latticed window looking out over the great river glistening in the sunset. My mother liked and admired Amboise¹ more than almost any of our thousand resting-places, and she delighted in the excursions to moated Chenonceaux and to Chambord, where we and Lea had tea and bilberry jam at a delightful little inn which then existed on the outskirts of the forest.

On the 27th of May we reached Holmhurst. One of those curious incidents which are inexplicable had occurred during our absence, and was narrated to us, on our return, by our servants, neighbours, and by Mrs. Hale, the wife of our Hastings doctor. During my mother's illness at Pau, two of our maids, Alice and Jane Lathom, slept, according to their custom, in one of the spare rooms to the front of the house. In

¹ Now terribly modernised and spoilt.

the middle of the night they were both aroused by three piercing terrible screams in the room close to the bed. Petrified with horror, they hid under the bed-clothes, and lay thus more dead than alive till morning. With the first streak of dawn they crept down the passage to John Gidman's room, roused him, and told him what had happened. He felt it was certainly an omen that the death they expected had occurred; took the carriage and drove down at once to St. Leonards to Mrs. Hale. Dr. and Mrs. Hale were at breakfast when John Gidman arrived and sent in

AMBROISE.¹

word that his mistress was dead. When they went out, they found he had received no letter, but had only an inward conviction of the event from what had happened.

It was the same hour at which my mother, waking from her second trance in her room at Pau, had uttered three long piercing screams in her wandering, and said, "Oh, I shall never, never see my dear Holmhurst again!"

There is no explanation to offer.

¹ From "South-Western France."

We had much enjoyment of our little Holmhurst this summer and a constant succession of guests. Amongst those who now came annually were Arthur Stanley and his wife Lady Augusta. To my mother, Augusta Stanley was always a very tender and dutiful niece, and to me a most kind cousin. She rejoiced to aid my mother in acting as a drag to Arthur's ever-increasing impression that the creed of progress and the creed of Christianity were identical. Many people thought that such an intense, almost universal warmth of manner as hers must be insincere, but with her it was perfectly natural. She took the sunshine of court favour, in which they both lived, quite simply, accepting it quietly, very glad that the Royal Family valued her, but never bringing it forward. She was indeed well worthy of the confidence which her royal mistress reposed in her, for though the Queen wrote to her daily, and though she generally came in to breakfast with several sheets in the large well-known handwriting, not one word from them ever transpired to her nearest relation or dearest friend.

What Lord Beaconsfield called "Arthur Stanley's picturesque sensibility" made him care more than Augusta about having royal (*i. e.* historic) friendships, though he had less personal feelings than she had for the illustrious persons who made them. He was, however, quite devoted to the Queen, to her own personality, and would certainly have been so had she been in any other position of life. The interests of Westminster made him very happy, and he rejoiced in the duty which fell upon him of preserving the

Abbey as he received it, furious when it was suggested that some of the inferior and ugly monuments might be removed, or that the peculiar character of the choir (like a Spanish *coro*) might be altered. Always more a lover of moral than of doctrinal, or even spiritual Christianity, at this time he was beginning to be the victim of a passion for heretics which went on increasing afterwards. The Scotch were delighted with him : they thought he had an enthusiastic admiration for their Church. But he almost equally admired all schismatics from the Church to which he officially belonged, and was almost equally interested in them, and if he could get any one with ever so slight a taint of heresy to preach in the Abbey, it was a great delight to him : he thought it was setting an example of Christian liberality.

My sister left Rome with her aunt at the end of May (1865). At Pisa she took leave of her beloved Victoire, who remained at her own house. When she reached France, weakness prevented her intended visit to Paray le Monial, whence the nuns sent her the following rules for the employment of "The Holy Hour" in acts of reparation for insults offered to our Lord by the sins of men : —

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| | { | Short acts. — "Lord, I believe, help thou |
| 1. Unbelief. | { | mine unbelief." |
| | { | Faith. — "Lord, increase our faith," &c. |
| 2. Ridicule, mockery. — Secret prayers for the scoffers. | | |
| 3. Irreverence. — Special reverence towards the Blessed Sacrament. | | |

4. Rash judgments. — Acts of reparation to the Sacred Heart.

5. Unlawful opinion. — Silence upon things settled by authority.

6. Careless life. — Act of offering morning and night against frivolous and immoderate words and actions.

7. Love of ease and pleasure. — Simple acts of mortification and self-denial in the course of the day.

Esmeralda was detained for some time by serious illness at Dijon, with the strange symptoms which three years later, attended her final illness, and which were then inexplicable to all around her. On her recovery, Madame de Trafford met her at Paris, and insisted that she should follow her to her château in Touraine. Hence Esmeralda wrote: —

“*Château de Beaujour, June 1865.* You will have heard from Auntie of our arrival in this fairy château. . . . I have heard much that is wonderful, but what is most striking is to watch the perfect simplicity of a life so gifted as Madame de Trafford’s — the three virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, that faith which can move mountains, and with it great humility. Madame de Trafford is deeply interested in any details I give her of the last six years: she was really attached to Mama. Here, in her château, she saw that Mama was dying. She turned suddenly round to Mr. Trafford, who was here, and said, ‘Ah! elle va mourir — sortons.’ She could not bear it, and felt that she must go out into the open air.

“We shall be in London some time next week, with endless affairs to settle. I quite dread the lawyers’ deeds, days and weeks of worry, never ending and still beginning.

“I think of you once more in your study, as if a new life were given you, and dear Aunt Augustus in her arm-chair, and everything bright and beautiful around you.”

Of this, her first visit to Beaujour, Esmeralda has left a few remarkable notes.

"*July 1865.* Madame de Trafford came off to receive us at Paris as soon as she heard we were on our way. Then, when she heard I was so ill at Dijon, she often telegraphed there four times a day to Auntie, to the master of the hotel, to every one, so that they thought at Dijon that I was quite 'un grand personnage.' At last, when I was better, we went to Beaujour. Madame de Trafford sent to meet us at Blois, but not her own horses, because they were *trop vifs*. It was a long drive, though we went at a great pace, for Madame de Trafford had told the coachman he was to drive as fast as possible. At last, in the avenue of poplars, the ruts were so deep that I thought we should have been overturned. Beaujour is a large square house with wings to it. Madame de Trafford herself opened the door, with a handkerchief over her head. 'Ah! vous voilà,' she said, 'c'est bien; il y a longtemps que je vous attends.'

"The lower part of the château is unfurnished and vast. This Madame de Trafford considers to represent chaos, the chaos of nations. On the upper floor, each room represents a nation. Where she considers there is something wanting to the nation, there is some piece of furniture wanting to the room. When she considers that a nation has too much, the room is over-crowded. Thus in England, Canada, Gibraltar, and Malta are *de trop*, but India she allows for.

"For us she had a whole suite of rooms newly furnished. I had a bedroom, boudoir, dressing-room, and bath-room, and Auntie had the same. They contained every possible luxury. My bed was the most delicious I ever slept in. Madame de Trafford's power of second sight had enabled her to see exactly what I liked best.

"All morning we sat in Madame de Trafford's bedroom or mine, and in the evening in the sitting-rooms. All day

she talked of the future of Europe. ‘Je plane sur l’Europe,’ she used to say; and, when she was about to see anything — ‘Mon second être s’en va.’

“Madame de Trafford is frequently in conflict with the devil. At such moments she is perfectly awful — quite sublime in her grandeur. She will repeat *sotto voce* what he says to her, suggestions of pride, &c., — and then, raising herself to her full height, in a voice of thunder will bid defiance to the evil spirit. She spoke of the many things in connection with herself which made people say she was mad, and said she did not feel it safe to have people to stay with her in consequence. I told her that this would be quite impossible, for that even in the week which I had spent with her, I had seen much which others never ought to have the opportunity of seeing and misjudging. She often spoke most severely of my faults, and said that I lived too much for myself. ‘Prenez garde,’ she said, ‘que vous ne passiez pas par cette petite porte, que j’ai vue une fois.’ This was the gate of hell. She saw it in a most awful vision — the judged souls, ‘qu’ils baissent leurs têtes et passent par cette petite porte.’

“One day the Curé sent up word that the village procession was coming to the gates of the château. On such an occasion an altar is always expected to be prepared. There was a dreadful fuss and hurry, but it had to be done. A foundation of barrels was covered with coloured cloths, on this rose a higher platform, and on that the altar. Workmen were immediately employed to dig up trees and plant them around it, and Clémence was sent to the garden to dig up all the lilies she could find. When the procession arrived, all was ready and the people were delighted.”

During this and succeeding visits at Beaujour, Madame de Trafford dictated many remarkable passages in her life to my sister. This she did walking

up and down the room, often with her eyes flaming and her arms extended, as in a state of possession. At such times she would often break off her narration and suddenly begin addressing the spirit within her, which answered her in the strange voice, not her own, which sometimes came from her lips. Some of the stories she narrated at these times are of the wildest description, and are probably mere hallucinations, but a vein of truth runs through them all; and her complete biography, as I still preserve it, is a most curious document. Almost all her stories are tinged by her enthusiasm for the Bonaparte family, with whom she had some mysterious connection. They are mingled with strange visions and prophecies, many of which have undoubtedly come true, and her second-sight caused her to foresee, and in one case to prevent, an attack on the life of Napoleon III. She was constantly occupied in works of benevolence — in fact, her whole life was a contest between good and evil. “*On joue sur moi,*” she said, “*ce sont les bons et les mauvais esprits.*” Sometimes, when Esmeralda happened to go suddenly into the room, she would find Madame de Trafford, with livid face and glaring eyes, in horrible personal conflict with an evil spirit — “*Prince de cette terre, adore donc ton Créateur et ton Dieu.*” In a late life of Jeanne Dare, whose early existence amongst spiritual influences is much like that of Madame de Trafford, Catherine de l’Armagnac, the great friend of Jeanne, is described as resembling her, and the observation is made that this extraordinary power remains in the Armagnac family still. Madame de Trafford was

née Martine Larmignac (de l'Armagnac). But it was not only in Jeanne Darc that there was a similarity to the visions, the voices, the inspirations of Madame de Trafford: exactly the same appears in the histories of St. Bridget, St. Catherine of Siena, and Savonarola. The child-prophet Samuel also heard such voices calling to him.

In her "Life," Madame de Trafford says that she was brought up at Saumur, where spirits surrounded and talked to her in her childhood. When she was hungry, she believed that they brought her food. She was starved and ill-treated by her nominal mother, but her nominal father was kind to her. She always loved the poor, and they loved her. She once stole a loaf to give to a poor family. She was dressed in the richest child's frocks and lace till she was seven years old, then they were taken away and poor clothes were given to her. In her solitary life at Saumur she fancied that every one else like herself talked to spirits. . . .

To escape from a marriage with a French Count, and, as she believed, in obedience to the spirits, Martine Larmignac went with the family of Sharpe as governess to England. Here she eventually became the second wife of Mr. Trafford of Wroxham Hall in Norfolk, but even then she never expected happiness in her life. She said that a spirit announced to her before her marriage, "*Ton nom pour toi, ta fortune pour les autres, et tu ne seras jamais heureuse.*" She had two children by Mr. Trafford. She foresaw the deaths of both by her second-sight, and had the agony of watching the fatal hour approaching even when they were well and strong.

During the Crimean war, Madame de Trafford went out to Constantinople with some Irish Sisters of Charity. She was with them during the earthquake which overwhelmed Broussa. At the moment when the Emperor Nicholas is supposed to have died, she alarmed those who were with her by starting up and in her fearful voice of prophecy exclaiming, "Nicholas! arrête-toi! tu n'es pas mort: tu as disparu." She always maintained that the Emperor did not die at the time at which his death was announced as having taken place.

One day Madame de Trafford was sitting in her room at Paris, when the spirit told her she was to go — not where she was to go, or why, but simply that she was to set off. She caught up her bonnet and shawl and bade her maid Annette (for she had servants then) to follow her. She went out: she walked: she walked on till she arrived at the railway-station for going to Lyons (Chemin de Fer de Lyon). She still felt she was to go on, but she did not know whither, so she said to the guard that she must pay for her ticket when she left the train, for she could not tell where she should get out. She went on till the railway came to an end, and the railway in those days came to an end at Toulon. Then she got out and went to a hotel and ordered rooms for herself and her maid Annette, and dinner — for they were famished after the long journey. But still she felt restless: she was still convinced that she was not in the right place.

"J'avais arrêté un appartement pour une semaine, mais une voix me dit, 'Pars,' et je savais qu'il y avait du danger.

Je fis appeler la maitresse de l'hôtel. Je lui dis, ' Je vous payerai tout ce que vous voulez, mais je dois partir. Faites attendre dix minutes la malle-poste pour Marseille.' J'arrive à Marseille fatiguée. Je me repose sur un lit. Il faisait déjà nuit. J'appelais ma femme de chambre et je lui dis, ' Je veux sortir.' Je sors. J'avance. Je retourne. Ah, mon Dieu ! qu'est-ce que c'est ? J'ai peur : je tremble : je ne sais pourquoi. ' Annette, suivez-moi,' je dis. J'avance encore. Je monte les rues étroites de Marseille. J'arrête. Oh, mon Dieu ! qu'est-ce que c'est que je vois — une *rue* ! Je ne puis plus avancer, mais qu'est-ce que c'est cette rue ? Je tourne : je monte la rue en frémissant. ' Annette, suivez-moi.' J'arrête. Je vois une maison — une fenêtre. La maison est fermée. C'est ici. Je mesure la distance de cette maison à la maison vis-à-vis. Une, deux, trois, quatre. La police me suivait. Ils soupçonnaient quelque chose, mais je disais, ' Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela — une maison, une fenêtre ?' La police entre dans la maison, dans cette fenêtre elle y trouva une machine infernale. Napoléon était sauvé : il devait y passer le lendemain."

From her extraordinary powers of second-sight, supernatural gifts were attributed by ignorant persons, and to her own great distress, to Madame de Trafford. The poor around her, both in Touraine and at Paris, often implored her to heal their sick, insisting that she could do so if she would, for she had the power.

" J'allais à la Madeleine un dimanche pour la messe. La fille de mon cocher avait été bien malade depuis longtemps. Je demandais à mon cocher en descendant à l'église comment se portait sa fille. ' Elle a demandé Madame de Trafford,' disait-il en pleurant, ' jusqu'à son

dernier moment.’ — ‘Comment, Florimond,’ lui dis-je, ‘que voulez-vous dire?’ — ‘Elle est morte,’ disait-il en sanglotant : ‘elle est morte hier à minuit.’ — ‘Ah,’ disais-je, et je descendais de la voiture. ‘Florimond, pourquoi ne m’avez-vous pas fait appeler?’ J’entrais à l’église, mais je ne pouvais rester tranquille. Je sentais que je ne pouvais rester pour la messe, et je sortis. Je remonte en voiture. ‘Florimond, au grand trot,’ lui dis-je, ‘chez vous.’ — ‘Chez moi, Madame,’ dit-il; ‘ah, il est trop tard; ah, si vous étiez venue plutôt, Madame, mais le pauvre enfant a déjà changé,’ et le pauvre homme pleurait; ah! combien il aimait cet enfant! Nous arrivons. Je descends vite. Je monte. J’entre. J’ouvre la porte. Déjà on avait placé un linceul sur le corps de la jeune fille: on se préparait à l’ensevelir. La mère et la garde-malade étaient dans la chambre. Je fis sortir la garde. J’approche le lit. Je jette par terre chapeau et mantelle. Je lève le linceul. Ah! je n’avais jamais vu un mort: je ne puis vous dire l’effet que cela me fit. Déjà depuis si peu d’heures! Il y avait treize heures qu’elle était morte, et les lèvres étaient serrées: tout le contour de la bouche était décoloré. Je m’approchais. ‘Seigneur,’ dis-je, ‘je ne vous ai rien demandé jusqu’à ce jour: je vous demande aujourd’hui la vie de cet enfant. Oh, Seigneur, c’est la fille unique, rendez donc, je vous en supplie, rendez donc cette fille à sa mère.’ Alors une voix d’un mauvais esprit me dit, ‘Tu peux rendre la vie: tu as le pouvoir.’ Mais je répondis, ‘Moi, je ne puis rien, je ne suis rien; mais, Seigneur, vous avez le pouvoir, vous seul pouvez tout; rendez donc, je vous supplie, rendez donc cette fille à sa mère.’ Je passais la main sur la figure de l’enfant: je le prends par la main. ‘Lève-toi,’ lui dis-je, et la jeune fille se levait en sursaut! mais ses yeux étaient encore fermés, et tout doucement elle dit ces paroles, ‘Madame T . . r . . a . . fford . . je . . vais . . dormir.’ Les couleurs revenaient tout doucement dans ses joues. Je me retournais à la mère: ‘Votre

filie dormait,' dis-je. Je quittai la maison. Je commandai qu'on lui donnât à manger. 'Florimond,' dis-je à mon cocher, 'vous pouvez monter: votre fille n'est pas morte — elle dort.' Je quittai Paris sur-le-champ."¹

The generosity of Madame de Trafford knew no bounds. Once she went to Bourges. She arrived at the hotel and ordered dinner. The waiter said dinner could not be ready for an hour. She asked what she could do to occupy the hour. The man suggested that she could visit the cathedral. She said she had often seen the cathedral of Bourges: "what else?" The man suggested the convent of Ursuline nuns on the other side of the street. "Yes," she said, she was much interested in education, she was much interested in Ursuline nuns — she would go to them.

A nun showed her everything, and she expressed herself much pleased; but the nun looked very sad and melancholy, and at last Madame de Trafford asked her what made her look so miserable. "Oh," said the nun, "it is from a very peculiar circumstance, which you, as a stranger, could not enter into." — "Never mind," said Madame de Trafford, "tell me what it is." — "Well," said the nun, "since you insist upon knowing, many convents were founded in the Middle Ages by persons who had very peculiar ideas about the end of the world. They believed that the world could not possibly endure beyond a certain number of years, and they founded their

¹ "What is a miracle? Can there be a thing more miraculous than any other thing? . . . I have *seen* no man rise from the dead: I have seen some thousands rise from *nothing*." — *Carlyle*.

institutions with endowments to last for a time which they believed to be far beyond the possible age of the world. Now our convent was founded on that principle, and the time till which our convent was founded comes to an end to-morrow. To-morrow there are no Ursuline nuns of Bourges: to-morrow we have no convent — we cease to exist.” — “Well,” said Madame de Trafford, “but is there no other house you could have, where you could be re-established?” — “Oh, yes,” said the nun, “there is another house to be had, a house on the other side of the street, which would do very well for a convent, but to establish us there would cost £3000. We are under vows of poverty, we have no money, so it is on use thinking about it.” — “Well,” said Madame de Trafford, “if you can have the house, it is a very fortunate circumstance that Mr. Trafford sent me a bill for £3000 this morning: there it is. You can have your convent.” This story my sister had from the nuns of Bourges: it was her second-sight of the trouble overhanging them which had taken Madame de Trafford to Bourges.

Amongst the most extraordinary of the dictations of Madame de Trafford are those which state that she was really the person (accidentally walking and botanising on those mountains) who appeared out of a dense fog to the two children of La Salette, and whom they took for a vision of the Virgin.

People who have heard our histories of Madame de Trafford have often asked if I have ever seen her myself. I never did. The way in which I have been brought nearest to her was this. One day I

had gone to visit Italima and Esmeralda at their little lodging in Chester Terrace, in the most terrible time of their great poverty. I was standing with my sister in the window, when she said, "Oh, how many people there are that I knew in the world who would give me five pounds if they knew *what* it would be to me now. Oh, how many people there are that would do that, but they never think of it." Esmeralda thought no one was listening, but Italima, who was sitting on the other side of the room, and who was then in the depths of her terrible despair, caught what she was saying, and exclaimed, "Oh, Esmeralda, that is all over; no one will ever give you five pounds again as long as you live."

Three days after I went to see them again. While I was there, the postman's knock was heard at the door, and an odd-looking envelope was brought up, with a torn piece of paper inside it, such as Madame de Trafford wrote upon. On it were these words: "As I was sitting in my window in Beaujour this morning, I heard your voice, and your voice said, 'Oh, how many people there are that I knew in the world, who would give me five pounds if they knew what it would be to me now! Oh, how many people there are that would do that, but they never think of it.' So I just slipped this five-pound note into an envelope, and here it is." And in the envelope was a five-pound note.

"J'étais là; telle chose m'advint." I was present on both these occasions. I was there when my sister spoke the words, and I was there when the letter came from Madame de Trafford sending the five-

pound note, and repeating not only my sister's words, but the peculiar form of reduplication which she so constantly used, and which is so common in Italy when it is desired to make a thing emphatic.

Esmeralda spent the greater part of the summer at Mrs. Thorpe's, where I frequently visited her. She was soon deep in affairs of every kind, far too much for her feeble frame, as she added incessant religious work to her necessary legal worries. She would go anywhere or bear anything in order to bring over any one to the Roman Catholic Church, and was extraordinarily successful in winning converts. Her brother William had already, I think, been "received," and her little sister-in-law, Mrs. William Hare, was "received" about this time. Esmeralda's most notable success, however, had been in the case of Mr. and Mrs. T. G. When she was living in Sloane Street, she heard accidentally that Mrs. G. was wavering in her religious opinions. Esmeralda did not know her, but she drove immediately to her house at ten o'clock in the morning, and by four o'clock that afternoon not only Mrs. G., but her husband, had been received into the Roman Catholic Church.

Still, Esmeralda never believed that all those who were without the pale of her own Church would be lost. She felt certain of the salvation of every soul that had died in union with God by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

Amongst the persons whom I frequently saw when staying with my sister were the singular figures, in quaint dress with silver ornaments, with long hair,

and ever booted and spurred as cavaliers, who were known as the Sobieski Stuarts. Their real names were John Hay Allan and Charles Stuart Allan, but my sister recognised them by the names they gave themselves — John Sobieski Stolberg Stuart and Charles Edward Stuart. I believe that they had themselves an unfailing belief in their royal blood. Their father was said to be the son of Charles Edward Stuart and Louise of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, born at Leghorn in 1773. Fear of “the King of Hanover” was described as the reason for intrusting him as a baby to Admiral Allan, whose frigate was off the coast. Allan brought up the boy as his own, and he lived to marry an English lady and leave the two sons I have mentioned. The elder brother died in 1872, and the younger on board a steamer off Bordeaux on Christmas Eve, 1880.

Upon her return to England, Esmeralda found in completion the beautiful monument which she had caused to be erected to her mother in the Catholic Cemetery at Kensal Green. It represents “Our Lady of Sorrows” — a figure of life-size, seated under a tall marble cross, from which the crown of thorns is hanging.

From Esmeralda’s private meditations of this summer I extract: —

“*July 15, 1865.* Ask for the gift to sorrow only for our Blessed Lord’s sake, that truly we may share the divine sorrow of His Blessed Mother, and mingle our tears with hers on Calvary at the foot of the cross.”

“*August 20, 1865.* Ask for the grace of filial love. Strive to overcome all evil inclinations that are an impedi-

ment to filial love, amongst which one of the chief is self-conceit. Make acts of reparation for all the self-conceit of past life. When thoughts of self-conceit enter, let us shut the gates of our hearts against them, and make an act of profound humility and sorrow, seeing our own nothingness and baseness. We must seek for filial love by laying aside all confidence in self, and placing all our confidence in God alone: for all that proceeds from ourselves is corrupt, and our best actions have no merit unless performed solely for God's greater glory, without regard to ourselves."

"*August 27, 1865.* Lay at the foot of the cross all secret doubts of God's guidance. It is this secret instinct which is one of the great hindrances to the reign of Jesus in our souls. Let us make an act of the will—'Lord, I believe that Thou lovest to make the souls of men Thy tabernacle; help Thou my unbelief. I believe that Thou lovest me, in spite of my unworthiness and infidelity. I am blind and poor and naked; I have nothing of myself to offer Thee but what is corrupt and evil, but Thou hast given me by inheritance all the poverty and humility of Thy Blessed Mother, all her sorrows,—and these I offer Thee—Thy gift I give back to Thee. O my Lord, let me learn to know Thee more and more.'"



Anna M. L. H.

XII

ENGLISH PLEASURES AND ROMAN TRIALS

“The holidays of joy are the vigils of sorrow.” — *Proverb.*

“Dear friend, not every herb puts forth a flower ;
Nor every flower that blossoms fruit doth bear ;
Nor hath each spoken word a virtue rare ;
Nor every stone in earth its healing power.”

— *Folgore da San Gemignano.*

“Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.” — HERRICK.

WE were for some time at the Deanery at Westminster in the summer of 1865. I think it was then that Archbishop Manning's consecration took place. I heard much about it, though I was not there. Manning looked like the white marble statue of a saint, especially when the consecration was over and he moved slowly down the church, giving the benediction. Newman was there also, and looked even more statuesque still. Wonderful was the self-controlling power which both these priests had. Many years before, as the Stanleys were going into St. Margaret's, there was a scuffle, and a huge black cat was driven out of the church. No one thought any more about it, and nobody saw any more of it, till just as Newman was coming forward within

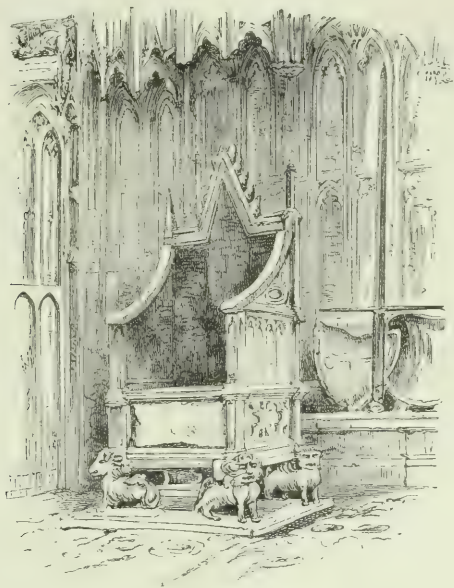
the altar-rail, and was in the act of reading the Communion Service, the black cat sprang from one of the rafters of the roof, and came crashing down upon him, falling upon the hem of his white surplice. Newman's face never changed a muscle, and quietly, reverently, and slowly he went on reading the service without moving: but it must have seemed like a demon.¹

During this visit to London I frequently saw, at the house of Lady Franklin (widow of the Arctic voyager) the gentle and pleasing Queen Dowager (Emma) of the Sandwich Islands.² Her complexion was copper-coloured, but she was very good-looking, and simply but handsomely attired in the dress of an English widow lady. She had greatly looked forward to the fogs of England, having been used to nothing but the blue or copper-coloured sky of the Pacific, and was dreadfully disappointed when she saw the resplendent blue sky of the glorious day on which she arrived at Southampton. "Why, I might just as well have been in the Sandwich Islands." She went over Westminster Abbey with far more knowledge of the tombs and persons they commemorate than I have seen in European royalties with whom I have visited the Abbey in later days. In

¹ I do not think that this characteristic anecdote is preserved elsewhere.

² Emma, widow of King Kaméhaméha IV., who died Nov. 30, 1863. She was born Jan. 2, 1836, being daughter of George Naca, a native chief, and of Fanny Yong. Charles Rooke, a rich doctor, adopted her, and left her all his fortune. Having seen three kings succeed her husband, and been equally honoured and respected by all, Queen Emma died in March, 1885.

stepping back to allow the Queen to inspect the Coronation Chair, my mother had a bad fall on the pavement of Edward the Confessor's Chapel, and the concern and amiability she showed made her very attractive.



THE CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER.¹

Mr. Evans, of St. Andrew's, Wells Street, preached in Westminster Abbey at the evening service whilst we were at the Deanery. He preached on the destruction of the Temple, applying it to Westminster — that we were not to be taken in by “the grandeur of the building, the solemn distances of the choir, the

¹ From “Walks in London.”

misty shadows of the roof, the windows by painters who dipped their pencils in the rainbow," &c. He described the different Jewish temples ; the first, rising from the heart of David and the hand of Solomon ; the second, of Zerubbabel : the third built by Herod, and " certainly *he* was no saint."

After the sermon was over I rushed upstairs and was preaching it to the family with all its quaintnesses, when I saw Mary Stanley making most unaccountable faces, and turning round, I found Mr. Evans close behind me. The little dark figure had hirpled itself into the room and was listening all the time.

Madame Mohl (whom I have described at Paris in 1858) was staying at the Deanery, where Arthur and Augusta were very fond of her, and always called her "Molina." She was most amusing.

"When I was leaving Paris, I asked my friend M. Bourdon whether I could take anything to England for him, and he said that he was obliged to me, and that if I would take a very valuable Indian shawl, he would avail himself of my offer. However, before I left Paris, my little friend Barbara was starting for England, and she said to me that part of her box was empty, and that she could take anything I wanted, so I was very glad to give her M. Bourdon's Indian shawl. Now Barbara was in that dreadful accident at Staplehurst, and so were all her boxes, and when the train went over, the boxes went down into the water, and all the things were spoilt. At first I hoped it was not so bad, but 'the fact is that the shawl *is* spoilt,' wrote Barbara to me, and ever since that M. Bourdon and I have been *en froid*, which I am very sorry for, as we used to be such good friends."

“Oh, that will soon pass,” I said.

“No, I am afraid it will *not*,” said Madame Mohl, “for remember we are *en froid*, not merely *en délicatesse*. Being *en délicatesse* is easily remedied. ‘Je suis en délicatesse avec maman,’ said a young lady to me. . . . A little while ago I went to see the famous author Jules Janin. He could not attend to me. He was sitting at a table covered with papers and was writing notes. Messengers went off with the notes, and almost immediately came back with the answers, which were evidently written a very short distance off. This went on for some time, till at last Jules Janin looked up and said, ‘Je vous demande mille pardons : faites bien d’excuses, Madame : c’est que je suis en délicatesse avec ma femme.’ ”

One day Madame Mohl told me : —

“There was a handsome young woman married to a man who was in her own, which was a very lowly station of life, but after her marriage she consented to go a journey by sea with a family which she had previously lived with. On the way the ship was wrecked, and she was one of the few persons saved. It was a desolate coast, and one of the officers who was saved with her fell in love with her — she was a very pretty young woman — and married her. Eventually they returned to England, and he died, leaving her a very fine place and a large fortune. Some years after, her favourite maid told her that she was going to be married, and, being attached to her maid, she desired her to bring her betrothed that she might see what he was like. When he came in, she recognised her own first husband. He did not know her again, but going upstairs, she put on an old shawl, and coming down said, ‘Do you remember that shawl?’ — ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘it is the shawl which I gave to my wife on our wedding-day.’ Then the lady revealed herself and took her husband back ; but he was a low man,

and led her an awful life and drank dreadfully; but on the whole that was a good thing perhaps, for it soon brought on delirium tremens, so that he died and she got rid of him. 'What a fool she was ever to let him know who she was!' was what I felt when I heard the story."

"Well, I suppose she wanted to save her maid from marrying a man who was married already," I said; "it would have been very wrong if she had not."

"So the Bishop of Winchester seemed to think," said Madame Mohl, "for he was there when the story was told, and he was very much shocked and very grave, and he said, 'I think, Madame, that you should recollect our life is only a railway, and that it does not signify so much if we are comfortable in the railway, as at the home to which we are going.' But I told him I would rather be comfortable in the railway as well, and that I would certainly not have been such a fool—and the Bishop of Winchester thought I was a very wicked person."

In August and September my mother was very well, and had a succession of visitors, so that I was able to be away from her.

To MY MOTHER.

"*Hallingbury, August 10, 1865.* The Archer Houlblons' carriage met me at Bishop Stortford. This is a great red brick house in a large park, comfortable inside, but perfectly filled with *oggetti*—too many things. The country round is dull, except 'the forest,' Hatfield Broadoake, which is a grand possession for a private family—eight miles of green glades, old oaks, gnarled thorn-trees, and a small lake."

"*Mainsforth, August 13.* I went to Cambridge on Friday, and saw the dear Hurstmonceaux Rectory pictures, which no one seemed to admire as we did, and the

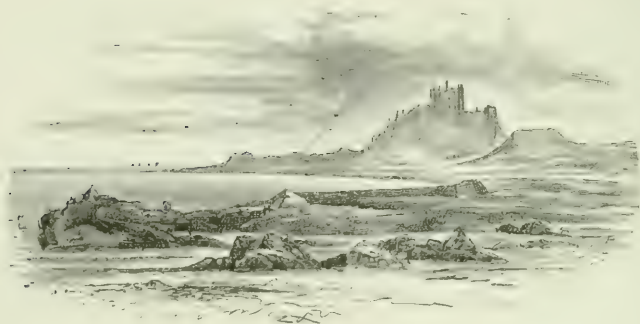
Hurstmonceaux books in Trinity College Library, where nobody ever reads them. I dined with the Public Orator, and the next day went to Ely. . . . The Cathedral is beautifully situated, a green sloping lawn with fine trees on one side, and it stands in a group of picturesque and venerable buildings — Deanery, Palace, and Grammar-school.”

“*Bamborough Castle, August 19.* My mother will be well able to imagine me in this old castle: it is such a pleasure that she knows it all. As we drove up the hill, I could see the dear old Mrs. Liddell sitting in her usual place in the great window of the Court-room. . . . I walked till dinner with Mr. Liddell on those delicious open sands, fitful gleams coming on with the sunset over Holy Island, and the sea covered with herring-boats. Mr. Liddell talked of his youth. ‘The old Duchess of Gordon used to lead the *ton* in my day—so exclusive it was! She took care to marry all her daughters well. With regard to their looks she said, “Give me eyes and I will supply the rest.” Every one used to struggle to get into Almack’s. When Lady Jersey was abroad, she heard of some “little people” being admitted, and set off home directly, saying, “I am obliged to come back to keep you all from going wrong.” Lady Londonderry and Lady Jersey were rival queens, and I am afraid rejoiced in each other’s misfortunes when their daughters married ill.’

“Yesterday we went to Holy Island — Charlotte, Mrs. George Liddell, Miss Parke, and I — crossing in a boat the emerald green waves, upon which great seagulls were floating in the most bewitching manner. We had luncheon in St. Cuthbert’s Abbey, and by the time we were ready to return, the sea was like a lake, the lights most lovely in the still water, and the great castle looming against a yellow sky. We have had a very pleasant evening since. Mr. Liddell has just been telling me of an old

man at Easington who said that the Bible was like a round of beef, it was always 'coot and coom again.' ”

“*Ford Cottage, August 22.* Lady Waterford had sent a kind invitation for the whole party at Bamborough to come to luncheon, so they drove with me here — sixteen miles. As we came down upon Ford all was changed. The gingerbread castle of Udolpho had marched back three centuries, and is now a grand massive building in the



BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

Audley End style, but with older towers. The ugly village had moved away from its old site to a hillside half a mile off, and picturesque cottages now line a broad avenue, in the centre of which is a fountain with a tall pillar surmounted by an angel. Schools for boys and girls have sprung up, a school for washing, adult schools, a grand bridge of three tall arches over the dens; it is quite magical.

“The cottage is radiant — gorgeous beds of flowers, smoothly shaven miniature lawns, and large majolica vases, while raised stands of scarlet geraniums look in at the

windows. Dear old Lady Stuart received us, and then Lady Waterford came in. I felt rather shy at bringing such an immense party, but I believe the visit was really welcome to her, and all the guests were completely fascinated by her beauty, her kindness, and her goodness. . . . The castle will be magnificent inside. The ghost room is opened and a secret staircase found at the very spot from which the ghost was said to emerge. The Bamborough party went away after tea, and we had a delightful evening, Lady Waterford singing and talking by turns. 'Here are my two little choristers,' she said, showing her last picture. 'I painted them against the grass in early spring: it has all the effect of a gold ground. They like coming to me. They are the only children who have come to me who have not been sick: after the first hour, all the others used to turn perfectly livid and say "I'm sick." It was something in the room, and having to look fixedly at one object. Lady Marion Alford says it was just the same with the children who came to her. . . . I have often seen skies like this in my drawing, but I suppose others don't. I asked a little schoolgirl that came to me if she had ever seen anything like it. "No, *never*," she said. . . . I should like my fountain drawn either with a black cloud behind the angel or with a very deep blue sky; I have seen it both ways. . . . That is a sketch of a French town we went through, where the arms of the town are three owls. We asked a woman what it meant, and she said it was on account of a sermon. Some one betted the priest that he would not bring an owl into his sermon. So he preached on Dives and Lazarus, and, after describing the end of the rich man, said "Il bout, il bout, il bout" (He boils, boils, boils). . . . When Ruskin came here, he said I would never study or take pains, so I copied a print from Van Eyck in Indian-ink; it took me several months. When I took Ruskin into my school he only said, "Well, I expected you would have done something better than that."

“But, in spite of Ruskin, my mother would be perfectly enchanted with the schools, which are glorious. The upper part of the walls is entirely covered with large pictures, like frescoes, by Lady Waterford, of the ‘Lives of Good Children’ — Cain and Abel, Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his Brethren, &c., all being really portraits of the Ford children, so that little Cain and Abel sit underneath their own picture, &c. The whole



THE SUNDIAL GARDEN, FORD.¹

place is unique. The fountain in the centre of the village is worthy of Perugia, with its tall red granite pillar and angel figure standing out against the sky. All the cottages have their own brilliant gardens of flowers, beautiful walks have been made to wander through the wooded dene below the castle, and miles of drive on Flodden, with its wooded hill and Marmion's Well. The whole country is wild and poetical — deep wooded valleys, rugged open heaths, wind-blown pine-woods, and pale blue distances of Cheviot

¹ From “The Story of Two Noble Lives.”

Hill; and Lady Waterford is just the person to live in it, gleaning up and making the most of every effect, every legend, every ballad, and reproducing them with her wonderful pencil, besides which her large income enables her to restore all the old buildings and benefit all the old people who have the good fortune to be within her reach."



THE FOUNTAIN, FORD.¹

"*Ford Cottage, August 24.* I have been walking in the dene to-day with Lady Stuart. She narrates very comically the effect which her two beautiful daughters produced when they came out into the world, and the way in which she saw a lady at a ball gaze at them, and then at her, and heard her say, '*How beautiful they are, and isn't it strange, considering?*' Some one spoke of how Blake, the artist used to go into a summer-house with Mrs. Blake, and practise for the Adam and Eve of his pictures, and

¹ From "The Story of Two Noble Lives."

how one day some visitors came, and it was very awkward. 'It would not have been so with the real Adam and Eve,' said Lady Stuart, 'for they could never dread any drop-pers-in.' In her anecdotes of old times and people, she is quite inexhaustible. Here are some of them:—

"Yes, we were at George the Fourth's coronation; a great many other ladies and I went with Lady Castlereagh — she, you know, was the minister's wife — by water in one of the great state barges. We embarked at Hungerford Stairs, and we got out at a place called Cotton Garden, close to Westminster Hall. Lord Willoughby was with us. When we got out, we were looking about to see where all the ministers lived, &c., when somebody came up and whispered something to Lord Willoughby. He exclaimed "Good God!" and then, apologising for leaving us, went off in a hurry looking greatly agitated. Queen Caroline was at that moment knocking at the door of the Abbey. She had got Lady Anne Barnard, who was with her, to get her a peer's ticket, which was given her, but it was not countersigned, and they would not admit her. She was in despair. She stood on the platform and wrung her hands in a perfect agony. At last Alderman Wood, who was advising her, said, "Really your Majesty had better retire." The people who had tickets for the Abbey, and who were to go in by that door, were all waiting and pressing for entrance, and when the Queen went away, there were no acclamations for her; the people thought she had no business to come to spoil their sport.¹

"She had been married twenty-five years to the King then. They offered her £100,000 a year to stay quietly abroad, but she would come back at once and assert her

¹ Colonel Alexander Higginson of the Grenadier Guards, celebrated for his silence, was keeping the door. He said not a word in answer to all her entreaties, but dropped his sword as a barrier in front of the Queen. — *Note from Mrs. Owen Grant, niece of Colonel A. Higginson.*

rights as a queen. She died of that Coronation-day. She went home and was very ill. Then came a day on which she was to go to one of the theatres. It was placarded all about that she was to appear, and her friends tried to get up a little reaction in her favour. She insisted on going, and she was tolerably well received, but when she came home she was worse, and she died two days after.

“The Duchesse de Berri¹ thought of marrying George IV. after her Duke was dead. People began to talk to her about marrying again. “Oh dear, no,” she said, “I shall never marry again. At least there is only one person — there is the King of England. How funny it would be to have two sons, one the King of France and the other King of England — yes, and the King of England the cadet of the two.” I never had courage to tell George IV. what she said, though I might have done it. He once said to me, when his going to France was talked of, “Oh dear, no, I don’t want to see them. Poor Louis XVIII., he was a friend of mine, but then he’s dead; and as for Charles X., I don’t want to see him. The Dauphine! yes, I pity her; and the Duchesse de Berri, she’s dreadful ugly, ain’t she?” I wish I had said to him, “Yes, but she does not wish your Majesty to think so.”

“I went down one day to St. Cloud to see the Duchesse de Berri; she had been pleased to express a wish to see me. While I was there, her son rushed in.² “Come now,” she said, “kiss the hand of Madame l’Ambassadrice. But what have you got there?” she said. “Oh, je vous apportais mes papillons,” said he, showing some butterflies in a paper case, and then, with an air of pride, “C’est une assez belle collection.” The Duchesse laughed at them, and the boy looked so injured and hurt, that I said, “But it is a very nice collection indeed.” Many years after-

¹ Caroline, daughter of Francis I., king of Naples, widow of the Duc de Berri, younger son of Charles X.

² The Duc de Bordeaux (Comte de Chambord).

wards, only three years ago, Lou and I were at Venice, and we went to dine with the Chambords. He remembered all about it, and laughed, and said, "*Après, je regrettais mes papillons.*" For it was only a fortnight after I saw them that the Revolution took place, and the family had to fly, and of course the butterflies in their paper case were left behind in the flight. We were in the Pyrenees then, and indeed when the Duchesse sent for me, it was because she heard I was going there, and she wished to tell me about the places she had been to, and to ask me to engage her donkey-woman.

"When they were at Venice, the Chambords lived in one palace, a very fine one, and the Duchesse de Berri in another farther down the canal, and the Duchess of Parma in a third. I did not see the Duchesse de Berri, though I should have liked to have done so. She was married then to a Marchese Lucchesi, by whom she had a quantity of grown-up sons and daughters. They were dreadfully extravagant—not Lucchesi, he never was, but she was, and her sons-in-law. The Comte de Chambord paid her debts over and over again, but at last her things were obliged to be sold.

"When we went to dine with the Chambords, we were warned that we must not allow anything to pass, or we should not get any dinner. We went at half-past four, and the soup came, and the Duke (de Bordeaux) was talking to me at that time, and, while I was listening, the soup was carried away, and so it was with nearly everything else. The party was almost entirely composed of French exiles. Lou wrote down their names at the time, but I have forgotten them now. At seven our gondola was ordered, and it came too late, the royalties were so punctual. The Duke and Duchess got up, and saying, "I wish you a pleasant evening," went out, and then we had nothing for it but to go away. An old Venetian gentleman helped us out of the scrape, and gave us a lift home

in his gondola, and very much aghast our gondoliers were when they met us in another boat upon the canal, while they were rowing with all their might to fetch us away. The royal family used to go in the evening to an island, which the Duke had bought for them to have exercise upon.

“‘They would never do for France; they have not the manners. She is ugly,¹ and then she dresses so badly — no, she would never do. The only one who would do out of both sets is Aumale: he is really a fine prince. The Comte de Paris would of course naturally come first, but the Duke of Orleans used to say, ‘I will never be a king by anything but popular election,’ and that is against his family succeeding. All the members of the family *look up to Aumale*.

“‘Did you ever hear about the old Duc de Coigny and his arm? His arm was shot during the Moscow campaign, and when it was amputated, numbers of others having their limbs taken off at the same time, he exclaimed, “Oh mon cher bras, qui m’a si bien servi, je ne puis jamais me séparer de ce cher bras,” and he insisted on its being found for him, which was highly inconvenient, and packed it up in a portmanteau, which he carried before him on horseback during the whole of the return. The soldiers quite hated that arm; however, the Duke insisted upon it. At last, as he was crossing a ford in a carriage, the portmanteau rolled off his knee on to his foot and hurt it exceedingly, upon which he was so exasperated that in a fit of rage he opened the carriage door and kicked it out into the river. When he got to his night quarters, however, the Duke was in absolute despair — “Oh mon pauvre bras! mon pauvre cher bras!” He had wished it to be buried with him; for was it not his most faithful servant? he said. However, none of the soldiers were inclined to

¹ The Archduchess Marie Thérèse, daughter of Francis IV., Duke of Modena.

go and fish it up for him, and since then, poor man, he has had to be buried without it.

“The wife of this Duc de Coigny was Henrietta Dalrymple Hamilton, who brought him large estates. Her parents were miserable at her marrying a foreigner, from the idea that the estates would certainly then go out of the family: but of all his children only two daughters survive; one is Lady Manvers, and the other married Lord Stair, and thus brought back the estates to the elder branch of the Dalrymples. The Duc died last year, chiefly of grief for the death of another daughter who had married a Frenchman. His sister married Maréchal Sebastiani and had five daughters. One of these was the murdered Duchesse de Praslin.

“Madame de Praslin was one of a society that there was in Paris then, who used to laugh at anything like spiritualism or warnings from another world. Madame de Rabuteau was her great friend and partisan in these opinions. One day Madame de Praslin went with her husband to Choiseul Praslin. Her room was magnificent, and she slept in a great velvet bed. In the middle of the night, she awoke with a sense of something moving in the room, and, lifting herself up in bed, saw by the expiring embers of the fire, a figure, and as it turned, she saw, as it were, something green. She scarcely knew whether she was asleep or awake, and, to convince herself, stretched out her hand and encountered something cold, hard, and which felt like steel. Then, widely awake, she saw the figure recede and vanish out of the room. She felt a thrill of horror and began to reason with herself. “Well,” she said, “I have always opposed and laughed at belief in these things, and now one of them has come to *me*. Now what can it mean? It can only mean that I am soon to die, and it has come as a warning.”

“Soon after Madame de Praslin returned to Paris, and at the house of Madame de Rabuteau she met all her

former intimates. "Oh," said Madame de Rabuteau as she entered the room, "I am so glad you have come to help me to laugh at all these people, who are holding forth upon revelations from another world." — "Indeed, I think we had better talk of something else," said Madame de Praslin; "let us talk of something else." — "Why, my dear, you used to be such an ardent defender of mine," said Madame de Rabuteau, "are *you* going over to the other side?" But Madame de Praslin resolutely refused the subject and "*parlons d'autre chose*" was all that could be extracted from her. When the rest of the company was gone, Madame de Rabuteau said, "Well, now, what is it? what can have come over you this evening? why do you not laugh at their manifestations?" — "Simply because I have had one myself," replied very gravely Madame de Praslin, and she told what had happened, saying that she believed it to indicate her approaching death. Madame de Rabuteau tried to argue her out of the impression, but in vain. Madame de Praslin went home, and a few days after she was murdered in the Hôtel Sebastiani.

"When the Duke was taken, search was made, and amongst his things were found a green mask and a dagger. He had evidently intended to murder the Duchess at Choiseul Praslin, and it had been no spirit that she saw.

"Madame de Feuchères was originally a Miss Sophia Dawes, the daughter of Mr. Dawes, who was a shipbuilder at Ryde and a very respectable man. The Duc de Bourbon¹ saw her somewhere and took a great fancy to her, and, to facilitate an intimacy with her, he married her to his aide-de-camp, the Baron de Feuchères. But M. de Feuchères was a very honourable man. When the mar-

¹ Louis Henri Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, father of the Duc d'Enghien the last member of the House of Condé, who fought a duel with Charles X. in 1776. He married Marie Thérèse d'Orléans in 1770.

riage was proposed to him, the Duke paying the dowry, he took her for a daughter of the Duke, and when he found out the real state of things, he separated from her at once, leaving all her fortune in her hands. It was supposed that Madame de Feuchères was in the Orleans interest, and that therefore the Duke would leave everything to the Duc d'Aumale. I must say for the Duchesse de Berri that she was exceedingly good-natured about that. When there was a question about the Feuchères being received at the palace, she advocated it, for the sake of *ma tante*,¹ and Madame de Feuchères came. But when the Revolution took place and Charles X. fled, the feelings of the Duc de Bourbon were changed; all his loyalty was roused, and he said that he must follow *son roi*. Nothing that Madame de Feuchères could say could change this resolution. They said that he hanged himself (August 27, 1830), immediately after hearing of the escape, but few believed it; most thought that Madame de Feuchères had done it — unjustly, perhaps, because, on arriving at an inn where they were to sleep, the Duke observed that the landlord looked very dispirited, and knowing the cause, said, "I am afraid you have had some sad trouble in your family besides all these terrible public events." — "Yes, Monseigneur," said the man, "my brother hanged himself yesterday morning." — "And how did he do that?" said the Duke. "Oh, Monseigneur, he hanged himself from the bolt of the shutter." — "No, that is impossible," said the Duke, "for the man was too tall." Then the landlord exactly described the process by which his brother had effected his purpose, raising himself upon his knees, &c., and it was precisely in that way that the body of the Duke was found in the château of St. Leu. Still

¹ Marie Amélie, Duchesse d'Orléans, afterwards Queen of the French, was daughter of Ferdinand I., king of the Two Sicilies, and sister of Francis I., father of the Duchesse de Berri.

most people thought that Madame de Feuchères had murdered him in his bed, and then hung up his body to avoid suspicion.¹

“It was said that the Duke could not have hanged himself, because he had hurt his hand and could not use it, and so could not have tied himself up, but Lord Stuart always said that he was very thankful that his evidence was not called for, because he had met the Duke at a dinner-party a little while before, when he showed that he could use his hand by carving a large turkey beautifully. That dinner-party was at St. Leu. Madame Adelaide had wanted to buy St. Leu, but the Duke said, ‘No; yet never mind; some day it will come into your family all the same.’ The Duke sat by Madame Adelaide at dinner and carved the turkey. ‘Pray do not attempt it, Monseigneur,’ she said, ‘for it will be too much for you,’ but he was able to do it very well.

“In consequence of the Duke dying when he did, the Duc d’Aumale got the Condé property. Madame de Feuchères came to England, and her brother, Mr. Dawes, took a place for her near Highcliffe. I never called on her, but Lord Stuart did. I remember Bemister, a carpenter, being sent for by her, and coming to me afterwards. He told me, ‘I felt very queer when she told me to hang up a picture of the Duke on the wall of her room, and before I thought what I was about I said, ‘And where will *you* hang *he*?’” — “And what in the world did she answer?” I asked. “Well,” he said, “I was looking very foolish, and she said, ‘Why, you don’t think I really did it, do you?’” — “And what did you really think, Bemister?” I said. “Why, I don’t think she *did* it,” answered Bemister, “but I think she worried of him into

¹ The Duc de Bourbon left Madame de Feuchères two million francs, the château and park of St. Leu, the château and estate of Boissy, and all their dependencies: also a pavilion at the Palais Bourbon, valued at fifteen million francs.

doing it himself," and I suspect this was pretty near the truth.

"I sleep at the castle, and at 10 A. M. go down to the cottage, which looks radiant in its bowers of flowers and shrubs, with a little burn tossing in front. Lady Waterford reads the lessons and prayers to the household (having already been to church herself). Then comes breakfast in the miniature dining-room opening into the miniature garden, during which she talks ceaselessly in her wonderfully poetical way. Then I sit a little with Lady Stuart — then draw, while Lady Waterford has her choristers and other boy models to sit to her. At two is luncheon, then we go out, Lady Stuart in a donkey-chair. Yesterday we went all over Flodden; to-day we are going to Yetholm, the gipsy capital. At half-past seven we dine, then Lady Waterford paints, while I tell them stories, or *anything*, for they like to hear everything, and then Lady Waterford sings, and tells me charming things in return. Here are some snatches from her:—

"I wish you had seen Grandmama Hardwicke.¹ She was such a beautiful old lady — very little, and with the loveliest skin, and eyes, and hair; and she had such beautiful manners, so graceful and so gracious. Grandmama lived till she was ninety-five. She died in '58. I have two oak-trees in the upper part of the pleasaunce which were planted by her. When she was in her great age, all her grandchildren thought they would like to have oak-trees planted by her, and so a row of pots was placed in the window-sill, and her chair was wheeled up to it, to make it as little fatigue as possible, and she dropped an acorn into each of the pots. Her old maid, Maydwell, who perfectly doted upon her, and was always afraid of her over-doing herself, stood by with a glass of port wine and a biscuit, and when she had finished her work, she

¹ Elizabeth, wife of Philip Yorke, 3rd Earl of Hardwicke, and daughter of James, 5th Earl of Balcarres.

took the wine, and passing it before the pots, said, "Success to the oak-trees," and drank it. I am always so sorry that Ludovic Lindsay (Lord Lindsay's eldest boy) should not have seen her. Lord Lindsay wished it: he wished to have carried on further the recollection of a person whose grandfather's wife was given away by Charles the Second; but it was Maydwell who prevented it, I believe, because she was too proud of her mistress, and did not think her looking quite so well then as she had looked some years before. The fact was, I think, that some of the little Stuarts had been taken to see her, and as they were going out they had been heard to say, "How *awfully* old she looks!"

"Her father, Lord Balcarres, was what they call "out in the '45," and his man was called on to swear that he had not been present at a time when he was. The man swore it and Lord Balcarres got off. When they were going away safe he said to his man, "Well now, how *could* you swear such a lie!" — "Because I had rather trust my sowle to God," said the man, "than your body to deevils." The first wife of Lord Balcarres's father¹ was Mauritia of Nassau, who was given away by Charles II. When they came to the altar, the bridegroom found that he had totally forgotten the ring. In a great fright he asked if one of the bystanders could lend him a ring, and a friend gave him one. He did not find out then that it bore the device of a death's-head and cross-bones, but Mauritia of Nassau found it out afterwards: she considered it a prophecy of evil, and she died within the year.

"When he was almost an old man, Lord Balcarres went to stay with old Lady Keith. There were a quantity of young ladies in the house, and before he came Lady Keith said, "Now there is this old gentleman coming to stay, and I particularly wish that you should all endeavour to make yourselves as pleasant to him as you can." They

¹ Colin, 3rd Earl of Balcarres.

all agreed, but a Miss Dalrymple¹ said, "Well, you may all do what you like, but I'll bet you anything you please that I'll make him like me the best of all of us," and so she did; she made him exclusively devoted to her all the while he was there; but she never thought of anything more than this, and when he asked her to marry him, she laughed at the very idea. He was exceedingly crestfallen, but when he went away he made a will settling everything he possessed upon this Miss Dalrymple. Somehow she heard of this, and said, "Well then, after all, he must really care for me, and I *will* marry him," and she did. He was fifty-eight then, but they had eleven children. When Lady Balcarres was an old woman, she was excessively severe, indeed she became so soon after her marriage. One day some one coming along the road towards her house met a perfect procession of children of all ages, from three upwards, walking one behind the other, and the eldest boy, who came first, gipsy fashion carrying the baby on his back. They were the eleven children of Lady Balcarres making their escape from their mother, with the intention of going out to seek their own fortunes in the world. It was one of the family of this Lady Balcarres who was the original of Lucy Ashton in the "Bride of Lammermoor." The story is all true. The Master of Ravenswood was Lord Rutherford. She rode to church on a pillion behind her brother that he might not feel how her heart was beating.

"In consequence of Grandmama Hardwicke's great age, people used to be astonished at my aunt Lady Mexborough, when nearly eighty, running upstairs and calling out "Mama." When my aunt Lady Somers was at Bath, she sent for a doctor, and he said to her, "Well, my lady, at *your* age, you cannot expect to be ever much better." — "At *my* age!" she said, "why, my mother only died last year." The doctor was perfectly petrified with amazement.

¹ Anne, only daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton.

"It is the most wonderful thing," he said, "that I ever heard in my life." My grandmother's sisters were very remarkable women; one was Lady Margaret Lindsay, the other was Lady Anne Barnard. Lady Anne was the real authoress of "Auld Robin Gray." She loved the tune,¹ but the original words were bad and unfit for a lady to



FORD CASTLE, THE TERRACE.²

sing, so she wrote, "Auld Robin Gray," though some one else has always had the credit of it.'

"We have been walking this afternoon through the

¹ The tune which then existed. The Hon. Mrs. Byron, a friend of Lady Anne Barnard, afterwards gave the words to Lieutenant William Leves, 1st Foot Guards, who composed the air to which they are now sung, in imitation of old Scotch music. Lieutenant Leves afterwards took orders and became Rector of Wrington in Somersetshire, where he was the intimate friend of Mrs. Hannah More, who lived in his parish. He died in 1828.

² From "The Story of Two Noble Lives."

cornfields towards Etal. Lady Waterford recalled how Lady Marion Alford had shown her that all the sheaves leaning towards one another were like hands praying. To-night Mr. Williams dined at the cottage. Asking Lady Waterford about him afterwards, she said : —

“ I do not know if Mr. Williams is old or young. I think he is like the French lady of whom it was said, “ Elle n’avait pas encore perdu l’ancienne habitude d’être jeune.” Apropos of this, Lady Gifford made such a pretty speech once. A little girl asked her, “ Do tell me, are you old or young? I never *can* make out,” and she said, “ My dear, I have been a very long time young.”

“ The story of Mr. Williams is quite a pretty one. When Lord Frederick FitzClarence was in India, there was a great scandal in his government, and two of his aides-de-camp had to be sent away. He wrote to his brother-in-law to send him out another in a hurry, and he sent Mr. Williams. When he arrived, Lord Frederick was very ill, and soon after he died. After his death, Mr. Williams had the task of bringing Lady Frederick and her daughter home. Miss FitzClarence was then very much out of health, and he used to carry her up on deck, and they were thrown very much together. I believe the maids warned Lady Frederick that something might come of it, but she did not see it. Before the end of the voyage, Mr. Williams and Miss FitzClarence had determined to be married, but she decided not to tell her mother as yet. When the ship arrived at Portsmouth, the coffin of Lord Frederick had to remain all night on the deck, and Mr. Williams never left it, but walked up and down the whole time watching it, which touched Lady Frederick very much. Still, when her daughter told her she was going to marry him, she was quite furious, contrary to her usual disposition, which is an exceedingly mild one, and she would not hear of it, and sent him away at once.

“ It was the time of the war, and Captain Williams

went off to the Crimea, but Miss FitzClarence grew worse and worse, and at last the difference between them made her so uncomfortable with her mother, that she went off to her grandmother; but while there she continued to get worse, and at last it was evidently a case of dying, and when her mother went to her, she was so alarmed that she begged she would marry any one she liked; she would consent to whatever she wished, and would send for Captain Williams at once. So Williams threw up everything, though it was considered a disgrace in time of war, and came home, but when he arrived, poor Miss FitzClarence was dead.

“Then Lady Frederick felt that she could not do enough for him, and she took him to live with her as her son. The relations, however, were all very angry, and the *mauvaises langues* said that she meant to marry him herself. So then she thought it would not do, and she got him an agency on Lord Fife’s property and sent him to live alone. However, after a time, the agency somehow was given up, and he came back, and he always lives now with Lady Frederick. At Etal they always sit in church gazing into the open grave, which Lady Frederick will never have closed, in which his love is to be buried when she (the mother) dies, and is laid there also, and at Ford he sits by his love’s dead head.

“I think Captain Williams must be no longer young, because he is so very careful about his dress, and that is always a sign of a man’s growing old, is n’t it?”

“The neighbours at Ford most of them seem to have ‘stories’ and are a perpetual source of interest. Lady Waterford says:—

“Grindon is a fine old manor-house near Tillmouth. Mr. Friar lives there. One morning he was a carpenter working down a coal-pit, and in the evening he was the master of Grindon: I believe an uncle left it him.

“Then there was that Sir F. Blake whose wife was a

Persian princess, who afterwards left a fine diamond necklace and two most magnificent Persian vases to the family. I was so sorry when those vases were sold for £40: they were worth many hundreds.

“Near Howtell is Thorpington, a farm of the Hunts. Sir J. Hunt was attainted for fighting in the Jacobite cause, and his property was all confiscated. His son was so reduced that he was obliged to become a groom, but he so gained the regard of his master, that, when he died, he left him all his horses. From that time the Hunts have taken to selling horses and their breed has become famous. They never sell a horse, however, under £200: if they do not get that sum, they either shoot them or give them away.’”

“*Chillingham Castle, August 27, 1865.* On Thursday afternoon I drove with Lady Waterford and Lady Stuart to Yetholm, twelve miles from Ford. The way wound through wild desolate valleys of the Cheviots, and the village itself is a miserable place. I drew the palace of the gipsy queen — a wretched thatched hovel with a mud floor, but royalty was absent on a tinkering expedition.

“On Friday I went in the pony-carriage to Etal. There I was shown into a room hung with relics of Lord Frederick FitzClarence and miniatures of George IV. and the royal family. Very soon Lady Frederick¹ came in — a figure like a nun, one straight fall of crape, without crinoline, enveloping her thin figure, and her hair all pushed back into a tight round white muslin cap, and coal-scuttle bonnet. She scarcely ever sees any one, so it was an effort to her to receive me, but she was not so odd as I expected. She talked about the place and then about wasps, and said that if Captain Williams was stung by a wasp, it had such an effect upon him that he swelled up all over and fell down perfectly senseless upon the ground that instant. In the hall was the dinner service of Nelson (painted with

¹ Augusta, daughter of George, 4th Earl of Glasgow.



Elizabeth, Lady "Gard" in "The Old Maid"

From a miniature by "The Old Maid"

figures of Lady Hamilton as Amphytrite), which was given to Lord Frederick by William IV. Captain Williams went with me to the ruined castle of Etal and then along a walk above the Till, which was very beautiful, with weird old willows, high rocks, and lovely reaches of wood and water.

"Yesterday morning I made a sketch of the door of the cottage, with all its flowers, &c., which I gave to Lady Stuart, much to her pleasure. She told me about Lord Waterford's death. On that morning, as always, Lady Waterford read to him a chapter in the Bible whilst he was dressing, and for that day it was the lament for Absalom. It contained the verse in which a pillar is raised up to him for 'he had no son to keep his name in remembrance;' so his widow determined to raise a pillar to his memory, and has done so in the beautiful angel-fountain at Ford.

"In the middle of luncheon Lady Tankerville drove up, came to fetch me, and bringing Lady Bagot¹ and Lady Blanche Egerton² to see the castle. So at five I came away with them, and took leave of the cottage and its delightful inmates. . . . It was a cold dreary day, and gusts of wind and rain blew from the Cheviots during our fourteen miles. Lady Tankerville drove."

"*Chillingham, August 29.* Yesterday we all drove through pouring rain to Hulne Abbey in Alnwick Park, where we were glad of the shelter of the one unruined tower for our luncheon. Afterwards we drove through the park to the castle, which I had not seen since the reign of Algernon the Great and Eleanor the Good. Now we were the guests of Lady Percy, a kind pleasant person, and Lady Louisa. The rooms are grandly uncomfortable (except the library, which is an attractive room), but the decorations cost £350,000!"

¹ Lucia, eldest daughter of Lord Dover.

² Second daughter of the 1st Earl of Ellesmere.

"*August 30.* — Yesterday, as the family here are impervious to damp, we picknicked in the forest. Lady Tankerville made the fire and boiled the kettle; Lady Blanche laid the cloth and cut bread and butter; a young Grey and I made the toast, and the little boys and girls caught fresh trout out of the burn close by. In the evening Lord Tankerville told us this story: —

"My father had a beautiful villa at Walton, which we have given up now. It was in the old days when we had to ride across Putney Heath to reach it. My father used to think it very odd that when he went into the stables to see his horses in the morning, they were all in a foam and perfectly exhausted, as if they were worn out with hard riding. One day he was coming home across Putney Heath, and he was bringing Lord Derby back with him. When they came near the heath, he had said, "Well, now, we had better have our pistols ready, because highwaymen are often to be met with here." So they loaded their pistols, and it was not a bit too soon, for directly after a highwayman rode up to the carriage-window and demanded their money or their lives. As he spoke he recognised them, and saw also that my father recognised his own groom upon one of his own horses. In the moment's hesitation he drew back, and in that moment my father and Lord Derby fired. Several shots were exchanged on both sides, but at last came a moment's pause, during which Lord Derby cried out of the window to the postillion to ride forward, and he dashed on at full gallop. The highwayman fired into the back of the carriage, and Lord Derby and my father returned his fire by leaning out of the windows. At last the back of the carriage was quite riddled with shot, and the ammunition of those inside was quite exhausted, and then Lord Derby held out a white handkerchief as a flag of truce out of the window, and the highwayman rode up and they delivered up all their valuables to him. Of course my father never saw his groom again, and his horses

were in much better condition ever afterwards — at least those which were left, for the highwayman rode away upon the best horse in the stables.’”

“*Howick, Sept. 1, 1865.* — Yesterday I was able to stop the express at the private station (for Howick), whither Lord Grey sent for me. It was a drive of about a mile and a half, chiefly through shrubberies of hollies and rhododendrons, to this large square house with wings. It is most comfortable inside, with a beautiful library opening into a great conservatory. Lady Grey¹ is one of the severest-looking and one of the kindest-meaning persons I have ever seen. Lord Grey is little and lame, but gets about with a stick very actively. He is quite grey, but the very image of Lady Mary Wood. The rest of the party had put off coming for a day from different reasons, but I was not sorry to make acquaintance alone first with my host and hostess, and they were most pleasant, so that it was a very agreeable evening.”

“*Sept. 2.* Yesterday morning a great bell on the top of the house summoned all in it to prayers, which were read by Lord Grey in the breakfast-room opening on to very pretty terraces of flowers, with perfect shrubberies of sweet verbena, for the climate here is very mild. After breakfast I went down through the wood to the sea, not a mile distant, and a very fine bit of coast, with rich colour in the rocks and water, and Dunstanborough Castle on its crag as the great feature. The place reminds me a little of Penrhôs. When I returned from driving with Lady Grey to Alnwick, the Belhavens arrived, and before dinner the Bishop of London and Mrs. Tait, and the Durhams.”

“*Sept. 4.* My dearest mother will like to know how intensely I have enjoyed being at Howick. The Greys make

¹ Maria, daughter of Sir Joseph Copley of Sprotborough.

their house so pleasant and the life here is so easy. Then Lady Belhaven¹ is always celebrated as a talker, and it has been delightful to sit on the outskirts of interesting conversations between my host and Sir George Grey or the Bishop.

“On Saturday afternoon I drove with the Durhams and Lady Belhaven to Dunstanborough. The sea was of a deep Mediterranean blue under the cliffs and overhanging towers of the ruined castle. Lord Durham² and I walked back three miles along the cliffs — a high field-walk like the old one at Eastbourne.

“On Sunday the Bishop preached at the little church in the grounds. It has been rebuilt and decorated with carvings by Lady Grey and her sisters-in-law. In the chancel is the fine tomb of the Prime Minister Lord Grey. I went with Durham afterwards all over the gardens, which are charming, with resplendent borders of old-fashioned flowers; and after afternoon church, we all went down through the dene to the sea, where there is a bathing-house, with a delightful room fitted up with sofas, books, &c., just above the waves. All the French herring-fleet was out, such a pretty sight. The Bishop read prayers in the evening to the great household of forty-eight persons. He is a very pleasant, amiable Bishop.

“I enjoyed seeing so much of Durham; no one could help very much liking one who is very stiff with people in general, and most exceedingly nice to oneself. But Lady Durham³ is always charming, so perfectly naïve, natural, and beautiful. She is devoted to her husband and he to her. Some one spoke of people in general not loving all their children. She said: ‘Then that is because they do

¹ Hamilton, daughter of Walter Campbell of Shawfield, younger sister of Lady Ruthven.

² My third cousin, George, 2nd Earl of Durham.

³ Beatrix, second daughter of the Marquis of Abercorn. She died Jan. 1871.

not love their husbands. Some women think no more of marriage than of dancing a quadrille; but when women love their husbands, they love all their children equally. Every woman must love her first child: the degree in which they love the others depends upon the degree in which they love their husbands.'

"Sitting by her at dinner, I asked if she had ever read 'Les Misérables.' 'No. When I was confirmèd, the clergyman who was teaching me saw a French novel on the table, and said, "My dear child, you don't read these things, do you?" I said "No," which was quite true, for it belonged to my French governess, and he then said, "Well, I wish you never would. Don't make any actual promise, for fear you should not keep it, but don't do it unless you are obliged;" and I never have.'

"I spoke to her of the inconsistency involved by the confirmation ceremony, by which young ladies renounced the pomps and vanities of the world, being generally the immediate predecessor of their formal entrance upon them.

"Yes; I never thought of that. But certainly my pomps and vanities were of very short duration. I went to three balls, two tea-parties, and one dinner, and that was all I ever saw of the world; for then I was married. One year I was in the school-room in subjection to every one, ordered about here and there, and the next I was free and my own mistress and married.'

"And did not you find it rather formidable?' I said. 'Formidable to be my own mistress! oh no. One thing I found rather formidable certainly. It was when a great deputation came to Lambton to congratulate George upon his marriage, and I had to sit at the end of the table with a great round of beef before me. I wanted them not to think I was young and inexperienced. I wanted to appear thirty at least; so I *would* carve: and then only think of their saying afterwards in the newspaper paragraphs, "We are glad to learn that the youthful countess is not only

amiable but intelligent." I was glad that they should think I was amiable, but when they said I was intelligent, I was perfectly furious, as if George's wife could possibly have been anything else.

"I was brought up a Tory, but as long as I can remember I have felt myself a Radical. I cannot bear to think of the division between the classes, and there is so much good in a working-man. I love working-men: they are my friends: they are so much better than we are.

"When my little George of four years old — such a little duck he is! — was with me at Weymouth, I told him he might take off his shoes and stockings and paddle in the water, and he went in up to his chest; and then the little monster said, "Now, mama, if you want to get me again, you may come in and fetch me, for I sha'n't come out." I was in despair, when a working-man passed by and said, "Do you want that little boy, ma'am?" and I said "Yes," and he tucked up his trousers and went in and fetched George out for me; but if the *man's* little boy had been in the water, I am afraid I should not have offered to fetch him out for him.

"And when I was going to church at Mr. Cumming's in Covent Garden (I daresay you think I'm very wrong for going there, but I can't help that), it began to pour with rain, and a cabman on a stand close by called out, "Don't you want a cab, ma'am?" I said "Yes, very much, but I've got no money." And the cabman said, "Oh, never mind, jump in; you'll only spoil your clothes in the rain, and I'll take you for nothing." When we got to the church door, I said, "If you will come to my house you shall be paid," but he would not hear of it, and I have liked cabmen ever since. Oh, there is so much good in the working-men; they are so much better than we are."

"*Winton Castle, N. B., Sept. 5, 1865.* My sweetest mother will like to think of me here with the dear old

Lady Ruthven.¹ I left Howick at mid-day yesterday, with the Bishop and Mrs. Tait and their son Crauford, an Eton school-boy. It had been a very pleasant visit to the last, and I shall hope to repeat it another year, and also to go to the Durhams. We had an agreeable journey along the cliffs. I had become quite intimate with the Tait's in the three days I was with them, and liked the Bishop very much better than Mrs. Tait, though I am sure she is a very good and useful woman.² At Tranent Lady Ruthven's carriage was waiting for me. I found her in a sadly nervous state, dreadfully deaf, and constantly talking, the burden of her refrain being —

‘Mummitie mum, mummitie mum,
Mummitie, mummitie, mummitie mum.’

But in the evening she grew much better, and was like other people, only that she would constantly walk in and out of the dark ante-chambers playing on a concertina, which, as she wore a tiara of pearls and turquoises, had a very odd effect in the half light; and then at eleven o'clock at night she would put on her bonnet and cloak and go off for a walk by herself in the woods. Charming Miss Minnie Fletcher of Saltoun is here. She told me that —

“Sir David Brewster and his daughter went to stay with the Stirlings of Kippenross. In the night Miss Brewster was amazed by being awakened by her father coming into her room and saying, ‘My dear, don't be alarmed, but I really cannot stay in my room. It may be very foolish and nervous, but there are such odd noises, such extraordinary groanings and moanings, that I positively cannot bear it

¹ Mary, widow of the 5th Lord Ruthven, and daughter of Walter Campbell of Shawfield.

² Catherine, daughter of Archdeacon Spooner. Her memoirs were published by her husband, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1879.

any longer, and you must let me stay here. Don't disturb yourself; I shall easily sleep on the sofa.'

* Miss Brewster thought her father very silly, but there he stayed till morning, when he slipped away to his own room to dress, so as not to be found when the servant came to call his daughter. When the maid came she said, 'Pray, ma'am, how long are you going to stay in this house?' Miss Brewster was surprised, and said she did not know. 'Because, ma'am, if you are going to stay, I am sorry to say I must leave you. I like you very much, ma'am, and I shall be sorry to go, but I would do anything rather than again go through all I suffered last night; such awful groanings and moanings and such fearful noises I can never endure again.' Miss Brewster was very much annoyed and laughed at the maid, who nevertheless continued firm in her decision.

"In the afternoon Miss Brewster had a headache, and at length it became so bad that she was obliged to leave the dinner-table and go up to her room. At the head of the stairs she saw a woman — a large woman in a clintz gown, leaning against the banisters. She took her for the housekeeper, and said, 'I am going to my room: will you be so kind as to send my maid to me?' The woman did not answer, but bowed her head three times and then pointed to a door in the passage and went downstairs. Miss Brewster went to her room, and after waiting an hour in vain for her maid, she undressed and went to bed. When the maid came up she asked why she had not come before, and said she had sent the housekeeper for her. 'How very odd,' said the maid, 'because I have been sitting with the housekeeper the whole time.' Miss Brewster then described the person she had seen, upon which the maid gave a shriek, and said, 'Oh, then you have seen the ghost.' The maid was in such a state of terror, that when Mrs. Stirling came up to inquire after her headache, Miss Brewster asked her about the woman

she had seen, when, to her surprise, Mrs. Stirling looked quite agonised, and said, ‘Oh, then there is more misery in store for me. You do not know what that ghost has been to me all through my married life.’ She then made Miss Brewster promise not to tell the persons who slept in the room pointed at, that theirs was the room. It was a Major and Mrs. Wedderburn who slept there. Mrs. Stirling and Miss Brewster then both wrote out accounts of what had happened and signed and sealed them. Before the year was out, they heard that the Wedderburns were both killed in the Indian Mutiny.”

“*Winton Castle, Sept. 8.* My visit here has been very pleasant indeed. The Speaker and Lady Charlotte Denison came on Tuesday afternoon with the Belhavens. He is a fine-looking elderly man, with a wonderful fund of agreeable small-talk. Lady Charlotte¹ is very refined, quite unaffected, and very pretty still: they are both most kind to me. Miss Fletcher has been here all the time to help Lady Ruthven, for whom it is well that she has such a kind, pleasant great-niece only a mile off, to come and help her to amuse all her guests, as she has had fifty-six parties of people *staying* in the house in the last year. We saw a large party of the great-great nephews and nieces of Lady Ruthven and Lady Belhaven on Wednesday, when we went to spend the afternoon at Lord Elcho’s. It is a fine place, Amisfield — a huge red stone house in a large park close to the town of Haddington, where there is a beautiful old cathedral, but in ruins, like all the best Scotch churches. Lady Elcho² has the stately refinement of a beautiful Greek statue. Her children are legion, the two eldest boys very handsome and pleasant. We went over the house, with old tapestry, &c., to be

¹ Daughter of the 4th Duke of Portland, afterwards Viscountess Ossington.

² Lady Anne Anson, second daughter of the 1st Earl of Lichfield.

seen, and the gardens with fine cedars, and then all Lord Wemyss's twenty-four race horses were brought out in turn to be exercised round the courtyard and admired: after which we had Scotch tea — scones, cakes, apricot-jam, &c.

“I have made rather friends with John Gordon,¹ a younger brother of Lord Aberdeen, who has been staying here. He is a second Charlie Wood in character, though only eighteen, and I have seldom seen any one I liked as well on short acquaintance. His family are all supposed to be dreadfully shy, but he seems to be an exception.

“Yesterday Lady Belhaven and Lady Ruthven went to Edinburgh, and I stayed with Miss Fletcher, and walked with her in the afternoon to Saltoun, where we had tea with Lady Charlotte and saw the curiosities. Lady Charlotte Fletcher² said: —

“The French royal family were often here at Saltoun when they were at Holyrood — Charles X. and the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the Duchesse de Berri and her daughter, the Duc and Duchesse de Guise and the Duc de Polignac. . . . The Duchesse d'Angoulême and the Duc de Polignac used to go down to the bridge in the glen and stay there for hours: they said it reminded them so much of France, the trees and the water. The Duc de Polignac said our picture of the leave-taking of Louis XVI. and his family contained figures more like than any he had seen elsewhere. We turned it to the wall and locked the door when they came, for fear the Duchesse d'Angoulême should see it, but the little Mademoiselle de Berri was playing hide-and-seek through the rooms, and she got in by the outer door, and it was the first thing she observed, and she insisted on seeing it. . . . She did me a little drawing, and left it behind her.

“The family were very fond of coming here, because

¹ Afterwards 7th Earl of Aberdeen.

² Fourth daughter of the 7th Earl of Wemyss.

my father, Lord Wemyss, had been kind to them when they were here during the first Revolution. On the Duchesse de Berri's birthday, she was asked what she would like to do in honour of it, and she chose a day at Saltoun. It was very inconvenient their all coming with the children at a few hours' notice, such a large party, but she wrote a pretty note, saying what a pleasure it would be to see her old friends again, and another afterwards, saying what a delight it had been, so that we were quite compensated.'

"On Sunday, when it was church-time, Lady Ruthven said, 'We'll just gang awa to the kirk and see what sort of a discourse the minister makes; and if he behaves himself, well — we'll ask him up to dinner!' She sat in kirk, with her two dogs beside her, in a kind of chair of state just under the pulpit, where she might have been mistaken for the clerk. She is as demonstrative in church as elsewhere, and once when Miss Fletcher came unexpectedly into the gallery after she had been some time without seeing her, she called out, 'Eh, there ye are, Minnie, my darling,' before the whole congregation, and began kissing her hands to her. When a child screamed in kirk, and its mother was taking it out, the minister interrupted his discourse with, 'Na, bide a wee: I'm no that fashed wi' the bairn.' — 'Na, na,' said the mother, 'I'll no bide: it's the bairn that's fashed wi' ye.' Talking afterwards of the change of feeling with which church-services were usually regarded now-a-days, Lady Charlotte Fletcher said: —

"Old Lady Hereford, my aunt, was quite one of the old school. She had a large glass pew in church, and the service was never allowed to begin till she had arrived, settled herself, and opened the windows of her pew. If she did not like the discourse, she slammed down her windows. After the service was over, her steward used to stand by the pew door to receive her orders as to which

of the congregation were to be invited to dine in her hall that day.'

"While the party were talking of the change of manners, Lord Belhaven said:—

"I just remember the old drinking days:¹ they were just dying out when I entered the army. Scarcely any gentlemen used to drink less than two bottles of claret after dinner. They used to chew tobacco, which was handed round, and drink their wine through it, wine and tobacco-juice at the same time. A spittoon was placed between every two gentlemen. It was universal to chew tobacco in country-houses: they chewed it till they went in to dinner, and they began again directly the ladies left the room, when tobacco and spittoons were handed round.

"There were usually the bottles called "Jeroboams" on the table, which held six bottles of port. The old Duke of Cleveland² always had his wine-glasses made without a foot, so that they would not stand, and you were obliged to drink off the whole glass when you dined with him.

"I remember once dining at a house from which I was going away the next morning. I got to bed myself at twelve. When I came down to go off at eight, I asked when the other gentlemen had left the dining-room. "Oh," said the servant, "they are there still." I went in, and there, sure enough, they all were. When they saw me, they made a great shout, and said, "Come, now, you must drink off a bumper," and filled a tumbler with what they thought was spirits, but to my great relief I saw it was water. So I said, "Very well, gentlemen, I shall be glad to drink to your health, and of course you will drink to mine,"—so I drank the water, and they drank the spirits.'"

¹ The "custom more honoured in the breach than the observance."
Hamlet.

² William Henry, 1st Duke of Cleveland, who died in 1842.

"*Castlecraig, Noblehouse, Sept. 9.* I came out this morning by the railway to Broomlee, a pretty line, leading into wild moorland, and at the station a dog-cart met me, and brought me six miles farther, quite into the heart of the Pentlands. The ascent to this house is beautiful, through woods of magnificent alpine-looking firs. Addie Hay¹ was waiting for me. You would scarcely believe him to be as ill as he is, and he is most cheerful and pleasant, making no difficulties about anything. He is often here with my present host, Sir William Carmichael."

"*Winton Castle, Sept. 10.* Yesterday I saw the beautiful grounds of Castlecraig — green glades in the hills with splendid pines, junipers, &c., and part of the garden consecrated as a burial-ground, with moss-grown sculptured tombs of the family ancestors on the green lawn.

"At Eskbank Lady Ruthven met me, and I came on with her to Newbattle. It is an old house, once an abbey, lying low in a large wooded park on the banks of the Esk — a fine hall and staircase hung with old portraits, and a beautiful library with long windows, carved ceiling, old books, illuminated missals, and stands of Australian plants. Lady Lothian is very young and pretty,² Lord Lothian a hopeless invalid from paralysis. She showed me the picture gallery and then we went to the garden — most lovely, close to the rushing Esk, and of mediæval aspect in its splendid flowers backed by yew hedges and its stone sundials. After seeing Lady Lothian's room and pictures, we had tea in the garden. The long drive back to Winton was trying, as, with the thermometer at 70°, Lady Ruthven would have a large bottle of boiling water at the bottom of the close carriage.

"Lady Ruthven is most kind, but oh! the life with her

¹ Adam, fourth son of Sir Adam Hay of Haystoun, who had been one of my greatest friends at Christ Church. He died May 1871.

² Lady Constance Talbot, daughter of the 19th Earl of Shrewsbury.

is so odd. One day a gentleman coming down in the morning looked greatly agitated, which was discovered to be owing to his having looked out of his window in the middle of the night, and believing that he had seen a ghost flitting up and down the terrace in a most ghastly clinging white dress. It was the lady of the castle in her white dressing-gown and night-gown!"

"*Wishaw, Sept. 14.* I came here (to the Belhavens) after a two days' visit to Mrs. Stirling of Glenbervie, whence I saw Falkirk Tryste — the great cattle fair of Scotland. It was a curious sight, an immense plain covered with cattle of every description, especially picturesque little Highland beasts attended by drovers in kilts and plumes. When I saw the troops of horses kicking and prancing, I said how like it all was to Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' and then heard she had been there to study for her picture.

"We dined yesterday at Dalzel, Lady Emily Hamilton's,¹ a beautiful old Scotch house, well restored by Billings. To-day is tremendously hot, but though I am exhausted by the sun, I am much more so by all the various hungers I have gone through, as we had breakfast at half-past ten and luncheon at half-past five, and in the interval went to Bothwell — Lord Home's, — beautiful shaven lawns above a deep wooded ravine of the Clyde, and on the edge of the slope a fine old red sandstone castle."

"*Lagaray, Gareloch, Sept. 17.* How I longed for my mother on Friday in the drive from Helensburgh along a terrace on the edge of the Gareloch, shaded by beautiful trees, and with exquisite views of distant grey mountains and white-sailed boats coming down the loch! I was most warmly welcomed by Robert Shaw Stewart² and

¹ Daughter of the 7th Earl of Leven.

² A Roman friend, brother of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart.

his wife. . . . Yesterday we went an immense excursion of forty-five miles, seeing the three lakes — Lomond, Long, and Gareloch.”

“ *Carstairs House, Lanarkshire, Sept. 18.* Nothing could exceed the kindness of the Shaw Stewarts, and I was very sorry to leave them. The Gareloch is quite lovely, such fine blue mountains closing the lake, with its margin of orange-coloured seaweeds. . . . The Monteith family were at luncheon when I arrived at this large luxurious house — the guests including two Italians, one a handsome specimen of the Guardia Nobile — Count Bolognetti Cenci, a nephew by many greats of the famous Beatrice. After luncheon we were sent to the Falls of the Clyde — Cora Linn — a grand mass of water foaming and dashing, which the Italians called ‘carina’!”

Before returning home, I went again to Chesters in Northumberland, to meet Dr. Bruce, the famous authority on “The Roman Wall” of Northumberland, on which he has written a large volume. It was curious to find how a person who had allowed his mind to dwell exclusively on one hobby could see no importance in anything else. He said, “Rome was now chiefly interesting as illustrating the Roman Wall in Northumberland, and as for Pompeii, it was not to be compared to the English station of Housesteads.”

At the end of September I returned home, and had a quiet month with the dear mother, who was now quite well. I insert a fragment of a letter from a niece who had been with her in my absence, as giving a picture of her peaceful, happy state at this time : —

"Auntie and I have spent our evenings in reading old letters and journals, which have made the past seem nearer than the present. Hers is such a sweet peaceful evening of life. There have been many storms and sorrows, but her faith has stood firm, and she is now calmly waiting her summons home. Oh! I pray that she may be spared to us yet awhile, now so doubly dear to us, the one link left with the loved and lost."

We left Holmhurst at the beginning of November, and went to Italy by the Mont Cenis, with Emma Simpkinson, the gentle youngest sister of my Harrow tutor, as our companion. Fourteen horses dragged us over the mountain through the snow in a bright moonlight night, during the greater part of which I crouched upon the floor of the carriage, so as to keep my mother's feet warm inside my waistcoat, so great was my terror of her having any injury from the cold.

MY MOTHER to MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Spezia, Nov. 11, 1865.* The day was most lovely on which we left Genoa, and so was the drive along the coast, reminding us of Mentone in its beauty — the hills covered with olive-woods and orange-groves, the mountains and rocky bays washed by the bluest of blue waves. We dined at Ruta, a very pretty place in the mountain, and slept at Chiavari. Saturday was no less beautiful, the *tramontana* keen when we met it, like a March day in England, but the sun so burning, it quite acted as a restorative as we wound up the Pass of Bracco after Sestri — lovely Sestri. We had the carriage open, and so could enjoy the views around and beneath us, though the precipices were tremendous. However, the road was good, and occasionally in some of the worst places there was a

bit of wall to break the line at the edge. Nothing could be more grand than the views of the billowy mountains with the Mediterranean below. At Borghetto was our halting-place, and then we had a rapid descent all the way here, where we arrived at half-past six."

"*Pisa, Nov. 14.* To continue my history. Sunday was again a splendid day, and the Carrara mountains most lovely, especially at sunset. On Monday we drove to



THE PASS OF BRACCO.¹

Porto Venere, and spent the morning in drawing at the ruined marble church. We dined, and at half-past five set out, reaching Pisa at half-past seven. And here was a merciful preservation given to me, where, to use the words of my favourite travelling Psalm (xci.), though my feet 'were moved,' the angels had surely 'charge over me.' Augustus had just helped me down from the train and turned to take the bags out of the carriage. When he *re-turned* to look after me, I lay flat on the ground in the deep cutting of the side railway, into which, the platform being narrow, unfinished, and badly lighted, I had fallen in the dark. I believe both Augustus and Lea thought I was dead at first, so frightful was the fall, yet, after a little, I was able to walk to the carriage, though of course much shaken. Three falls have I had this year — in the

¹ From "Central Italy."

waves of the Atlantic, in Westminster Abbey, and at Pisa — and yet, thanks be to God, no bones have been broken.”

At Pisa we stayed at the excellent Albergo di Londra which was kept by Flora Limosin, the youngest daughter of Victoire¹ and fostersister of Esmeralda. Victoire herself was living close by, in her



AT PORTO VENERE.²

own little house, filled with relics of the past. I had not seen her since Italima's death, and she had many questions to ask me, besides having much to tell of the extraordinary intercourse she had immediately after our family misfortunes with Madame de Trafford — the facts of which she thus dictated to me: —

Félix and Victoire followed Italima from Geneva to Paris. Victoire says — “We rejoined Madame Hare at the house of Madame de Trafford. I went with her and

¹ Madame Victoire Ackermann. See vol. I.

² From “Central Italy.”

Mademoiselle to the station in the evening. Madame Hare did all she could to console me. It was arranged that Constance should accompany them, because she was Miss Paul's maid. I had no presentiment then that I should never see Madame Hare again. After they were gone, we remained at the house of Balze, our son-in-law, at the end of the Faubourg S. Germain, but every day I went, by her desire, to see Madame de Trafford, at the other end of the Champs Élysées. She was all kindness to me. She did all she could to console me. When she had letters from Madame Hare, she read them to me: when I had them, I read them to Madame de Trafford. Matters went from bad to worse. One day Madame de Trafford had a letter which destroyed all hope. It was three days before she ventured to read it to me. I have still the impression of the hour in which she told me what was in it. She made me sit by her in an arm-chair, and she said, 'Il ne faut pas vous illusionner, Victoire: Madame Hare ne reviendra *jamais*; elle est absolument ruinée.' I remained for several hours unconscious; I knew there was no hope then. I was only sensible that Madame de Trafford gave me some strong essence, which restored me in a certain degree. Then she did all she could to console me. It was the most wonderful heart-goodness possible. She took me back that day to my son-in-law's house. I was thinking how I could break it to Félix: I did not venture to tell him for a long time. At last he saw it for himself; he said, 'Il y a quelque chose de pire à apprendre, ou vous me cachez quelque chose, Victoire,' and then I told him. The next day Madame de Trafford said that she could not endure our sufferings. 'Après trente ans de service, après tant de dévouement, elle ne pouvait pas souffrir que nous irions à la mendicité. Vous n'avez rien,' she said, 'je le sais plus que vous.' I did not like her saying this. 'Yes, we have something,' I said; 'we are not so badly off as that.' —

‘Tais-toi, Victoire, vous n’avez rien,’ she repeated, and she was right, it was her second-sight which told her. She bade me seek in the environs of Paris for a small house, any one I liked, in any situation, and she would buy it for me. If there was a large house near it, so much the better — that she would buy for herself. She said she knew I could not live there upon nothing, but that she should give me an annuity, and that Félix ‘à cause de son rhumatisme,’ must have a little carriage. I was quite overwhelmed. ‘Mais, Madame, nous ne méritons pas cela,’ I said. ‘Oui, Victoire, je sais que vous le méritez bien, et *je le veux*.’ I said it was impossible I could accept such favours at her hands. She only repeated with her peculiar manner and intonation — ‘*je le veux*.’ The next day we both went to her. Her table was already covered with the notices of all the houses to let in the neighbourhood of Paris. ‘Nous allons visiter tout cela,’ she said, ‘nous allons choisir.’ Both Félix and I said it was impossible we could accept such kindness, when we could do nothing for her in return. ‘Est-ce que je veux *acheter* votre amitié?’ she said. She repeatedly said that she wished nothing but to come and see us sometimes, and that perhaps she should come every day. Thus we went on for fifteen days, but both Félix and I felt it was impossible we could accept so much from her; besides, Félix suffered so much from his rheumatism, and he felt that the climate of Pisa might do him good; besides which, our hearts, always turned to Pisa, for it seemed as if Providence had willed that we should go there, in disposing that Madame Jacquet, who had a claim to our house for her life, should die just at that time. We made a pretext of the health of Félix to Madame de Trafford, but it was fifteen days before she would accept our decision. ‘Eh bien, vous voulez toujours aller à votre mesure là-bas à Pise,’ said Madame de Trafford. She called our house a ‘measure.’ ‘Eh bien, j’irai avec vous, je veux aussi aller à Pise, moi.’ She

wrote to M. Trafford, who came over to take leave of her, as he always does when she leaves Paris, and she arranged her apartment. . . . ‘Oh, comme c’est une femme d’ordre, et comme son appartement est beau, le plus beau que j’ai jamais vu, même à la cour.’ Then she left Paris with us.

“Voilà sa prévenance — the going to Pisa was in order that she might undertake all the expenses of our journey. Quand elle est chez elle, elle est très économe, mais quand elle voyage, elle voyage grandement. Where another person would give two francs, Madame de Trafford gives ten. She is always guided by her *seconde vue*: she reads the character in the face. She wished us to travel first-class, and she insisted on taking first-class tickets for us all, but Félix absolutely refused to go in anything but a second-class carriage. I travelled with Madame de Trafford. We went first to Turin. Thence, ‘pour donner distraction à Félix, étant ancien militaire,’ Madame de Trafford insisted on taking us to the battle-fields of Solferino and Magenta. Elle nous a fait visiter tout cela, et vraiment grandement. At last we reached Pisa. It was then that Madame de Trafford first revealed to us that she insisted to rent our house. She insisted upon paying for it, not the usual rent, but the same that she paid for her beautiful apartments in the Hôtel de la Métropole, and nothing could turn her from this; she was quite determined upon it. Every day she ordered a large dinner; although she only ate a morsel of chicken herself, everything was served and then removed. Félix served her. It was in order that we might have food. It was the same with wine: she always had a bottle of wine, Madeira or whatever it might be: a new bottle was to be uncorked every day; she only drank half a glass herself, but the same bottle was never allowed to appear twice.

“Up to that time I had never entirely believed in her second-sight. It was just after we arrived in Pisa that I became quite convinced of it. I was astonished, on her

first going into our house, to see her walk up to one of the beds and feel at the mattresses, and then she turned to me and said, 'On vous a volé, Victoire; vous avez mis ici de la bonne laine, et on a mis la malsaine et vieille laine.' I did not believe her at the time. I had sent money to Pisa to pay for the re-stuffing of those very mattresses: afterwards I unripped the mattresses, and found it was just as she said. From time to time in England we had bought a little linen, because the house was let without linen. M. Hare had left a thousand francs to Félix and me. This was paid to us in London; therefore we had spent it in carpets and linen. The carpets we sent at once to Pisa. The linen was also sent, but it was left packed up in boxes under the care of the woman who looked after the house. Soon after we arrived, Madame de Trafford asked if I had any linen. I said 'Yes,' and going to the boxes, unlocked them, and brought the sheets and towels which she required. She felt at them, and then she said, 'On vous a volé encore ici, Madame Victoire; vous avez mis de telles et telles choses dans une telle et telle boîte.' — 'Oui, c'est ainsi,' I replied. 'Eh bien, on vous a volé telles et telles choses dans une telle et telle boîte.' I rushed to look over the boxes, and it was just as she said. The third time was when we went to Florence, for she would take me to spend some days with her at Florence. She bought me a beautiful black silk dress to wear when I went with her, and it was one of her *précieuses* that we should not go to any hotel I had been in the habit of going to, for she wished me to be entirely with her *sans aucune remarque*. When we went to Florence, the two large boxes Madame de Trafford had brought with her were left in the salon at Pisa. When we came back she said, with her peculiar intonation, 'Je vous prie, Victoire, de compter mes mouchoirs: savez-vous combien j'ai?' — 'Mais oui, Madame; vous en avez cinq paquets avec des douzaines en chaque.' — 'Eh bien, comptez-les: on m'a volé trois

dans un paquet, deux dans un autre,' &c. *Effectivement* it was just as Madame de Trafford had said: it must have been the same person who had taken my linen before.

"It was always the custom at the convent of S. Antonio, which is close to our house, that any poor people who chose to come to the door on a Saturday should receive something. Madame de Trafford, from her window, saw the people waiting, and asked me what it meant. When I told her, she desired me to go to the convent and find out exactly what it was they received. Madame de Trafford will never be contradicted, so I went at once. When I came back I told her that it was one kruetz or seven centimes. She thought this much too little, and bade me give each of the people a paul. I sent the money down to them. The result was that next time, instead of ten, two or three hundred poor people came. They all received money. It made quite a sensation in the quarter. The house used to be quite surrounded and the streets blocked up by the immense crowds at that time. It became necessary to fix a day. Thursday was appointed, that was the day on which Madame de Trafford gave her alms. One day from the window she saw a poor woman with a child in her arms. 'Voilà une qui est bien malheureuse,' she said; 'descendez, je vous prie, et donnez-lui de l'argent sans compter.' One cannot disobey Madame de Trafford. I went down directly, and gave a handful of silver to the woman, shutting the door upon her thanks and leaving her petrified with astonishment.

"One day we went to Leghorn by the eleven-o'clock train (for she always made me go with her). We descended at the hotel, and then she desired me to order a carriage — 'le plus bel équipage qu'on pourrait avoir.' Soon afterwards the carriage came to the door: it was a very poor carriage indeed, and the coachman wore a ragged coat and a wide-awake hat. She seemed surprised, and asked me if I could not have done better for her than that, and, knowing

her character, I was quite angry with the master of the hotel for ordering such a carriage; but in reality there was no other, all the others were engaged. So at length we got in, but when we had gone some distance she began to fix her eyes upon the driver, and said, 'Mais est-ce qu'on peut aller avec un cocher qui a un trou comme ça dans son habit?' and she desired him to drive back to the hôtel. As we went back she said to me, 'Ce pauvre jeune homme doit être bien malheureux, dites-lui de venir à l'hôtel.' When we got back to the inn, she desired me to procure everything that was necessary to dress the young man, everything complete, and of the best. But I could not undertake, myself, to dress the young man, so I asked the master of the hotel to do it for me. At Leghorn this is not so difficult because there are so many ready-made shops. So the landlord procured a complete set of clothes, coat, trousers, waistcoat, boots, hat, everything, and Madame de Trafford gave orders that he should be shaved and washed and sent in to her. When he came in, the change was most extraordinary; he was such a handsome young man that I should not have known him. But Madame de Trafford only turned to me and said, 'Mais je vous ai ordonné de lui procurer un habillement complet, et est-ce que vous pensez que, avec un habit comme ça, il peut porter cette vilaine vieille chemise?' for she perceived directly that they had not changed his shirt, which I had never thought of. The shirt was procured, but there was always something wanting in the eyes of Madame de Trafford. 'Mais que fera ce jeune homme,' she said, 's'il est enrhumé, quand il n'a pas de mouchoirs de poche?' and then I was obliged to get other shirts and socks, and cravats and handkerchiefs — in short, a complete trousseau. And then a commoner dress was wanted for the morning: and then the tailor was ordered to come again with great-coats. Of these he had two; one cost much more than the other, but Madame de Trafford chose that which cost the most.

“Le jeune homme regardait tout ça comme un rêve. Il ne le croyait pas, lui, et il disait rien du tout: il laissa faire. Il disait après à Félix qu’il pensait que c’était des mystifications, et il ne croyait pas à ce qu’il voyait.

“At last when all was completed and paid for in his presence, four o’clock came, and he mounted on his box and drove us to the station. All the little boys in the street, who had known him in his old dress, ran along by the side of the carriage to stare at him. At last, when we



LA SPINA, PISA.¹

reached the station and were actually going off, he began to believe, and flung himself on his knees before all the people in his gratitude to Madame de Trafford. ‘Je me suis soulagée d’un poids en laissant ce jeune homme ainsi,’ said Madame de Trafford to me.

“After this,” continued Victoire, “came the great floods in the marshes near Pisa. When Madame de Trafford heard of the sufferings which they caused, she bade me order a carriage and drive out there with her. We drove as far as we could, and then we left the carriage and walked along a little embankment between the waters to where there were some cottages quite flooded, from which some poor women crept out along some planks to

¹ From “Central Italy.”

the bank on which we were. Before we left the hotel, Madame de Trafford had said, '*Mettez vos grandes poches*' (because she had made me have some very large pockets made, very wide and deep, to wear under my dress and hold her valuables when we travelled), and then she had said that I was to fill them up to the brim with large piastres, without counting what I took. I had shovelled piastres into my pockets by handfuls till I was quite weighed down. I did not like doing it, but I was obliged to do as she bade me. Then she said, '*Have you taken as much as your pockets will hold? I wish them to be filled to the brim.*' When we arrived and saw the poor women, she said, '*Donnez-leur des piastres, mais donnez-les par poignets, et surtout ne comptez pas, ne comptez jamais.*' So I took a large heap of piastres, and put them into the hands of Madame de Trafford that she might give them to the women. Then she began to be angry — '*Je vous ai dit de les donner, je ne les veux pas.*' So I began to give a handful of piastres to one woman and another, all without counting; even to the children Madame de Trafford desired me to give also. At first they were all quite mute with amazement, then the women began to call aloud to me, '*E chi è questa principessa benedetta, caduta dal cielo? dite chi è, che possiamo ringraziarla.*' — '*Qu'est-ce qu'elles disent donc?*' said Madame de Trafford. '*Mais, Madame, elles demandent quelle princesse vous êtes qu'elles puissent vous remercier.*' — '*Dites-leur que je ne suis pas princesse,*' said Madame de Trafford, '*que je ne suis qu'une pauvre femme faite en chair et os comme elles.*'

"Then Madame de Trafford asked them if there were no more poor people there, and they went and fetched other poor women and children, till there was quite a crowd. To them also she ordered me to give piastres — '*toujours sans compter*' — till at last, through much giving, my pockets were empty. Then Madame de Trafford was really angry — '*Je vous ai dit, Madame Victoire, de porter autant*

que vous pouviez, et vous ne l'avez pas fait.' — 'Mais, Madame, vous ne m'avez pas dit de mettre quatre poches, vous m'avez dit de mettre deux poches: ces deux poches étaient remplis, à present les voilà vides.'

"When we were turning to go away, all the people, who had not till that moment believed in their good fortune, fell on their knees, and cried, 'Oh, Signore, noi ti ringraziamo d'avere mandato questa anima benedetta, e preghiamo per ella.' — 'Mais retournez bien vite à la voiture, mais montez donc bien vite, Madame Victoire,' said Madame de Trafford, and we hurried back to the carriage; and the coachman, concerning whom she had taken care that he should not see what had happened, was amazed to see us coming with all this crowd of poor women and children following us. When we were driving away, Madame de Trafford said, 'Quel jour heureux pour nous, Madame Victoire, d'avoir soulagé tant de misère; quel bonheur de pouvoir faire tant de félicité avec un peu d'argent.' "

After remaining many weeks at Pisa with Victoire, Madame de Trafford had accompanied her to Rome, whither she went in December 1859 to arrange the affairs of Italima at the Palazzo Parisani, and thence, having fulfilled her mission, and seen Victoire comfortably established in her Pisan home, Madame de Trafford had returned to Paris.

In 1865 the journey from Pisa to Rome was still tiresome and difficult. We went by rail to Nunziatella, and there a cavalcade was formed (for mutual protection from the brigands), of six diligences with five horses apiece with patrols on each carriage, and mounted guards riding by the side. The cholera had

been raging, so at Montalto, one of the highest points of the dreary Maremma, we were stopped, and those who were "unclean" — *i. e.*, had omitted to provide themselves with clean bills of health at Leghorn — were detained for eight days' quarantine. We had obtained "clean" bills, from the Spanish Consul, grounded upon the hotel bills of the different places we had slept at since crossing the Alps, and, with others of our kind, were taken into a small white-washed room filled with fumes of lime and camphor, where we were shut up for ten minutes, without other hurt than that any purple articles of dress worn by the ladies came out yellow. Most dreary was the long after-journey through a deserted region, without a house or tree or sign of habitation, till at 10 P.M. we came in sight of the revolving light of Civita Vecchia, beautifully reflected in the sea. Then I had to watch all the luggage being fumigated for three midnight hours. However, November 18 found us established in Rome in the high apartment of the Tempietto (Claude Lorraine's house), at the junction of the Via Sistina and Via Gregoriana, with the most glorious view from its windows over all the Eternal City, and a pleasant English-woman, Madame de Monaca, as our landlady. Hurried travellers to Rome now can hardly imagine the intense comfort and repose which we felt in old days in unpacking and establishing ourselves in our Roman apartment, which it was worth while to make really pretty and comfortable, as we were sure to be settled there for at least four or five months, with usually far more freedom from interruptions,

and power of following our own occupations, than would have attended us in our own home, even had health not been in question. Most delightful was it, after the fatigues and (on my mother's account) the intense anxieties of the journey, to wake upon the splendid view, with its succession of aërial distances, and to know how many glorious sunsets we had to enjoy behind the mighty dome which rose on the other side of the brown-grey city. And then came the slow walk to ^{the} church along the sunny Pincio terrace, with the deepest of unimaginable blue skies seen through branches of ilex and bay, and garden beds, beneath the terraced wall, always showing some flowers, but in spring, quite ablaze with pansies and marigolds.

The first time we went out to draw was to the gardens of S. Onofrio, where, when we were last here, we used to be very much troubled by a furious dog. We rang the bell, and the woman answered; she recognised us, and, without any preliminary greetings, by an association of ideas, exclaimed at once, "*Il cane è morto.*" It was very Italian.

So many people beset me during this winter with notes or verbal petitions that I would go out drawing with them, that at last I wrote on a sheet of paper a list of the days (three times a week) on which I should go out sketching, and a list of the places I should go to, and desiring that any one who wished to go with me would find themselves on the steps of the Trinità de' Monti at 10 A. M., and sent it round to my artistic acquaintance. To my astonishment, on the first day mentioned, when I

expected to meet one or two persons at most, I found the steps covered by forty ladies, in many cases attended by footmen, carrying their luncheon-baskets, camp-stools, &c. I introduced four ladies to each other that they might drive out together to the Campagna, and I generally tried to persuade those who had carriages of their own to offer seats to their poorer companions. For a time all went radiantly, but, in a few weeks, two-thirds of the ladies were "*en délicatesse*," and, at the end of two months, they were all "*en froid*," so that the parties had to be given up. Of the male sex there was scarcely ever any one on those sketching excursions, except myself and my cousin Frederick Fisher,¹ who was staying at Rome as tutor to the young Russian Prince, Nicole Dolgorouki. He was constantly with us during the winter, and was a great pleasure from his real affection for my mother, who was very fond of him.

In the spring Esmeralda came to Rome, and I used often to go and see her in the rooms at Palazzo Parisani. She was very fragile then, and used to lie almost all day upon an old velvet sofa, looking, except for the heavy masses of raven hair which were still uncovered, almost like an uncloistered nun, with her pale face and long black dress, unrelieved at the throat, and with a heavy rosary of large black beads and cross at her waist. .

¹ His mother was Susan, daughter of William Leycester, my mother's first cousin. She was murdered during the Indian Mutiny, with her husband and child.

From my JOURNAL.

"Rome, Dec. 21, 1865. Cardinal Cecchi died last week, and lay in state all yesterday in his palace, on a high bier, with his face painted and rouged, wearing his robes, and with his scarlet hat on his head. Cardinals always lie in state on a high catafalque, contrary to the general rule, which prescribes that the higher the rank the lower the person should lie. Princess Piombino lay in state upon the floor itself, so very high was her rank.

"The Cardinal was carried to church last night with a grand torchlight procession, which is always considered necessary for persons of his rank; but it is expensive, as everything in Rome costs double after the Ave Maria. The fee for a frate to walk at a funeral is four baiocchi in the daytime, but after the Ave it is eight baiocchi. When the Marchesa Ponziani was taken to church the other day, all the confraternities in Rome attended with torches.¹

"To-day at 10 A.M. the Cardinal was buried in the church at the back of the Catinari. According to old custom, when he was put into the grave, his head-cook walked up to it and said, 'At what time will your Eminence dine?' For a minute there was no response, and then the major-domo replied, 'His Eminence will not want dinner any more' (*non vuol altro*). Then the head foot-man came in and asked, 'At what time will your Eminence want the carriage?' and the major-domo replied, 'His Eminence will not want the carriage any more.' Upon which the footman went out to the door of the church, where the fat coachman sat on the box of the Cardinal's state carriage, who said, 'At what time will his Eminence be ready for the carriage?' and when the footman replied, 'La sua Eminenza non vuol altro,' he broke his whip, and throwing down the two pieces on either side the carriage, flung up his hands with a gesture of despair, and drove off.

¹ The famous S. Francesca Romana had been a member of the Ponziani family.

"The other day Mrs. Goldsmid was in a church waiting for her confessor, who was not ready to come out of the sacristy. While she was waiting, two men came in carrying something between them, which she soon saw was a dead frate. His robe was too short, and his little white legs protruded below. They put him on a raised couch with a steep incline and left him, and her agony was that he would slip down and fall off, and then that the priests would think that she had done it. She became so nervous, that, as she kept her eyes fixed on the body, it seemed to her to slip, slip, slip, till at last she made sure the little man was coming down altogether, and going to the sacristy door, she rang the bell violently, and entreated to be let out of the church.

"Mrs. Goldsmid says that the Pope, Pius IX., cannot stop spitting even when he is in the act of celebrating mass. . . . Being very jocose himself, he likes others to be familiar enough to amuse him. The other day a friend asked Monsignor de Merode why the Pope was so fond of him: he said it was because, when he saw the Pope in a fit of melancholy, he always cut a joke and made him laugh, instead of condoling with him.

"The Pope is always thoroughly entertained at the stories which are circulated as to his 'evil eye' and its effects, as well as those about the 'evil eye' of the excellent and strikingly handsome Monsignor Prosperi. When the fire occurred in the Bocca di Leone, and the Pope was told of it, he said, 'How very extraordinary, for Monsignor Prosperi was out of Rome, and I was not there.'

"When the Pope, who does not speak good French, was talking of Pusey, he said, '*Je le compare à une cloche, qui sonne, pour appeler les fidèles à l'église, mais qui n'entre jamais.*'

"I think there can scarcely be any set of men whose individuality is more marked than the present Cardinals.

. . . Antonelli's manner in carrying the chalice in St. Peter's is reverent in the extreme. Cardinal Ugolini, who is almost always with the Pope, never fails to ruffle up his hair in walking down St. Peter's or the Sistine."

"*Christmas Day.* The Pope heard of the death of his sister, an abbess, this morning, just as he was going to be carried into St. Peter's, but the procession and the chair were waiting, and he was obliged to go. The poor old man looked deadly white as he was carried down the nave, and no wonder."

"*January 15, 1866.* Went, by appointment, with Mrs. Goldsmid to the Church of SS. Marcellino e Pietro — the church with a roof like that of a Chinese pagoda, in the little valley beneath St. John Lateran. Inside it is a large Greek cross, and very handsome, with marbles, &c. The party collected slowly, Mrs. De Selby and her daughter, Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Madame Sainte Aldegonde, the Bedingfields, a French Abbé, Mrs. Dawkins, and ourselves. Soon a small window shutter was opened to the left of the altar, and disclosed a double grille of iron, beyond which was a small room in the interior of the monastery. In the room, but close to the grille, and standing sideways, with lighted candles in front of it, was a very beautiful picture of the Crucifixion. It was much smaller than life, and seemed to be a copy of Guido's picture in the Lucina. The figure hung alone on the cross in the midst of a dark wind-stricken plain, and behind it the black storm clouds were driving through the sky, and beating the trees towards the ground. As you looked fixedly at the face, the feeling of its intense suffering and its touching patience seemed to take possession of you and fill you. We all knelt in front of it, and I never took my eyes from it. Very soon Mrs. Goldsmid said, 'I begin to see something; do you not see the pupils

of its eyes dilate?’ Mrs. Montgomery, in an ecstasy, soon after said, ‘Oh, I see it: how wonderful! what a blessing vouchsafed to us! See, it moves! it moves!’ Mrs. De Selby, who is always sternly matter-of-fact, and who had been looking fixedly at it hitherto, on this turned contemptuously away and said, ‘What nonsense! it is a complete delusion: you delude yourselves into anything; the picture is perfectly still.’ Mrs. Dawkins now declared that she distinctly saw the eyes move. Lady Bedingfield would not commit herself to any opinion. The French Abbé saw nothing.

“Meanwhile Madame Ste. Aldegonde had fallen into a rapture, and with clasped hands was returning thanks for the privilege vouchsafed to her. ‘Oh mon Dieu! mon Dieu! quelle grâce! quelle grâce!’ Shortly after this the French Abbé saw it also. ‘Il n’y a pas le moindre doute,’ he said: ‘il bouge les yeux, mais le voilà, le voilà.’ They all now began to distress themselves about Mrs. De Selby. ‘Surely you must see *something*,’ they said; ‘it is impossible that you should see *nothing*.’ But Mrs. De Selby continued stubbornly to declare that she saw nothing. While Madame Ste. Aldegonde was exclaiming, and when the scene was at its height, I could fancy that I saw something like a scintillation, a speculation, in one of the eyes of the Crucified One, but I could not be certain. As we left the church, the other ladies said, apropos of Mrs. De Selby, ‘Well, you know, after all, it is not a thing we are *obliged* to believe,’ and one of them, turning to her, added consolingly, ‘And you know you *did* see a miracle at Vicovaro.’

“Mrs. Goldsmid declared that she was so shocked at my want of faith, that she should take me immediately to the Sepolti Vivi, to request the prayers of the abbess there. So we drove thither at once. The convent is most carefully concealed. Opposite the Church of S. Maria del Monte, a little recess in the street, which looks like a *cul*

de sac, runs up to one of those large street shrines with a picture, so common in Naples, but of which there are very few at Rome. When you get up to the picture, you find the *cul de sac* is an illusion. In the left of the shrine a staircase in the wall leads you up round the walls of the adjoining house to a platform on the roof. Here you are surrounded by heavy doors, all strongly barred and bolted. In the wall there projects what looks like a small green barrel. Mrs. Goldsmid stooped down and rapped loudly on the barrel. This she continued to do for some time. At last a faint muffled voice was heard issuing from behind the barrel, and demanding what was wanted. ‘I am Margaret Goldsmid,’ said our companion, ‘and I want to speak to the abbess.’ — ‘Speak again,’ said the strange voice, and again Mrs. G. declared that she was Margaret Goldsmid. Then the invisible nun recognised the voice, and very slowly, to my great surprise, the green barrel began to move. Round and round it went, till at last in its innermost recesses was disclosed a key. Mrs. Goldsmid knew the meaning of this, and taking the key, led us round to a small postern door, which she unlocked, and we entered a small courtyard. Beyond this, other doors opened in a similar manner, till we reached a small white-washed room. Over the door was an inscription bidding those who entered that chamber to leave all worldly thoughts behind them. Round the walls of the room were inscribed: ‘*Qui non diligit, manet in morte*’ — ‘*Militia est vita hominis super terram*’ — ‘*Alter alterius onera portate,*’ and on the side opposite the door —

‘Vi esorto a rimirar
La vita del mondo
Nella guisa che il mira
Un moribondo.’

Immediately beneath this inscription was a double grille, and beyond it what looked at first like pitch darkness, but

what was afterwards shown to be a thick plate of iron, pierced, like the rose of a watering-pot, with small round holes, through which the voice might penetrate. Behind this plate of iron the abbess of the Sepolti Vivi receives her visitors. She is even then veiled from head to foot, and folds of thick serge fell over her face. Pope Gregory XVI., who of course could penetrate within the convent, once wishing to try her faith, said to her, 'Sorella mia, levate il velo.' — 'No, mio Padre,' replied the abbess, 'è vietato dalle regole del nostro ordine.'

"Mrs. Goldsmid said to the abbess that she had brought with her two heretics, one in a state of partial grace, the other in a state of blind and outer darkness, that she might request her prayers and those of her sisterhood. The heretic in partial grace was Mrs. Dawkins, the heretic in blind darkness was myself. Then came back the muffled voice of the abbess, as if from another world, 'Bisogna essere convertiti, perchè ci si sta poco in questo mondo: bisogna avere le lampane accese, perchè non si sa l'ora quando il Signore chiamerà, ma bisogna che le lampane siano accese coll'olio della vera fede, e se ve ne manca un solo articolo, se ne manca il tutto.' There was much more that she said, but it was all in the same strain. When she said, 'Se ve ne manca un solo articolo, se ne manca il tutto,' Mrs. Goldsmid was very much displeased, because she had constantly tried to persuade Mrs. Dawkins that it was *not* necessary to receive *all*, and the abbess had unconsciously interfered with the whole line of her argument. Afterwards we asked the abbess about her convent. They were 'Farnesiani,' she said; 'Sepolti Vivi' was only 'un nome popolare;' but she did not know why they were called Farnesiani, or who founded their order. She said the nuns did not dig their graves every day, that also was only a popular story. When they died, she said, they only enjoyed their graves a short time, like the Cappuccini (a year, I think), and then, if their bodies were whole

when they were dug up, they were preserved; but if their limbs had separated, they were thrown away. She said the nuns could speak to their ‘*parenti stretti*’ four times a year, but when I asked if they ever *saw* them, she laughed in fits at the very idea, ‘*ma perchè bisogna vederli?*’ Mrs. Goldsmid was once inside the convent, but could not get an order this year, because, when it had been countersigned by all the other authorities, old Cardinal Patrizi remembered that she had been in before, and withdrew it.

“I heard afterwards that generally when the crucifixion at S. Marcellino is shown, a nun of S. Teresa, with her face covered, and robed from head to foot in a long blue veil, stands by it immovable, like a pillar the whole time.”

“*January 27.* Gibson the sculptor died this morning. He was first taken ill while calling on Mrs. Caldwell. She saw that he could not speak, and, making him lie down, brought water and restoratives. He grew better and insisted on walking home. She wished to send for a carriage, but he would not hear of it, and he was able to walk home perfectly. That evening a paralytic seizure came. Ever since, for nineteen days and nights, Miss Dowdeswell had nursed him. He will be a great loss to Miss Hosmer (the sculptress), whom he regarded as a daughter. They used to dine together with old Mr. Hay every Saturday. It was an institution. Mr. Gibson was writing his memoirs then, and he used to take what he had written and read it aloud to Mr. Hay on the Saturday evenings. Mr. Hay also dictated memoirs of his own life to Miss Hosmer, and she wrote them down.”

“*January 29.* I had a paper last night begging me to be present at a meeting about Gibson’s funeral, but I could not go. The greater part of his friends wished for a regular funeral procession on foot through the streets,

but this was overruled by Colonel Caldwell and others. A guard of honour, offered by the French general, was however accepted. The body lay for some hours in the little chapel at the cemetery, the cross of the Legion of Honour fixed upon the coffin. It was brought to the grave with muffled drums, all the artists following. Many ladies who had known and loved him were crying bitterly, and there was an immense attendance of men. The day before he died there was a temporary rally, and those with him hoped for his life. It was during this time that the telegraph of inquiry from the Queen came, and Gibson was able to receive pleasure from it, and held it in his hand for an hour.

"Gibson — 'Don Giovanni,' as his friends called him — had a quaint dry humour which was all his own. He used to tell how a famous art-critic, whose name must not be mentioned, came to his studio to visit his newly-born statue of Bacchus. 'Now pray criticise it as much as you like,' said the great sculptor. 'Well, since you ask me to find fault,' said the critic, 'I think perhaps there is something not quite right about the left leg.' — 'About the leg! that is rather a wide expression,' said Gibson; 'but about what part of the leg?' — 'Well, just here, about the bone of the leg.' — 'Well,' said Gibson, 'I am relieved that *that* is the fault you have to find, for the bone of the leg is on the other side!'

"Gibson used to relate with great gusto something which happened to him when he was travelling by diligence before the time of railways. He had got as far as the Mont Cenis, and, while crossing it, entered into conversation with his fellow-traveller — an Englishman, not an American. Gibson asked where he had been, and he mentioned several places, and then said, 'There was one town I saw which I thought curious, the name of which I cannot for the life of me remember, but I know it began with an R.' — 'Was it Ronciglione,' said Gibson, 'or per-

haps Radicofani?' thinking of all the unimportant places beginning with R. 'No, no; it was a much shorter name — a one-syllable name. I remember we entered it by a gate near a very big church with lots of pillars in front of it, and there was a sort of square with two fountains.' — 'You cannot possibly mean Rome?' — 'Oh yes, Rome — that *was* the name of the place.'"

"*February 4.* I spent yesterday evening with the Henry Feildens.¹ Mrs. Fielden told me that in her girlhood her family went to the Isle of Wight and rented St. Boniface House, between Bonchurch and Ventnor. She slept in a room on the first floor with her sister Ghita: the French governess and her sister Cha slept in the next room, the English governess above. If they talked in bed they were always punished by the English governess, who could not bear them; so they never spoke except in a whisper. One night, when they were in bed, with the curtains closely drawn, the door was suddenly burst open with a bang, and something rushed into the room and began to whisk about in it, making great draught and disturbance. They were not frightened, but very angry, thinking some one was playing them a trick. But immediately the curtains were drawn aside and whisked up over their heads, and one by one all the bed-clothes were dragged away from them, though when they stretched out their hands they could feel nothing. First the counterpane went, then the blankets, then the sheet, then the pillows, and lastly the lower sheet was drawn away from *under* them. When it came to this she (Ellinor Hornby) exclaimed, 'I can bear this no longer,' and she and her sister both jumped out of bed at the foot, which was the side nearest the

¹ The Rev. Henry Arbuthnot Feilden married Ellinor, one of the daughters of Edmund Hornby, Esq., of Dalton Hall in Lancashire — a very old friend and connection of our family. Her sister Charlotte afterwards married my first cousin — Oswald Penrhyn.

door. As they jumped out, they felt the mattress graze against their legs, as it also was dragged off the bed. Ghita Hornby rushed into the next room to call the French governess, while Ellinor screamed for assistance, holding the door of their room tightly on the outside, fully believing that somebody would be found in the room. The English governess and the servants, roused by the noise, now rushed downstairs, and the door was opened. The room was perfectly still and there was no one there. It was all tidied. The curtains were carefully rolled, and tied up above the head of the bed: the sheets and counterpane were neatly folded up in squares and laid in the three corners of the room: the mattress was reared against the wall under the window: the blanket was in the fireplace. Both the governesses protested that the girls must have done it themselves in their sleep, but nothing would induce them to return to the room, and they were surprised the next morning, when they expected a scolding from their mother, to find that she quietly assented to the room being shut up. Many years after Mrs. Hornby met the lady to whom the property belonged, and after questioning her about what had happened to her family, the lady told her that the same thing had often happened to others, and that the house was now shut up and could never be let, because it was haunted. A murder by a lady of her child was committed in that room, and she occasionally appeared; but more frequently only the noise and movement of the furniture occurred, and sometimes that took place in the adjoining room also. St. Boniface House is mentioned as haunted in the guide-books of the Isle of Wight."

"Feb. 12. Went in the morning with the Feildens to S. Maria in Monticelli — a small church near the Ghetto. The church is not generally open, and we had to ring at the door of the priest's lodgings to get in: he let us into the church by a private passage. In the right aisle is the

famous picture over an altar. It is a Christ with the eyes almost closed, weighed down by pain and sorrow. The Feildens knelt before it, and in a very few minutes they both declared that they saw its eyes open and close again. From the front of the picture and on the right side of it, though I looked fixedly at it, I could see nothing, but after I had looked for a long time from the left side, I seemed to see the eyes languidly close altogether, as if the figure were sinking unconsciously into a fast sleep.

"In the case of this picture, Pope Pius IX. has turned Protestant, and, disapproving of the notice it attracted, after it was first observed to move its eyes in 1859, he had it privately removed from the church, and it was kept shut up for some years. Two years ago it was supposed that people had forgotten all about it, and it was quietly brought back to the church in the night. It has frequently been seen to move the eyes since, but it has not been generally shown. The sacristan said it was a '*regalo*' made to the church at its foundation, and none knew who the artist was.

"In the afternoon I was in St. Peter's with Miss Buchanan when the famous Brother Ignatius¹ came in. He led 'the Infant Samuel' by the hand, and a lay brother followed. He has come to Rome for his health, and has brought with him a sister (Sister Ambrogia) and the lay brother, to wash and look after the Infant Samuel. He found the 'Infant' as a baby on the altar at Norwich, and vowed him at once to the service of the Temple, dressed him in a little habit, and determined that he should never speak to a woman as long as he lived. The last is extremely hard upon Sister Ambrogia, who does not go sight-seeing with her companions, and having a very dull time of it, would be exceedingly glad to play with the

¹ Mr. Leicester Lyne, celebrated as a preacher and for his follies in playing at monasticism. His mother was a Leicester of White Place, descended from a younger branch of the Leycesters of Toft.

little rosy-cheeked creature. The Infant is now four years old, and is dressed in a white frock and cowl like a little Carthusian, and went pattering along the church in the funniest way by the side of the stately Brother Ignatius. He held the Infant up in his arms to kiss St. Peter's toe, and then rubbed its forehead against his foot, and did the same for himself, and then they both prostrated themselves before the principal shrine, with the lay brother behind them, and afterwards at the side altars, the Infant of course exciting great attention and amusement amongst the canons and priests of the church. A lady acquaintance of ours went to see Brother Ignatius and begged to talk to the Infant. This was declared to be impossible, the Infant was never to be allowed to speak to a woman, but she might be in the same room with the Infant if she pleased, and Brother Ignatius would then himself put any questions she wished. She asked who its father and mother were, and the Infant replied, 'I am the child of Jesus Christ and of the Blessed Virgin and of the holy St. Benedict.' She then asked if it liked being at Rome, 'Yes,' it said, 'I like being at Rome, for it is the city of the holy saints and martyrs and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.' When we saw the party, they were just come from the Pope, who told Brother Ignatius to remember that a habit could not make a monk.

"Miss Dowdeswell has been to see us, and given us a terrible account of the misapplication of the Roman charities. She says the people would rather beg, or even really die of want, than go into most of the institutions — that the so-called soup is little more than water, and that the inmates are really starved, besides which the dirt and vermin are quite disgusting. The best hospital is that of the 'Buoni Fratelli,' where the people who obtain entrance are kindly treated, but it is exceedingly difficult to get admittance, and the hospital authorities will always say it is full, scarcely ever taking in more than nine

patients, though there is accommodation for thirty, and each person admitted has to pay ten scudi. At S. Michele, which is enormously endowed, and which professes to be free, the patient is not only compelled to have a complete outfit of bedding and everything else she requires, but must pay three scudi a month for her maintenance as long as she remains, yet for this will not have what she could procure for the same sum elsewhere."

"*Feb. 15.* Went with the Eyres to Benzoni's studio. Amongst many other statues was a fine group of a venerable old man raising a little half-naked boy out of a gutter. 'Ecco il mio benefattore,' said Benzoni. It was the likeness of Conte Luigi Taddini of Crema, who first recognised the genius of Benzoni when making clay images in the puddles by the wayside, and sent him to Rome at his own expense for education. Count Taddini died six years after, but, in the height of his fame, Benzoni has made this group as a voluntary thank-offering and presented it to the family of his benefactor in Crema. He was only twelve years old when adopted by Taddini.

"A curious instance of presentiment happened yesterday. Some charitable ladies, especially Mrs. McClintock,¹ had been getting up a raffle for a picture of the poor artist Coleman, whom they believed to be starving. The tickets cost five scudi apiece, and were drawn yesterday. Just at the last moment Mrs. Keppel, at the Pension Anglaise, had a presentiment that 77 would be the lucky number, and she sent to tell Mrs. McClintock that if she could have 77 she would take it, but if not, she would not take any number at all. Seventy-seven happened to be Mrs. McClintock's own number. However, she said that rather than Mrs. Keppel should take none, she would give it up to her and take another. Mrs. Keppel took 77 and she got the picture."

¹ Afterwards Lady Rathdonell.

"*Feb.* 24, 1866. The other day little Nicole Dolgorouki came in to dinner with a pencil in his hand. The Princess said, 'Little boys should not sit at dinner with pencils in their hands;' upon which the child of eight years old coolly replied, '*L'artiste ne quitte jamais son crayon.*'"

"When the Mother and Lea were both ill last week, our Italian servants Clementina and (her daughter) Louisa groaned incessantly; and when Clementina was taken ill on the following night, Louisa gave up all hope at once, and sent for her other children to take leave of her. This depression of spirits has gone on ever since Christmas, and it turns out now that they think a terrible omen has come to the house. No omen is worse than an upset of oil, but, if this occurs on Christmas Eve it is absolutely fatal, and on Christmas Eve my mother upset her little table with the great moderator lamp upon it. The oil was spilt all over her gown and the lamp broken to pieces on the floor, with great cries of '*O santissimo diavolo!*' from the servants. 'Only one thing can save us now,' says Louisa; 'if Providence would mercifully permit that some one should break a bottle of wine here by accident, that would bring back luck to the house, but nothing else can.'

"The Borgheses have had a magnificent fancy ball. Young Bolognetti Cenci borrowed the armour of Julius II. from the Pope for the occasion, and young Corsini that of Cardinal de Bourbon. The Duchess Fiano went in the costume of the first Empire, terribly improper in these days, and another lady went as a nymph just emerged from a fountain, and naturally clothed as little as possible. The Princess Borghese¹ was dreadfully shocked, but she only said, 'I fear, Madame, that you must be feeling horribly cold.'

"When the French ambassador sent to the Pope to desire that he would send away the Court of Naples, the Pope said he must decline to give up the parental

¹ Thérèse de la Rochefoucauld, wife of Prince Marc-Antonio Borghese.

prerogative which had always belonged to the Popes, of giving shelter to unfortunate princes of other nations, of whatever degree or nation they might be, and 'of this,' he added pointedly, 'the Bonapartes are a striking example.' The French ambassador had the bad taste to go on to the Palazzo Farnese, and, after condoling with the King of Naples¹ upon what he had heard of his great poverty, said, 'If your Majesty would engage at once to leave Rome, I on my part would promise to do my best endeavours with my Government to obtain the restoration of at least a part of your Majesty's fortune.' The King coldly replied, 'Sir, I have heard that in all ages great and good men have ended their days in obscurity and poverty, and it can be no source of dread to me that I may be numbered amongst them.'

"The Queen-mother of Naples² is still very rich, but is now a mere nurse to her large family, with some of whom she is to be seen — '*gran bel pezzo di donna*' — driving every day. When the King returned from Caieta, she was still at the Quirinal, and went down to the Piazza Monte Cavallo to receive him; but with him and the Queen came her own eldest son, and, before noticing her sovereign, she rushed to embrace her child, saying, '*Adesso, son pagata a tutto.*'

"One sees the Queen of Naples³ daily walking with her sister Countess Trani⁴ near the Porta Angelica, or threading the carriages in the Piazza di Spagna, where the coachmen never take off their hats, and even crack their whips as she passes. She wears a straw hat, a plain violet linsey-woolsey dress, and generally leads a large deerhound by a string. She is perfectly lovely.

"The great Mother, Maria de Matthias,⁵ has lately come

¹ Francesco II.

² Marie Thérèse Isabelle, daughter of Archduke Charles of Austria.

³ Marie, daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria.

⁴ Princess Mathilde of Bavaria.

⁵ Foundress of the Order of the Precious Blood.

down from her mountains of Acuto to visit my sister, who has arrived in Rome, and the confessor of the Venerable Anna Maria Taigi has also visited her. I have read the life of this saint, and have never found out any possible excuse for her being canonised, unless that she married her husband because he was a good man, though he was 'ruvido di maniere e grossolano.'

"At dinner at Mr. Brooke's, I met the quaint and clever Mrs. Payne, Madame d'Arblay's niece. She said that England had an honest bad climate and Rome a dishonest good one.

"Count Bolognetti Cenci is marvellously handsome, face and figure alike perfect. Some people maintain that Don Onorato Caiëtani is equally handsome. He has the extraordinary plume of white hair which is hereditary in the Caiëtani family. His father, the Duke of Sermoneta, said the other day with some pardonable pride, 'Our ancestors were reigning sovereigns (in Tuscany) long before the Pope had any temporal power.'

"We have been to the Villa Doria to pick 'Widowed Iris,' which the Italians call 'i tre chiodi del Nostro Signore,'—the three nails of our Saviour's cross.

"My sister declares that when Madame Barrère, late superior of the Order of the Sacré Cœur, was in her great old age, a Catholic lady who was married to a Protestant came to her and implored her to promise that, as soon as she entered heaven, her first petition should be for her husband that he might be a Catholic. Soon after this the Protestant husband was taken alarmingly ill, but gave his wife no hope that he would change his religion; yet, to her great surprise, when he was dying he bade her send for a priest. She considered this at first as a result of delirium, but he insisted upon the priest coming, and, rallying soon after, was received into the Roman Catholic Church. In a few days came the news of the death of Madame Barrère, and on inquiry it was found that the

moment of her death and that of the Protestant sending for the priest exactly coincided."

"*March 13.* The Roman princes are generally enormously rich. Tortonia is said to have an income which gives him 7000 scudi (£1200) a day. He is very charitable, and gives a great many pensions of a scudo a day to poor individuals of the *mezzoceto* class. The Chigis used to be immensely rich, but were ruined by old Princess Chigi, who gambled away everything she could get hold of. When one of her sons was to be made a Monsignore, a collection was arranged amongst the friends of the family to pay the expenses, but they imprudently left the rouleaux of money on the chimney-piece, where the old Princess spied them, and snapping them up, *gioccolare*-d them all away. The Massimi are rich, but the old Prince¹ is very miserly. The other day he told his cook that he was going to give a supper, but that it must not cost more than fifteen baiocchi a head, and that he must give minestra. The cook said it was utterly impossible, but the Prince declared he did not care in the least about 'possible,' only it must be done. The supper came off, and the guests had minestra. The next day the Prince said to his cook, 'Well, now, you see you could do it perfectly well; what was the use of making such a fuss about it?' The cook said 'Yes, I *did* it, but would you like to know where I got the bones from that made the soup?' The Prince shrugged his shoulders and said, 'Oh no, I don't want in the least to know about that; so long as you do your suppers for my price, you may get your bones wherever you like.' The cook told his friends afterwards that he got them at the Immondezzajo!"

"*March 25.* Last January my sister wanted to engage a new maid. The mistress of a famous flower shop at Paris recommended her present maid, 'Madame Victorine,'

¹ Prince Camillo, who married a princess of Savoy-Carignan.

who came to the hotel to see Esmeralda, who was delighted with her, only thinking her too good for the place. The new maid only made two stipulations: one was that she should always be called *Madame Victorine*; the other, that she should not be expected to have her meals with the other servants. My sister said that as to the first stipulation, there would be no difficulty at all; that she had always called her mother's maid 'Madame Victoire,' and that she could have no objection to calling her *Madame Victorine*; but that as to the second stipulation, though she insisted upon nothing, and though *Madame Victorine* would be perfectly free to take her food away and eat it wherever she pleased, yet she did not advise her to make any difficulty of this kind, as they were going to Italy, where the servants have jealous natures, and would be peculiarly liable to resent anything of the sort. Upon this *Madame Victorine* waived her second stipulation.

"Esmeralda was surprised, when *Madame Victorine* came to her, to find how well she had been educated, and little traces of her having belonged to a higher position several times appeared by accident, upon which occasions *Madame Victorine* would colour deeply and try to hide what she had said. Thus, once she was betrayed into saying, 'I managed in that way with my servants;' and once in the railway, 'I did so when I was travelling with my son.' My sister observed not only that all her dresses were of the best silk though perfectly plain, but that all her cuffs, collars, and handkerchiefs were of the very best and finest material. But the oddest circumstance was, that once when Esmeralda was going to seal a letter, having no seal about her, she asked *Madame Victorine* if she had one. *Madame Victorine* lent her one, and then, colouring violently, as if she remembered something, tried to snatch it away, but Esmeralda had already pressed it down, and saw on the impression a coronet and a cipher. When my sister first told *Madame Victorine* that she was

too good for the place, she seemed greatly agitated and exclaimed, 'Oh don't, don't change your mind, do take me: I will consent to do anything, only do take me.'

"One day since they have been at Palazzo Parisani, Esmeralda was looking for something amongst her music. 'You will find it in such an opera,' said Madame Victorine. 'Why, do you play also?' said Esmeralda, much surprised. 'Yes,' said Madame Victorine, colouring deeply. 'Then will you play to me?' said my sister. 'Oh no, no,' said Madame Victorine, trembling all over. 'Then I hope you will play sometimes when I am out,' said Esmeralda, and this Madame Victorine said she would do, and it seemed to please her very much."¹

"*March* 26. The Santa Croce are perhaps really the oldest family in Rome. They claim descent from Valerius Publicola, and the spirit of his life, that which characterised 'the good house that loved the people well,' still remains in the family. The other day Donna Vincenza Santa Croce was speaking of the Trinità de' Monti,² and the system of education there, and she said, 'I do so dislike those nuns: they are so worldly: they do so give in to rank, for when a girl of one of the great noble houses is there, they will make all the other girls stand up when she comes into a room! But this, you know, is not right, for it is only goodness and talent, not rank, that ought to make people esteemed in the world.' And was not this the spirit of Valerius Publicola speaking through his descendant?"

¹ The mystery of Madame Victorine was never cleared up. In the summer of 1867 she suddenly expressed a wish to leave, though full of gratitude and affection for my sister, and she implied that she need no longer continue in service. Probably she has returned into the sphere of life from which she evidently came. She called herself Victorine Errard.

² A celebrated convent in Rome, where the French nuns have a school, which is very popular.

"*March 27.* Last Sunday (Palm Sunday) was the last day of the 'mission' which the Pope had appointed in the hope of warding off both the cholera and the destruction of his own power. All the week processions had paraded the streets and monks had preached in the piazzas, rousing the feelings of the people in behalf of the Holy Father, and last Sunday it all came to a close. Giacinta, 'the Saint of St. Peter's,' came to tell my sister about the scene at Santo Spirito, where she was. A Passionist Father took a real crown of thorns and pressed it upon his head three times, till the thorns sank deep into the flesh, and the blood ran in streams down his face and over his dress. The people cried and sobbed convulsively, and were excited to frenzy when he afterwards took a 'disciplina' and began violently to scourge himself before all the congregation. One man sobbed and screamed so violently that he was dragged out by the carabinieri. Whilst the feelings of the people were thus wrought up, the father besought and commanded them to deliver up all books they possessed which were mentioned in the Index, tambourines and things used in dancing the saltarella, and all weapons, — and all through that afternoon they kept pouring in by hundreds, men bringing their books, and women their tambourines, and many their knives and pistols, which were piled up into a great heap in the courtyard of the Santo Spirito and set on fire. It was a huge bonfire, which burnt quite late into the evening, and whilst it burnt, more people were perpetually arriving and throwing on their books and other things, just as in the old days of Florence under the influence of Savonarola.

"Last Thursday at the Caravità, the doors of the church were 'closed at one hour of the day' (*i. e.*, after Ave Maria), only men being admitted, and when they were fast, scourges were distributed, the lights all put out, and every one began to scourge both themselves and their neighbours, any one who had ventured to remain in the

church without using a 'disciplina' being the more vigorously scourged by the others. At such times all is soon a scene of the wildest confusion, and shrieks and groans are heard on all sides. Some poor creatures try to escape by clinging to the pillars of the galleries, others fly screaming through the church with their scourges pursuing them like demons.

"They say that the reason why St. Joseph's day was so much kept this year is that the Pope is preparing the public mind to receive a dogma of the Immaculate Conception of St. Joseph — perhaps to be promulgated next year: St. Anne is to be reserved to another time."

"*April 1, Easter Sunday.* Passion Week has been very odd and interesting, but not reverent. It was very curious to see how — as Mrs. Goldsmid says, 'the Church always anticipates,' so that the Saviour, personified by the Sacrament is laid in the tomb long before the hour of His death, and Thursday, not Saturday, is the day upon which all the faithful go about to visit the sepulchres.¹ My sister decorated that of S. Claudio with flowers and her great worked carpet. The Mother recalls John Bunyan's confession of faith —

'Blest cross, blest sepulchre, — blest rather He,
The Man that there was put to shame for me.'

"We went to the Benediction in the Piazza S. Pietro — a glorious blue sky and burning sunshine, and the vast crowd making the whole scene very grand, especially at the moment when the Pope stretched out his arms, and, hovering over the crimson balcony like a great white albatross, gave his blessing to all the world. Surely nothing is finer than that wonderful voice of Pius IX., which, without ever losing its tone of indescribable solemnity,

¹ Because it was on the day before the Crucifixion that Our Lord said "This is my body," &c.

yet vibrates to the farthest corners of the immense piazza.

"Afterwards we went to S. Andrea della Valle to see the 'sepolero;' but far more worth seeing was a single ray of light streaming in through a narrow slit in one of the dark blinds, and making a glistening pool of gold upon the black pavement.

"On Good Friday, after the English service, we went to Santo Spirito in Borgo, where, after waiting an hour and a half, seeing nothing but the curiously ragged congregation, we found that the 'Tre Ore,' was to be preached in broad Trasteverino, of which we could not understand a word. We went into St. Peter's, which was in a state of widowhood, no bells, no clock, no holy water, no ornaments on any of the altars, no lamps burning at the shrine, and all because the Sacrament was no longer present. We went again in the afternoon, when the whole building was thickly crowded from end to end. I stood upon the ledge of one of the pillars and watched two graceful ladies and a gentlemanly-looking man in black buffeted in the crowd below me: they were the King and Queen of Naples and the Countess Trani. Some zealous Bourbonists kissed their hands at risk of being trampled on.

"To-day St. Peter's and all the other churches have come to life again: the Sacrament has been restored: the bells have rung: and fire and water have been re-blessed for the year to come. All private Catholic houses too have had their blessings. A priest and a boy surprised Lea by coming in here and blessing everything, and she found them asperging the Mother's bed with holy water, all at the desire of our fellow-lodger, Mr. Monteith of Carstairs, whom Louisa described as dropping gold pieces into their water-vessel. At Palazzo Parisani, as well as below us, a 'colazione' was set out, with a great cake, eggs, &c., and after being blessed was given away.

"Antonelli has just been made a priest, in the vague idea, I suppose, that it might some day be convenient to raise him to the papacy.

"Mr. Perry Williams, the artist, thought the old woman who cleans out his studio looked dreadfully ill the other day, and said, 'You look very bad, what on earth is the matter with you?' — 'Cosa vuole, Signore? — ho avuto una digestione tutta la notte.'"

"*April 3.* This morning poor little Miss Joyce lay in a chapelle ardente at S. Andrea delle Fratte, and all the English Catholics, with the Borgheses and Dorias, who were her cousins, attended the requiem mass. She was only alarmingly ill for thirty-six hours, of brain fever, caused by a dose of twenty-five grains of quinine after typhus, which she had brought back from Naples. She had been the gayest of the gay all the season, and a week ago was acting in tableaux and singing at Mrs. Cholmondeley's party. It is said that at least one young lady is killed every year by being taken to Naples when she is overdone by the balls and excitement here.

"My sister gave a small party yesterday evening. The Duke and Duchess Sora were there. The Duchess has a wonderfully charming expression. K., a young Tractarian, was introduced to her. She said afterwards, 'J'ai pensé longtemps qu'il était catholique, et puis j'ai tourné, j'ai tourné, j'ai tourné, et voilà qu'il était protestant!'"

"*April 8.* On Thursday, at the Monteiths', I met Lady Herries, Mrs. Montgomery, my sister, and many other Catholics. They were all assembled before dinner to receive Cardinal de Reisach, a very striking-looking old man, whose white hair and brilliant scarlet robes made a splendid effect of colour.

"On Friday, at 2 P. M., I joined the Feildens to go to the Palazzo Farnese. Mrs. F. wore a high grey dress

without a bonnet: little Helen was in black velvet, with all her pretty hair flowing over her shoulders; Mr. Robartes, Mr. Feilden, and I wore evening dress. The whole way in the carriage my companions declared they felt more terrified than if they were going to a dentist, as bad as if they were going to have their legs taken off. We drove into the courtyard of the Farnese and to the foot of the staircase. Several other people were just coming down. We were shown through one long gallery after another to a small salon furnished with green, where the Duca della Regina and an old lady received us. Soon the door was opened at the side, and in very distinct tones the Duke mentioned our names. Just within the door stood Francis II. He looked grave and sad, and his forehead seemed to work convulsively at moments; still I thought him handsome. The Queen sat on a sofa at the other side of the room. She was in a plain black mourning dress with some black lace in her hair (for Queen Marie Amélie, her husband's aunt). The room was a boudoir, hung round with family portraits. There was a beautiful miniature of the Queen on the table near which I sat.

"I went up at once to the King and made as if I would kiss his hand, but he shook mine warmly and made me sit in an arm-chair between him and the Queen. Mrs. Feilden in the meantime had gone direct to the Queen, who seated her by her side upon the sofa, and taking little Helen on her lap, kissed her tenderly, and said she remembered her, having often seen her before. I said, '*Ce petit enfant a tant de dévouement pour sa Majesté la Reine, qu'elle va tous les jours à la Place d'Espagne seulement pour avoir le bonheur de voir sa Majesté quand elle passe.*' The Queen's eyes filled with tears, and she hid her face in Helen's hair, which she kissed and stroked, saying '*Oh mon cher enfant, mon cher petit enfant!*'

"The King then said something about the great rains

we had suffered. I mentioned the prophecy if it rained on the 4th April —

‘Quattro di brillante,
Quaranta di durante,’

and the King said that in Naples there was a superstition of the same kind as that of our St. Swithin in England.

“As another set of people came in, we rose to go, kissing the Queen’s hand, except Helen, who kissed her face. The King¹ shook hands and walked with us to the door, expressing a wish that we should return to Rome; and replying, when I said how much my mother benefited by the climate here, that Madame my mother ought always to make the most of whatever climate suited her health and remain in it. In the anteroom the Duca della Regina and the old lady were waiting to see Helen again.

“To-day Mrs. Ramsay asked me the difference between the Italian words *mezzo-caldo* and *semi-freddo*. One would think they were the same, but *mezzo-caldo* is hot punch and *semi-freddo* is cold cream!”

I have put in these extracts from my journal, as they describe a state of things at Rome which seemed then as if it would last for ever, but which is utterly swept away now and rapidly passing into oblivion. The English society was as frivolous then as it is now, but much more primitive. It was the custom in those days, when any one gave a larger party than usual, to ask Mrs. Miller, a respectable old Anglo-German baker who lived in the Via della Croce, to make tea and manage the refreshments, and one knew whether the party that one was invited to was going to be a large or small one by

¹ King Francesco II., died December 1894.

looking to see if there was "To meet Mrs. Miller" in the corner.

Our days were for the most part spent in drawing, and many were the delightful hours we passed in the



CONTADINA, VALLEY OF THE SACCO.¹

Villa Negroni, which has now entirely disappeared, in spite of its endless historic associations, or in the desolate and beautiful *vigne* of the Esquiline, which have also been destroyed since the Sardinian occupation of Rome. Indeed, those who visit Rome now

¹ From "Days near Rome."

that it is a very squalid modern city, can have no idea of the wealth and glory of picturesqueness which adorned its every corner before 1870, or of how romantic were the passing figures—the crimson Cardinals; the venerable generals of religious orders with their flowing white beards; the endless monks and nuns; the pifferari with their pipes; the peasant women from Cori and Arpino and Subiaco,



THE BRIDGE OF AUGUSTUS, NARNI.¹

with their great gold earrings, coral necklaces, and snowy head-dresses; the contadini in their sheepskins and goat-skins; the handsome stalwart Guardia Nobile in splendid tight-fitting uniforms; and above all, the grand figure and beneficent face of Pius IX. so frequently passing, seated in his glass coach, in his snow-white robes, with the stoic self-estimation of the Popes, but with his own kindly smile and his fingers constantly raised in benediction.

The heat was very great before we left Rome in

¹ From "Days near Rome."

April. We went first to Narni, where we stayed several days in a very primitive lodging, with the smallest possible amount of furniture, and nothing to eat except cold goat and rosemary, but in a glorious situation on the terrace which overlooks the deep



THE MEDIEVAL BRIDGE, NARNI.¹

rift of the Nar, clothed everywhere with ilex, box, and arbutus; and we spent long hours drawing the two grand old bridges—Roman and Mediæval—which stride across the river, even Lea being stimulated by the intense beauty to a trial of her artistic powers, and making a very creditable performance of the two grand cypresses on the slope of the hill, which have disappeared under the Sardinian rule.

We spent a happy day at Spoleto, with its splendid ilex woods. Here my friends Kilcoursie² and Pearson joined us, and I went with them to spend the

¹ From "Days near Rome."

² Frederick, Viscount Kilcoursie, son of the 8th Earl of Cavan.

morning at the Temple of the Clitumnus, and returned just too late for the train we had intended to leave by. It is very characteristic of the slowness of those early days of Italian railways, that though we did not order our carriage till some time after the train was gone, we reached Perugia by road, in spite of the steep hill to be climbed, before the train which we were to have taken arrived on the railway. This evening's drive (April 23) is one of the Italian journeys I look back upon with greatest pleasure, the going onwards through the rich plain of vines and almonds and olives, and all the blaze of spring tulips and gladioli, and the stopping to buy the splendid oranges from the piles which lay in the little market under the old cathedral of Foligno; then seeing the sky turn opal behind the hills, and deepen in colour through a conflagration of amber, and orange, and crimson, of which the luminousness was never lost, though everything else disappeared into one dense shadow, and the great cypresses on the mountain edges were only dark spires engraven upon the sky. How many such evenings have we spent, ever moving onwards at that stately smooth *vetturino* pace — and silent, Mother absorbed in her heavenly, I in my earthly contemplations; dear Lea, tired by her long day, often sleeping opposite to us against the handbags.

We spent several days in Florence in 1866, when the streets were already placarded with such advertisements as 'Le Menzogne di Genese, o l'Impostatura di Mosè' — typical of the change of Government. I paid several visits to the Comtesse d'Usedom (the

Olympia Malcolm of my childhood), who was more extraordinary than ever. When I went to luncheon with her in the Villa Capponi, she talked incessantly for three hours, chiefly of spirits.



VIEW FROM THE BOBOLI GARDENS, FLORENCE.¹

"I believe in them," she said, "of course I do. Why, haven't I *heard* them?" (with a perfect yell). "Why, I've seen a child whom we knew most intimately who was perfectly possessed by spirits — evil spirits, I mean. There is nothing efficacious against *that* kind but prayer and the crucifix. Why, the poor little thing used to struggle for hours. It used to describe the devils it saw. They were of different kinds. Sometimes it would say, 'Oh, it's only one of the innocent blackies,' and then it would shriek when it thought it saw a red devil come. It

¹ From "Florence."

was the red devils that did all the mischief. All the best physicians were called in, but they all said the case was quite beyond them. The possession sometimes came on twice in a day. It would end by the child gasping a great sigh, as if at that moment the evil spirit went out of it, and then quite calmly it would open its eyes, wonder where it was, and remember nothing of what had happened. The doctors urged that the child should not be kept quiet, but taken abroad and amused, and mama writes me word now that it is quite well.

"I never saw the ghosts at Rugen," said Madame von Usedom, "but there is one of Usedom's houses there which I have refused ever to go to again, for I have heard them there often. The lady in the room with me saw them too — she saw three white sisters pulling her husband out of his grave.

"We have an old lady in our family, a relation of Usedom's, who has that wonderful power of second-sight. . . . When we left you at Bamberg (in 1853), we went to Berlin, and there we saw Usedom's relation, who told me that I was going to have a son. She 'saw it,' she said. *Saw it!* why, she saw it as plain as daylight: I was going to have a son: Usedom's first wife had brought him none, and I was going to give him one.

"When I left Berlin, we went to Rugen, but I was to return to Berlin, where my son was to be born. Well, about three weeks before my confinement was expected, the old lady sent for a relation of Usedom's, who was in Berlin, and said, 'Have you heard anything of Olympia?' — 'Yes,' he said, 'I heard from Usedom yesterday, and she is going on as well as possible, and will be here in a few days.' — 'No,' said the old lady, 'she will not, for the child is dead. Yesterday, as I was sitting here, three angels passed through my room with a little child in their arms, and the face of the child was so exactly like Usedom's that I know that the child is born and that it is in heaven.'

And so it was. I had a bad fall in Rugen, which we thought nothing of at the time. I had so much strength and courage that it did not seem to affect me; but a week after my boy was born — dead — killed by that fall, and the image, oh! the very image of Usedom.”

From Florence we went to Bellagio on the Lago di Como, and spent a week of glorious weather amid beautiful flowers with nightingales singing in the trees all day and night. Many of our Roman friends joined us, and we passed pleasant days together in the garden walks and in short excursions to the neighbouring villas. When we left Bellagio, the two Misses Hawker, often our companions in Rome, accompanied us. We ascended the Splügen from Chiavenna in pitch darkness, till, about 4 A.M., the diligence entered upon the snow cuttings, and we proceeded for some time between walls of snow, often fifteen feet high. At last we stopped altogether, and in a spot where there was no refuge whatever from the ferocious ice-laden wind. Meantime sledges were prepared, being small open carts without wheels, which just held two persons each: my mother and I were in the second, Lea and an Italian in the third, and the Hawkers in the fourth: we had no man with our sledge. The sledges started in procession, the horses stumbling over the ledges in the snow, from which we bounded up and down. At last the path began to wind along the edge of a terrific precipice, where nothing but a slight edging of fresh snow separated one from the abyss. Where this narrow path turned it was truly horrible. Then came a tunnel festooned with long icicles; then a

fearful descent down a snow-drift almost perpendicularly over the side of the mountain, the horses sliding on all fours, and the sledges crashing and bounding from one hard piece of snow to another; all this while the wind blew furiously, and the other sledges behind seemed constantly coming upon us. Certainly I never remember anything more appalling. At the



HOLMHURST, FROM THE GARDEN.

bottom of the drift was another diligence, but the Hawkers and I walked on to Splügen.

We spent an interesting afternoon at Brugg, and drew at Königsfelden, where the Emperor Albert's tomb is left deserted and neglected in a stable, and Queen Agnes's room remains highly picturesque, with many relics of her. In the evening we had a lovely walk through the forest to Hapsburg, where we saw a splendid sunset from the hill of the old castle.

With a glimpse at Freiburg-im-Breisgau, we reached Carlsruhe, with which we were very agreeably surprised. The Schloss Garten is really pretty, with fine trees and fountains: the town is bright and clean; and all around is the forest with its endless pleasant paths. We found dear Madame de Bunsen established with her daughters Frances and Emilia in a nice old-fashioned house, 18 Waldhornstrasse, with all their pictures and treasures around them, the fine bust of Mrs. Waddington in itself giving the room a character. Circling round the aunts were Theodora von Ungern Sternberg's five motherless children, a perpetual life-giving influence to the home. We went with them into the forest and to the *faisanerie*, and picked masses of wild lilies of the valley. In the palace gardens we saw the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess, a very handsome couple: she the only daughter of the King of Prussia. At the station also I saw again, and for the last time, the very pleasing Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, and presented the Bunsens to her.¹ On the eve of Trinity Sunday we reached home.

From my JOURNAL.

“*July 30, 1866. — Holmhurst.* Another happy summer! How different my grown-up-hood has been to my boyhood: now all sunshine, then all reproach and misery. How strange it is that my dearest mother remembers nothing of those days, *nothing* of those years of bitter heartache which my uncles' wives cost me. But her present love, her beautiful full heart devotion, are all free-will offering, not

¹ Queen Emma died in 1885.



Lady Augusta Murray

sacrifice of atonement. Our little Holmhurst is most lovely and peaceful."

In August we spent a fortnight at the Deanery at Westminster with Arthur and Augusta Stanley, the latter *fit les délices* of all who came under her influence, and both were most kind in asking every one to meet us that they thought we could be interested to see. To me, however, no one was ever half so interesting as Arthur himself, and his conversation at these small Deanery dinner-parties was most delightful, though, as I have heard another say, and perhaps justly, "it was always versatile rather than accurate, brilliant rather than profound." From London we went to look after our humble friends at Alton, where all the villagers welcomed my mother with a most touching wealth of evergreen love, and where forty old people came to supper by her invitation in the barn. The owls hissed overhead in the oak rafters; the feast was lighted by candles stuck into empty ginger-beer bottles, and in quavering voices they all drank the mother's health. She made them a sweet little speech, praying that all those who were there might meet with her at the great supper of the Lamb. I had much interest at Alton in finding out those particulars which form the account of the place in "Memorials of a Quiet Life." The interest of the people, utterly unspoilt by "civilisation," can hardly be described, or the simplicity of their faith. Speaking of her long troubles and illness, "Betty Smith" said, "I ha' been sorely tried, but it be a' to help I on to thiek there place." William Pontyn said, "It

just be a comfort to I to know that God Almighty's always at whom: *He* never goes out on a visit." Their use of fine words is very comical. Old Pontyn said, "My son-in-law need na treat I ill, for I niver gied un no *publication* for it." He thanked mother for her "respectable gift," and said, "I do thank



ALTON BARNES CHURCH.

God ivery morning and ivery night, that I do; and thank un as I may, I niver can thank un enough, He be so awful good to I." He said the noise the threshing-machine made when out of order was "fierly ridic'lous," and that he was "fierly gallered (frightened) at it" — that he was "obliged to *flagellate* the ducks to get them out of the pond."

I drove with Mr. Pile to see the remains of Wolf

Hall, on the edge of Savernake Forest, where Henry VIII. married Jane Seymour. The house, once of immense size, is nearly destroyed. The roof of the banqueting-hall is now the roof of a barn. The beautiful fragment of building remaining was once the laundry. Hard by, at Burbage, is "Jane Seymour's Pool."

After leaving Alton, as if making the round of my mother's old homes, we went to Buntingsdale, Hodnet, and Stoke. While at the former, I remember the Tayleurs being full of the promptitude of old Mrs. Massie (whose son Edward married our cousin Sophy Mytton). When above ninety she had been taken to see the church of Northwich, where some one pointed out to her a gravestone with the epitaph —

"Some have children, and some have none;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one."

Old Mrs. Massie drew herself up to her full height and at once made this impromptu —

"Some have many, and some have few;
Here *stands* the mother of twenty-two."

And what she said was true.

My mother turned south from Shropshire, and I went to Lyme, near Disley, the fine old house of the Leghs, whose then head, W. T. Legh, had married Emily Wodehouse, one of the earliest friends of my childhood. It is a most stately old house, standing high in a very wild park, one of the only three places where wild cattle are not extinct. The story of the place is curious.

“Old Colonel Legh of Lyme left his property first to his son Tom, but though Tom Legh was twice married, he had no sons, so it came to the father of the present possessor. Tom's first wife had been the celebrated Miss Turner. Her father was a Manchester manufacturer, who had bought the property of Shrigley, near Lyme, of which his only daughter was the heiress. She was carried off from school by a conspiracy between three brothers named Gibbon Wakefield and a Miss Davis, daughter of a very respectable master of the Grammar School at Macclesfield. While at school, Miss Turner received a letter from home which mentioned casually that her family had changed their butler. Two days after, a person purporting to be the new butler came to the school, and sent in a letter to say that Mr. Turner was dangerously ill, and that he was sent to fetch his daughter, who was to return home at once. In the greatest hurry, Miss Turner was got ready and sent off. When they had gone some way, the carriage stopped, and a young man got in, who said that he had been sent to break to her the news that her father's illness was a fiction; that they did not wish to spread the truth by letting the governess know, but that the fact was that Mr. Turner had got into some terrible money difficulties and was completely ruined, and he begged that his daughter would proceed at once to meet him in Scotland, whither he was obliged to go to evade his creditors. During the journey the young man who was sent to chaperon Miss Turner made himself most agreeable. At last they reached Berwick, and then at the inn, going out of the room, he returned with a letter and said that he was almost afraid to tell her its contents, but that it was sent by her father's command, and that he only implored her to forgive him for obeying her father's orders. It was a most urgent letter from her father, saying that it rested with her to extricate him from his difficulties, which she could do by consenting to marry the bearer. The man was handsome

and pleasant, and the marriage seemed no great trial to the girl, who was under fifteen. Immediately after marriage she was taken to Paris.

“Meantime all the gentlemen in the county rallied round Mr. Turner, and he contrived somehow to get his daughter away whilst she was in Paris. Suspicion had been first excited in the mind of the governess because letters for Miss Turner continued to arrive at the school from Shrigley, and she gave the alarm. There was a great trial, at which all the gentlemen in Cheshire accompanied Mr. Turner when he appeared leading his daughter. The marriage was pronounced null and void, and one of the Gibbon Wakefields was imprisoned at Lancaster for five years, the others for two. It was the utmost punishment that could be given for misdemeanour, and nothing more could be proved. The Gibbon Wakefields had thought that, rather than expose his daughter to three days in a witness box, Mr. Turner would consent to a regular marriage, and they had relied upon that. Miss Turner was afterwards married to Mr. Legh, in the hope of uniting two fine properties, but as she had no son, her daughter, Mrs. Lowther, is now the mistress of Shrigley.”

TO MY MOTHER.

“*Lyne Hall, August 29, 1866.* I have been with Mrs. Legh to Bramhall, the fine old house of the Davenports, near Stockport, with the haunted room of Lady Dorothy Davenport and no end of relics. Out of the billiard-room opens the parish church, in the same style as the house, with prayer-books chained to the seats. We returned by Marple, the wonderfully curious old house of Bradshaw the regicide.”

“*Sept. 1.* To-day we had a charming drive over the hills, the green glens of pasture-land, the steepes, and the toss-

ing burns recalling those of Westmoreland. I went with Mrs. Legh into one of the cottages and admired the blue wash of the room, 'Oh, *you* like it, do ye?' said the mistress of the house; 'I don't — so that 's difference of opinions.' The whole ceiling was hung with different kinds of herbs, 'for we 're our own doctors, ye see, and it saves the physic bills.'

"The four children — Sybil and Mob (Mabel), Tom and Gilbert Legh, are delightful, and Sybil quite lovely. It is a pleasure to hear the little feet come scampering down the oak staircase, as the four rush down to the library to ask for a story at seven o'clock — 'A nice horrible story, all about robbers and murders: now do tell us a *really* horrible one.'"

"*Thornycroft Hall, Cheshire, Sept. 3.* The family here are much depressed by the reappearance of the cattle plague. In the last attack sixty-eight cows died, and so rapidly that men had to be up all night burying them by lantern-light in one great grave in the park. . . . How curious the remains of French expressions are as used by the cottagers here. They speak of *carafes* of water, and say they should not *oss* (*oser*) to do a thing. The other day one of the Birtles tenants was being examined as a witness at the Manchester assizes. 'You told me so and so, didn't you?' said the lawyer. And the man replied, 'I tell't ye nowt o' the kind, ye powther-headed monkey; ask the coompany now if I did.'"

From Thornycroft I went to stay (only three miles off) at Birtles, the charming, comfortable home of the Hibberts — very old friends of all our family. Mrs. Hibbert, *née* Caroline Cholmondeley, was very intimate with my aunt Mrs. Stanley, and a most interesting and agreeable person; and I always found a

visit to Birtles a most admirable discipline, as my great ignorance was so much discovered and commented upon, that it was always a stimulus to further exertion. It was on this occasion that Mrs. Hibbert told me a very remarkable story. It had been told her by Mrs. Gaskell the authoress, who said that she felt so greatly the uncertainty of life, that she wished a story which might possibly be of consequence, and which had been intrusted to her, to remain with some one who was certain to record it accurately. Three weeks afterwards, sitting by the fire with her daughter, Mrs. Gaskell died suddenly in her arm-chair. Mrs. Hibbert, in her turn, wished to share her trust with some one, and she selected me.

In my childhood I remember well the Misses T., who were great friends of my aunt Mrs. Stanley, and very clever agreeable old ladies. "Many years before," as Mrs. Gaskell described to Mrs. Hibbert, "they had had the care of a young cousin, a girl whose beauty and cleverness were a great delight to them. But when she was very young, indeed in the first year of her 'coming out,' she engaged herself to marry a Major Alcock. In a worldly point of view the marriage was all that could be desired. Major Alcock was a man of fortune with a fine place in Leicestershire: he was a good man, of high character, and likely to make an excellent husband. Still it was a disappointment—an almost unspoken disappointment—to her friends that the young lady should marry so soon—'she was so young,' they thought; 'she had had so few opportunities of judging persons; they had looked forward to having her so much longer with them,' &c.

"When Mrs. Alcock went to her new home in Leicestershire, it was a great comfort to the Misses T. and others

who cared for her that some old friends of the family would be her nearest neighbours, and could keep them cognisant of how she was going on. For some time the letters of these friends described Mrs. Alcock as radiantly, perfectly happy. Mrs. Alcock's own letters also gave glowing descriptions of her home, of the kindness of her husband, of her own perfect felicity. But after a time a change came over the letters on both sides. The neighbours described Mrs. Alcock as sad and pale, and constantly silent and preoccupied, and in the letters of Mrs. Alcock herself there was a reserve and want of all her former cheerfulness, which aroused great uneasiness.

"The Misses T. went to see Mrs. Alcock, and found her terribly, awfully changed — haggard, worn, preoccupied, with an expression of fixed melancholy in her eyes. Both to them and to the doctors who were called in to her she said that the cause of her suffering was that, waking or sleeping, she seemed to see before her a face, the face of a man whom she exactly described, and that she was sure that some dreadful misfortune was about to befall her from the owner of that face. Waking, she seemed to see it, or, if she fell asleep, she dreamt of it. The doctors said that it was a case of what is known as phantasmagoria; that the fact was that in her unmarried state Mrs. Alcock had not only had every indulgence and consideration, but that even the ordinary rubs of practical life had been warded off from her; and that having been suddenly transplanted into being the head of a large establishment in Leicestershire, with quantities of visitors coming and going throughout the hunting season, had been too much for a very peculiar and nervous temperament, and that over-fatigue and unwonted excitement had settled into this peculiar form of delusion. She must have perfect rest, they said, and her mind would soon recover its usual tone.

"This was acted upon. The house in Leicestershire

was shut up, and Major and Mrs. Alcock went abroad for the summer. The remedy completely answered. Mrs. Alcock forgot all about the face, slept well, enjoyed herself extremely and became perfectly healthy in body and mind. So well was she, that it was thought a pity to run the risk of bringing her back to Leicestershire just before the hunting season, the busiest time there, and it was decided to establish her cure by taking her to pass the winter at Rome.

"One of the oldest established hotels in Rome is the Hôtel d'Angleterre in the Bocca di Leone. It was to it that travellers generally went first when they arrived at Rome in the old *retturino* days; and there, by the fountain near the hotel door which plays into a sarcophagus under the shadow of two old pepper-trees, idle contadini used to collect in old days to see the foreigners arrive. So I remember it in the happy old days, and so it was on the evening on which the heavily laden carriage of the Alcock family rolled into the Bocca di Leone and stopped at the door of the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Major Alcock got out, and Mrs. Alcock got out, but, as she was descending the steps of the carriage, she happened to glance round at the group under the pepper-trees, and she uttered a piercing shriek, fell down upon the ground, and was carried unconscious into the hotel.

"When Mrs. Alcock came to herself, she affirmed that amongst the group near the door of the hotel she had recognised the owner of the face which had so long tormented her, and she was certain that some dreadful misfortune was about to overwhelm her. Doctors, summoned in haste, when informed of her previous condition, declared that the same results were owing to the same causes. Major Alcock, who disliked bad hotels, had insisted on posting straight through to Rome from Perugia; there had been difficulties about horses, altercations with the post-boys — in fact; 'the delusion of Mrs. Alcock was owing,

as before, to over-fatigue and excitement: she must have perfect rest, and she would soon recover.'

"So it proved. Quiet and rest soon restored Mrs. Alcock, and she was soon able to enjoy going about quietly and entering into the interests of Rome. It was decided that she should be saved all possible fatigue, even the slight one of Roman housekeeping: so the family remained at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. Towards January, however, Mrs. Alcock was so well that they sent out some of the numerous letters of introduction which they had brought with them, and, in answer to these, many of the Romans came to call. One day a Roman Marchese was shown upstairs to the Alcocks' room, and another gentleman went up with him. The Marchese thought, 'Another visitor come to call at the same time as myself,' the waiter, having only one name given him, thought, 'The Marchese and his brother, or the Marchese and a friend,' and they were shown in together. As they entered the room, Mrs. Alcock was sitting on the other side of the fire; she jumped up, looked suddenly behind the Marchese at his companion, again uttered a fearful scream, and again fell down insensible. Both gentlemen backed out of the room, and the Marchese said in a well-bred way that as the Signora was suddenly taken ill, he should hope for another opportunity of seeing her. The other gentleman went out at the same time.

"Again medical assistance was summoned, and again the same cause was ascribed to Mrs. Alcock's illness: this time she was said to be over-fatigued by sight-seeing. Again quiet and rest seemed to restore her.

"It was the spring of 1848 — the year of the Louis Philippe revolution. Major Alcock had a younger sister to whom he was sole guardian, and who was at school in Paris, and he told his wife that, in the troubled state of political affairs, he could not reconcile it to his conscience to leave her there unprotected; he must go and take her

away. Mrs. Alcock begged that, if he went, she might go with him, but naturally he said that was impossible — there might be bloodshed going on — there might be barricades to get over — there might be endless difficulties in getting out of Paris; at any rate, there would be a hurried and exciting journey, which would be sure to bring back her malady: no, she had friends at Rome, — she must stay quietly there at the hotel till he came back. Mrs. Alcock, with the greatest excitement, entreated, implored her husband upon her knees that she might go with him; but Major Alcock thought this very excitement was the more reason for leaving her behind, and he went without her.

“As all know, the Louis Philippe revolution was a very slight affair. The English had no difficulty in getting out of Paris, and in a fortnight Major Alcock was back in Rome, bringing his sister with him. When he arrived, Mrs. Alcock was gone. She was never, never heard of again. There was no trace of her whatever. All that ever was known of Mrs. Alcock was that, on the day of her disappearance, some people who knew her were walking in front of S. John Lateran, and saw a carriage driving very rapidly towards the Porta S. Giovanni Laterano, and in it sat Mrs. Alcock crying and wringing her hands as if her heart would break, and by her side there sat a strange man, with the face she had so often described.”

I have my own theories as to the explanation of this strange story of Mrs. Alcock, but as they are evolved entirely from my own imagination, I will not mention them here.

From Cheshire I went to North Wales to pay a visit to our cousinhood at Bodryddan, which had been the home of my grandmother's only brother, the Dean of St. Asaph. The place has been spoilt since, but was very charming in those days. Under

an old clock-tower one entered upon a handsome drive with an avenue of fine elms, on the right of which a lawn, with magnificent firs, oaks, and cedars, swept away to the hills. At the end rose the stately old red brick house, half covered with magnolias,



RODRYDDAN.

myrtles, and buddlea, with blazing beds of scarlet and yellow flowers lighting up its base. Through an oak hall hung with armour a fine staircase led to the library — an immense room with two deep recesses, entirely furnished with black oak from Copenhagen, and adorned with valuable enamels collected at Lisbon. The place had belonged to the Conwys, and that family ended in three sisters, Lady Stapleton, Mrs. Cotton, and Mrs. Yonge: they had equal shares. Mrs. Cotton bought up Lady Stapleton's share, and left it with her own to the two daughters of her sister Mrs. Yonge, of whom the elder married my

great-uncle, Dean Shipley, and was the mother of William and Charles Shipley and of the three female first cousins (Penelope, Mrs. Pelham Warren; Emily, Mrs. Heber; and Anna Maria, Mrs. Dashwood) who played so large a part in the early history of my father and his brothers, and who are frequently mentioned in the first volume of these memoirs.

When Dean Shipley married, he removed to his wife's house of Bodryddan. Miss Yonge lived with them, and after her sister's death the Dean was most anxious to marry her, trying to obtain an Act of Parliament for the purpose. For some years their aunt, Lady Stapleton, also continued to hold a life-interest in the property. Of this lady there is a curious portrait at Bodryddan. She is represented with her two children and a little Moor, for whom her own little boy had conceived the most passionate attachment, and from whom he could never bear to be separated. One night, after this little Moor was grown up, Lady Stapleton, returning very late from a ball, went to bed, leaving all her diamonds lying upon the table. Being awakened by a noise in the room, she saw the Moor come in with a large knife in his hand, and begin gathering up her jewels. Never losing her presence of mind, she raised herself up in bed, and, fixing her eyes upon him, exclaimed in a thrilling tone of reproach, "Pompey, is that you?" This she did three times, and the third time the Moor, covering his face with his hands, rushed out of the room. Nothing was heard of him till many years afterwards, when the chaplain of a Devonshire gaol wrote to Lady Stapleton that one

of his prisoners, under sentence of death for murder, was most anxious to see her. She was unable to go, but heard afterwards that it was Pompey, who said that on the night he entered her room he had intended to kill her, but that when she spoke, such a sense of his ingratitude overwhelmed him, that he was unable to do it.

As an ecclesiastical dignitary, Dean Shipley would certainly be called to account in our days. He was devoted to hunting and shooting, and used to go up for weeks together to a little public-house in the hills above Bodryddan, where he gave himself up entirely to the society of his horses and dogs. He had led a very fast life before he took orders, and he had a natural daughter by a Mrs. Hamilton, who became the second wife of our grandfather; but after his ordination there was no further stain upon his character. As a father he was exceedingly severe. He never permitted his daughters to sit down in his presence, and he never allowed two of them to be in the room with him at once, because he could not endure the additional talking caused by their speaking to one another. His daughter Anna Maria had become engaged to Captain Dashwood, a very handsome young officer, but before the time came at which he was to claim her hand, he was completely paralysed, crippled, and almost imbecile. Then she flung herself upon her knees, imploring her father with tears not to insist upon her marriage with him; but the Dean sternly refused to relent, saying she had given her word, and must keep to it.

She nursed Captain Dashwood indefatigably till he

died, and then she came back to Bodryddan, and lived there with her aunt Mrs. Yonge, finding it dreadfully dull, for she was a brilliant talker and adored society. At last she went abroad with her aunt Louisa Shipley, and at Corfu she met Sir Thomas Maitland, who gave her magnificent diamonds, and asked her to marry him. But she insisted on coming home to ask her father's consent, at which the Dean was quite furious. "Why could you not marry him at once?" — and indeed, before she could get back to her lover, he died!

After the death of Mrs. Yonge, Mrs. Dashwood lived at Cheltenham, a rich and clever widow, and had many proposals. To the disgust of her family, she insisted upon accepting Colonel Jones, who had been a neighbour at Bodryddan, and was celebrated for his fearfully violent temper. The day before the wedding it was nearly all off, because, when he came to look at her luggage, he insisted on her having only one box, and stamped all her things down into it, spoiling all her new dresses. He made her go with him for a wedding tour all over Scotland in a pony-carriage, without a maid, and she hated it; but in a year he died.

Then she insisted on marrying the Rev. G. Chetwode, who had had one wife before and had two afterwards — an old beau, who used to comb his hair with a leaden comb to efface the grey. On her death he inherited all she had — diamonds, £2000 a year, all the fine pictures left her by Mr. Jones, and all those Landor had collected for her in Italy.

But to return to Dean Shipley. To Mrs. Rowley,

who was the mistress of Bodryddan when I was there, the Dean had been the kindest of grandfathers, and she had no recollection of him which was not associated with the most unlimited indulgence. The Dean was much interested in the management of his estate, but he insisted that every detail should pass through his own hands. For instance, while he was absent in London, a number of curious images and carvings in alabaster were discovered under the pavement at Bodryddan: news was immediately sent to him, but he desired that everything should be covered up, and remain till he came home. On his return, he put off the examination from time to time, till, on his death, the place was forgotten, and now no one is able to discover it.

Mrs. Rowley was the beautiful Charlotte, only daughter of Colonel William Shipley, and had led an adventurous life, distinguishing herself by her bravery and heroism during the plague while she was in the East, and on various other occasions. By her marriage with Colonel Rowley, second son of the first Lord Langford, she had three children, — Shipley Conwy, the present owner of Bodryddan; Gwynydd, who has married twice; and Efah, who, after her mother's death, made a happy marriage with Captain Somerset.

In her early married life, Mrs. Rowley had lived much in Berkeley Square with her mother-in-law, old Lady Langford, who was the original of Lady Kew in "The Newcomes," and many pitched battles they had, in which the daughter-in-law generally came off victorious. Lady Langford had been very beautiful,

clever, and had had *une vie très orageuse*. She had much excuse, however. She had only once seen her cousin, Lord Langford, when he came to visit her grandmother, and the next day the old lady told her she was to marry him. "Very well, grandmama, but when?" — "I never in my life heard such an impertinent question," said the grandmother; "what business is it of yours *when* you are to marry him? You will marry him when I tell you. However, whenever you hear me order six horses to the carriage, you may know that you are going to be married." And so it was.

At the time I was at Bodryddan, the most devoted and affectionate deference was shown by Mrs. Rowley to every word, movement, or wish of her only brother, Colonel Shipley Conwy. He looked still young, but was quite helpless from paralysis. Mrs. Rowley sat by him and fed him like a child. It was one mouthful for her brother, the next for herself. When dinner was over, a servant came in and wrung his arms and legs, as you would pull bell-ropes, to prevent the joints from stiffening (a process repeated several times in the evening), and then carried him out. But with all this, Colonel Shipley Conwy — always patient — was very bright and pleasant, and Mrs. Rowley, who said that she owed everything to my father and his interest in her education, was most cordial in welcoming me. I never saw either of these cousins again. They spent the next two winters at the Cape, and both died a few years afterwards.

A little later, I went to stay at Dalton Hall in

Lancashire, to visit Mrs. Hornby, a cousin of my Aunt Penrhyn, and a very sweet and charming old lady, who never failed to be loved by all who came within her influence. She told me many old family stories, amongst others how —

“The late Lord Derby (the 13th Earl) was very fond of natural history even as a boy. One night he dreamt most vividly of a rare nest in the ivy on the wall, and that he was most anxious to get it, but it was impossible. In the morning, the nest was on his dressing-table, and it could only have got there by his opening the window in his sleep and climbing the wall to it in that state.

“Another instance of his sleep-walking relates that he had a passion, as a little boy, for sliding down the banisters, but it was strictly forbidden. One night his tutor had been sitting up late reading in the hall, when he saw one of the bedroom doors open, and a little boy come out in his night-shirt and slide down the banisters. This he did two or three times, and when the tutor made some little noise, he ran upstairs and disappeared into his bedroom. The tutor followed, but the little boy was fast asleep in bed.”

Apropos of sleep-walking, Mr. Bagot (husband of Mrs. Hornby's daughter Lucy) told me a story he had just seen in the *Times* : —

“A large pat of butter was lately on the breakfast table of a family. When it was divided, a gold watch and chain were found in the midst of it. The maid who was waiting gave a shriek, and first rushed off to her room, then, coming back, declared it was hers. The family were much surprised, but what she said turned out to be true. She had dreamt that she was going to be robbed of her watch and chain, and that the only way of hiding them would be

to wrap them up in a pat of butter, and she had done it in her sleep."

A sister-in-law of Mrs. Hornby — a Mrs. Bayley — was staying at Dalton when I was there. She told me — first hand — a story of which I have heard many distorted versions. I give it in her words: —

"My sister, Mrs. Hamilton (*née* Armstrong), was one night going to bed, when she saw a man's foot project from under the bed. She knelt down then and there by the bedside and prayed for the wicked people who were going about — for the *known* wicked person especially — that they might be converted. When she concluded, the man came from under the bed and said, 'I have heard your prayer, ma'am, and with all my heart I say Amen to it;' and he did her no harm and went away. She heard from him years afterwards, and he was a changed man from that day."

Apropos of the growth of a story by exaggeration, Mrs. Bayley said: —

"The first person said, 'Poor Mrs. Richards was so ill that what she threw up was almost like a black crow.' The second said, 'Poor Mrs. Richards was so ill: it was the most dreadful thing, she actually threw up a black crow.' The third said, 'Poor Mrs. Richards has the most dreadful malady: it is almost too terrible to speak of, but she has already thrown up . . . three black crows.'"

Mrs. Bayley was a very "religious" person, but she never went to church; she thought it wrong. She called herself an "unattached Christian," and said that people only ought to go to church for praise,

but to do their confessions at home. When I left Dalton, she presented me with a little book, which she begged me not to read till I was quite away. It was called "Do you belong to the Hellfire Club?" It was not an allegorical little book, but really and seriously asked the question, saying that, though not generally known, such a club really existed, where the most frightful mysteries were enacted, and that it was just within the bounds of possibility that I might secretly belong to it, and if so, &c., &c. A similar little book was once thrust into my hand by a lady at the top of St. James's Street.

On the 29th of October, 1866, we left England for Cannes, stopping on the way at Villefranche, that we might visit Ars, for the sake of its venerable Curé.

To MY SISTER.

"*Nov.* 1866. It was a pretty and peculiar drive to Ars: first wooded lanes, then high open country, from whence you descend abruptly upon the village, which, with its picturesque old church, and the handsome wooden one behind it, quite fills the little hollow in the hills. The village itself is almost made up of hotels for the pilgrims, but is picturesque at this season, with masses of golden vine falling over all the high walls. We left the carriage at the foot of the church steps, and ascended through a little square crowded with beggars, as in the time of the Curé.¹ The old church is exceedingly interesting. In the middle of the floor is the grave of the Curé, once surrounded by a balustrade hung with immortelles, which are now in the room where he died. At the sides are all the little chapels he built at the different crises of his life, that of S. Philomene being quite filled with crutches, left by lame persons

¹ Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney.

who have gone away cured. Beyond the old church opens out the handsome but less interesting modern building erected by the Empress and the bishops, with a grand baldacchino on red granite pillars, and on the altar a beautiful bas-relief of the Curé carried to heaven by angels. In the old church a missionary was giving the pilgrims (who kept flocking in the whole time) a very beautiful and simple exposition on the life of Christ as a loving Saviour, quite carrying on the teaching of the Curé.

“ At half-past twelve a Sister of Charity came to show the Curé’s room. It is railed off, because the pilgrims would have carried everything away, as they have almost undermined the thick walls in their eagerness to possess themselves of the bits of stone and plaster; but you see the narrow bed, the poor broken floor, his chair, his table, his pewter spoon and earthen-ware pot, — the picture which was defiled by the Demon, — the door at which ‘the Grappin’ knocked, — the narrow staircase from which he shouted ‘Mangeur de truffes,’ — the still poorer room downstairs where the beloved Curé lay when all his people passed by to see him in his last sleep, — the little court shaded by ancient elder-trees in which he gave his incessant charities, — and close by the little house of his servant Catherine. She herself is the sweetest old woman, seeming to live, in her primitive life, upon the gleanings and the teaching of the past. She sate on a low stool at Mother’s feet, and talked in the most touching way of her dear Curé. When Mother said something about the crowds that came to him, she said, ‘I have always heard that when the dear Saviour was on earth, He was so sweet and loving, that people liked to be near Him, and I suppose that now when men are sweet and loving, and so a little like the dear Saviour, people like to be near them too.’ In a small chapel of the school he founded they showed some blood of the Curé in a bottle — ‘*encore coulant.*’ Many other people we saw who talked of him —

'Comme il était gai, toujours gai,' &c. The whole place seemed cut out of the world, in an atmosphere of peace and prayer, like a little heaven: no wonder Roman Catholics like to go into 'Retreat' there."

We stayed afterwards at Arles, and made the excursion to S. Remy, one of the most exquisitely beau-



S. REMY.¹

tiful places I have ever seen, where Roman remains, grand in form and of the most splendid orange colouring, rise close to the delicate Alpines.

At Cannes we were most fortunate in finding a house exactly suited to our needs — a primitive bastide, approached by a long pergola of vines, on the way to the Croix des Gardes, quite high up in woods of myrtle and pine upon the mountain side.² It was

¹ From "South-Eastern France."

² All this picturesque side of Cannes has since been spoilt and vulgarised.

far out of the town and dreadfully desolate at night, but in the daytime there were exquisite views through the woods of the sea and mountains, and a charming terraced garden of oranges and cassia — the vegetation quite tropical. Close to the turn into our pergola was a little shrine of S. François, which gave a



FROM MAISON S. FRANÇOIS, CANNES.¹

name to our cottage, and which the peasants, passing to their work in the forests, daily presented with fresh flowers. Delightful walks led beyond us into the hilly pine woods with a soil of glistening mica, and, if one penetrated far enough, one came out upon the grand but well-concealed precipices of rock known as the Rochers de Bilheres. Just below us lived Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, the “Valletort” of my Harrow days, with his sweet invalid wife, and their three little girls, with the little Valletort of this time, were

¹ From “South-Eastern France.”

a perpetual pleasure to my mother in her morning walk to the Croix des Gardes. Old Madame Bœuf, our landlady, used to come up every morning in her large flapping Provençal hat to work with her women amongst the cassia: the sunshine seemed almost ceaseless, and all winter we used to sit with open windows and hear our maid Marguerite carolling her strange patois ballads at her work.

On the other side of Cannes, at the Hôtel de Provence, we had a large group of friends, Lady Verulam and her sons; Lord and Lady Suffolk and their two daughters; and the Dowager Lady Morley with her son and daughter. With the latter I became very intimate, and joined them in many long and delightful excursions to remote villages and to the unspeakably grand scenery above the Var. Lady Suffolk too became a dear and much honoured friend.

A still greater pleasure was the neighbourhood, in a small house by the torrent at the foot of our hill, of the dear old Lady Grey of our Nice days, and her niece Miss G. Des Vœux. I generally dined with them once or twice a week, and constantly accompanied them on delightful drawing excursions, taking our luncheon with us. In the spring I went away with them for several days together to the wild mountains of S. Vallier and S. Cesaïre. Lady Grey painted beautifully, though she only began to be an artist when she was quite an old woman. She always went out sketching with thirty-nine articles, which one servant called over at the door, another answering "Here" for each, to secure that nothing should be left behind.

Beneath us, at the Hôtel Bellevue, were Lady

Jocelyn and her children, with Lord and Lady Vernon and Mr. and Lady Louisa Wells, whom we saw frequently; also three admirable Scotch sisters, Mrs. Douglas, Miss Kennedy, and Mrs. Tootal. Hither also came for two months our dear friend Miss Wright ("Aunt Sophy"), and she was a constant pleasure, dropping in daily at tea-time, and always the most sympathising of human beings both in joy and sorrow.



BOCCA WOOD, CANNES.

Altogether, none of our winters was so rich in pleasant society as this one at Cannes, and we had nothing to trouble us till the spring, when Lea was taken very seriously ill from the bite either of scorpion or tarantula, and, while she was at the worst and unable to move, my mother became alarmingly ill too with a fever. I was up with them through every night at this time; and it was an odd life in the little desolate bastide, as it was long impossible to procure help. At length we got a *Sœur de Charité* — a pretty creature in a most picturesque nun's dress, but efficient for very little except the manufacture and consumption of convent soup, made with milk, tapioca, and pepper.

Still, for the most part, my mother had not been so well or so perfectly happy for years as in our little hermitage amid the juniper and rosemary. It was just what she most enjoyed, the walks all within her compass — perfect country, invariably dry and healthy,



MAISON S. FRANÇOIS, CANNES.

perpetual warmth in which to sit out, and endless subjects for her sketch-book. Lea, rejoiced to be rid for some months of her tiresome husband, found plenty of occupation in her kitchen and in attending to the poultry which she bought and reared; while I was engrossed with my drawings, of which I sold enough to pay our rent very satisfactorily, and with my "Lives of the Popes," a work on which I spent an immense amount of time, but which is still unfinished in MS., and likely to remain so. My mother greatly



appreciated the church at Cannes, and we liked the clergyman, Mr. Rolfe, and his wife. His sermons were capital. I do not often attend to sermons, but I remember an excellent one on Zacharias praying for vengeance, and Stephen for mercy on his murderers, as respectively illustrating the principles of the Old and New Testament — Justice and Mercy.

I dined once or twice, to meet Mr. Panizzi¹ of the British Museum, at the house of a quaint old Mr. Kerr, who died soon afterwards. It was him of whom it used to be said that he had been “trying to make himself disagreeable for sixty years and had not quite succeeded.” When he was eighty he told me that there were three things he had never had: he had never had a watch, he had never had a key, and he had never had an account.

I frequently saw the famous old Lord Brougham, who bore no trace then of his “flashes of oratory,” of his “thunder and lightning speeches,” but was the most disagreeable, selfish, cantankerous, violent old man who ever lived. He used to swear by the hour together at his sister-in-law, Mrs. William Brougham,² who lived with him, and bore his ill-treatment with consummate patience. He would curse her in the most horrible language before all her guests, and this not for anything she had done, but merely to vent his spite and ill-humour. Though a proper carriage was always provided for him, he would insist upon driving about Cannes daily in the most disreputable old fly

¹ Afterwards Sir Antonio Panizzi.

² Emily, only daughter of Sir Charles Taylor of Hollycombe, afterwards Lady Brougham and Vaux.

he could procure, with the hope that people would say he was neglected by his family. Yet he preferred the William Broughams to his other relations, and entirely concealing that he had other brothers, procured the reversion of his title to his youngest brother, William, much to the annoyance of the Queen when she found it out. Lord Brougham was repulsive in appearance and excessively dirty in his habits. He had always been so. Mr. Kerr remembered seeing him at the Beefsteak Club, when the Prince Regent was President, and there was the utmost license of manners. One day when he came in, the Prince Regent roared out, "How dare you come in here, Brougham, with those dirty hands?" — and he insisted on the waiters bringing soap and water and having his hands washed before all the company. In early life, if anything aggravated him at dinner, he would throw his napkin in the face of his guests, and he did things quite as insulting to the close of his life at Cannes, where he had a peculiar prestige, as having, through his "*Villa Louise Eleanore*,"¹ first brought the place into fashion, which led to the extension of a humble fishing village into miles upon miles of villas and hotels.

To MISS WRIGHT (after she had gone on to Rome).

"*Maison St. François, Cannes, Feb. 2, 1867.* On Tuesday we made an immense excursion of thirteen hours to the 'Seven villages of the Var.' The party consisted of Lord Morley and Lady Katherine, Lord Suffolk and Lady Victoria, Lord Henry Percy, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe, and myself. We left by the 7.40 train and had carriages to

¹ The name of his daughter, who died in 1839.

meet us at Cagnes. These took us as far as the grand Sinai-like granite peaks of S. Janet, and thence we walked. The whole terrace is most grand for seven miles above the tremendous purple gorge of the Var, overhung here and there by splendid Aleppo pines or old gnarled oaks; and as we reached just the finest point of all, where the huge castle of Carrozza stands out on a great granite crag, the

CAGNES.¹

mist curtain drew up and displayed range on range of snow mountains, many of them close by — really a finer scene than any single view I remembered in Switzerland. The whole of our party, hitherto inclined to grumble, were almost petrified by the intensity of the splendour.

“M. Victor Cousin’s sudden death at dinner has been a great shock to the Cannes world. It was just at that time that our attention was so sadly occupied by the illness and death of dear old Sir Adam Hay. The Hays gave a picnic at Vallauris, to which I was invited, and Sir Adam caught

¹ From “South-Eastern France.”

a cold there, which excited no attention at the time, as he had never been ill in his life before. Four days afterwards Addie Hay took Miss Hawker and me in their carriage to Napoule, where we spent a pleasant day in drawing. When we came back, his father was most alarmingly ill, and absent children had been already telegraphed for. All that week I went constantly to Villa Escarras, and shared with the family their alternations of hope and fear, but at the end of a week dear Sir Adam died, and all the family went away immediately, as he was to be buried at Peebles."

During the latter part of our stay at Cannes, the society of Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) was a great pleasure to my mother, and in her great kindness she came often to sing to her. We went with the Goldschmidts to Antibes one most glorious February day, when Madame G. was quite glowing with delight in all the beauties around and gratitude to their Giver. "Oh, how good we ought to be — *how* good with all this before our eyes! it is a country to die in." She spoke much of the sweetness of the Southern character, which she believed to be partly due to the climate and scenery. She talked of an old man, bowed with rheumatism, who worked in her garden. That morning she had asked him, "Comment ça va-t-il? Comment va votre santé?" — "Oh, la volonté de Dieu!" he had replied — "la volonté de Dieu!" In his pretty Provençal his very murmur was a thanksgiving for what God sent. She spoke of the dislike English had to foreigners, but that the only point in which she envied the English was their noble women. In Sweden she

said they might *become* as noble, but that hitherto the character of Swedish women had been oppressed by the bondage in which they were kept by the laws—that they had always been kept under guardians, and could have neither will nor property of their own, unless they married, even when they were eighty. She said that she was the first Swedish

ANTIBES.²

woman who had gained her liberty, and that she had obtained it by applying direct to the king, who emancipated her because of all she had done for Sweden. Now the law was changed, and women were emancipated when they were five-and-twenty.

Then Madame Goldschmidt talked of the *faithfulness* of the Southern vegetation. In England she said to the leaves, "Oh, you poor leaves! you are so thin and miserable. However, it does not signify, for you have only to last three or four months; but these beautiful thick foreign leaves, with them it is quite different, for they have got to be beautiful always."

¹ From "South-Eastern France."

We drove up the road leading to the light-house, and then walked up the steep rocky path carrying two baskets of luncheon, which we ate under the shadow of a wall looking down upon a glorious view. Madame Goldschmidt had been very anxious all the way about preserving a cream-tart which she had brought. "Voilà le grand moment," she exclaimed as it was uncovered. When some one spoke of her enthusiasm, she said, "Oh, it is delightful to soar, but one is soon brought back again to the cheese and bread and butter of life." When Lady Suffolk asked how she first knew she had a voice, she said, "Oh, it did fly into me!"

At first sight Madame Goldschmidt might be called "plain," though her smile is most beautiful and quite illuminates her features; but how true of her is an observation I met with in a book by the Abbé Monnin, "*Le sourire ne se raconte pas.*" "She has no face; it is all *countenance*," might be said of her, as Miss Edgeworth said of Lady Wellington.

It was already excessively hot before we left Cannes on the 29th of April. After another day at the grand ruins of Montmajour near Arles, we diverged from Lyons to Le Puy, a place too little known and most extraordinary, with its grand and fantastic rocks of basalt crowned by the most picturesque of buildings. Five days were happily spent in drawing at Le Puy and Espailly, and in an excursion to the charming neighbouring campagne of the old landlord and landlady of the hotel where we were staying. Then my mother assented to my wish

of taking a carriage through the forests of Velay and Auvergne to the grand desolate monastery of the Chaise Dieu, where many of the Popes lived during their exile in France, and where Clement VI. lies aloft on a grand tomb in the centre of the superb choir, which is so picturesquely hung with old tapestries. Our rooms at the hotel here cost half a franc

LE PUY.¹

apiece. Joining the railway again at Brioude, we went to the Baths of Royat, then a very primitive and always a very lovely place, with its torrent tumbling through the walnut woods, its gorge closed by a grand old Templars' church, and its view over rich upland vineyards to the town and cathedral of Clermont. On the way home we visited the great deserted abbey of Souvigny near Moulins, and

¹ From "South-Eastern France."

bought the beautiful broken statuette which is one of the principal ornaments of Holmhuurst.

In June I went to Oxford to stay with my friend Henry Hood, and was charmed to make acquaintance



ROYAT.¹

with a young Oxford so different from the young Oxford of my days, that it seemed altogether another race—so much more cordial and amusing, though certainly very Bohemian. During this visit I cemented an acquaintance with Claude Delaval Cobham, then reading for the orders for which he

¹ From "South-Eastern France."

soon felt himself unsuited. In some respects he is one of the cleverest men I have met, especially from his unusual linguistic acquirements, combined with extreme correctness. I have frequently received kindness from him since and valuable advice and help in literary work, and though I have sometimes conceitedly rebelled against his opinion at the time, I have never failed to find that he was in the right.

To MY MOTHER.

"*Oxford, June 1, 1867.* We went this morning in two pony-carriages to Cuddesden, where Claude Cobham now is, and spent the afternoon in walking and sitting in the Bishop's shady and weedy garden.

"The other day, coming out of this garden, the Bishop heard two navvies on the other side of the road talking. 'I zay, Bill, ain't yon a Beeshop?' said one. 'Yees,' said Bill. 'Then oi'll have some fun oot o' him.' So he crossed the road and said, 'I zay, zur, be you a Beeshop?' — 'Yes, at your service,' said the Bishop. 'Then can you tell us which is the way to heaven?' — 'Certainly,' said the Bishop, not the least discomposed; 'turn to the right and go straight on.'"

"*June 3.* I enjoy being at Oxford most intensely, and Hood is kindness itself. A wet day cleared into a lovely evening for the boat-race, which was a beautiful sight, the green of the water-meadows in such rich fulness, and the crowd upon the barges and walks so bright and gay."

"*6 Bury Street, June 12.* The first persons I met in London were Arthur and Augusta Stanley, who took me into their carriage, and with them to the Park, whence we walked through Kensington Gardens, and very pretty they

looked. Arthur described his first sight of the Queen on that spot, and Augusta was full of Princess Mary's cleverness in being confined in the same house on the same day on which the Queen was born.

"Then I went to Lady Wenlock, a most charming visit to that sweet old lady, now much feebler, but so animated and lively, and her life one long thanksgiving that her paralysis has left all her powers unimpaired. She told me many old stories. I also called on Lady Lothian, who is greatly disturbed at Madame de Trafford's power over my sister. She says she quite considers her 'possessed,' and that she ought to be exorcised. To-day I dined with Lady Grey. She told me that as Charlie Grey was crossing to America, his fellow-passengers were frightfully sea-sick, especially a man opposite. At last an American sitting by him said, 'I guess, stranger, if that man goes on much longer, he 'll bring up his boots.'"

"*June 15.* I have been sitting long with Lady Eastlake. She spoke of how the great grief of her widowhood had taught her to sift the dross from letters of condolence. She says that she lives upon hope; prayer is given her in the meanwhile as a sustenance, not a cure, for if it were a cure, one might be tempted to leave off praying: still 'one could not live without it; it is like port wine to a sick man.'

"She says she finds a great support in the letters of Sir Charles to his mother — his most precious gift to her. She said touchingly how she knew that even to her he had a slight reserve, but that to his mother he poured out his whole soul. In those letters she had learnt how, when he was absent, his mother hungered after him, and perhaps, in all those blessed years when she had him, his mother was hungering after him. In giving him up, she felt she gave him up to her: he was with her now, and from those letters she knew what their communion must be. 'I know

he is with her now, for "I have seen my mother, I have seen my mother," he twice rapturously exclaimed when he was dying.' How touching and how consoling are those visions on this side of the portal. Old Mr. Harford, when he was dying, continually asked his wife if she did not hear the music. 'Oh, it is so wonderful,' he said, 'bands upon bands.' She did not understand it then but she knows now.

"It was beautifully ordered,' said Lady Eastlake, 'that my "History of Our Lord" was finished first: I could not have done it now. And through it I learnt to know his library. My darling was like a boy jumping up and down to find the references I wanted, and, if possible, through the book I learnt to know him better.'

"She spoke of his wonderful diligence. When he was a boy he wrote to his mother, 'London will be illuminated to-morrow, I shall draw all night.'"

In July I spent a few days with the Alford's at the Deanery of Canterbury, which was always most enjoyable, the Dean so brimming with liveliness and information of every kind. In the delightful garden grows the old historic mulberry-tree,¹ about which it used to be said that the Deans of Canterbury sit under the mulberry till they turn purple, because those Deans were so frequently elevated to the episcopal bench, and bishops formerly, though it is rare now, always wore purple coats. I dined out with the Dean several times. I remember at one of the parties a son of Canon Blakesly saying to me — what I have often thought of since — "I find much the best way of getting on in society is never to be able to understand why anybody is to be disapproved of."

¹ See vol. i., p. 359.

Both the Dean's daughters were married now, and he cordially welcomed my companionship, always treating me as an intimate friend or relation. No one could be more sympathetic, for he had always the rare power of condemning the fault, but not the action of it.¹ I insert a few snatches from his table-talk, though they give but a faint idea of the man.



IN THE DEAN'S GARDEN, CANTERBURY.²

"We have been studying Butler's Analogy ever since we came back from Rome, for we've had eight different butlers in the time. The last butler said to me, 'It's not you who govern the Deanery, and it's not Mrs. Alford, but it is the upper housemaid.'"

"Archbishop Harcourt was very fond of hunting, *so* fond that he was very near refusing the archbishopric because he thought if he accepted he should have to give

¹ See Shakespeare, "Measure for Measure."

² From "Biographical Essays."



James Wesley Hodge

it up. He consulted a friend, who said that he must take counsel with others. 'Of course I should never join the meet,' said the Archbishop, 'but you know I might fall in with the hounds by accident.' After some time the friend came back and said that on the whole the party considered that the Archbishop might hunt, provided he did not shout."

"Archbishop Manners Sutton had a wonderfully ready wit. One day a blustering vulgar man came up to him and said, 'I believe, Archbishop, that I am a relation of yours: my name is Sutton.' The Archbishop quietly replied, 'Yes, but you want the Manners.'"

"When some one was abusing our font the other day, I could not help saying that, for a font, I thought renaissance peculiarly appropriate."

"I met Lady Mounteagle the other day: you know she was the sister —

'Of the woman tawny and tough¹
Who married the Master rude and rough
Who lived in the house that Hope built.'

You know Hope gothicised the Master's Lodge at Trinity. At the Whewells' 'perpendiculars,' as their large parties were called, no one was allowed to sit down: if any one ventured to do so, a servant came and requested him to move on."

"When Alice was a little girl, I was explaining the Apostles' Creed to her. When we came to the point of our Saviour descending into hell she said, 'Oh, that is where the devil is, is n't it?' — 'Yes.' — 'Then why did n't the devil run at him and tear him all to pieces?'"

In August we spent some time at the Deanery of Westminster, where Arthur and Augusta Stanley

¹ Mrs. Whewell.

were always hospitality itself, and, with more than the usual kindness of hosts, always urged, and almost insisted, on our inviting our own friends to dinner and luncheon, making us, in fact, use their house and fortune as our own.

From my JOURNAL.

"*July 28, 1867.* In the evening, from the gallery of the Deanery which overhangs the abbey, Mother, Mrs. Hall, and I looked down upon the last service. Luther's hymn was sung and the Hallelujah chorus, and trumpets played: it was very grand indeed. The Bishop of Chester and the Wordsworths dined. Yesterday Arthur showed thirty working-men over the Abbey. He pointed out where Peel was buried. One of them received it very gravely in silence, and then, after several minutes, said, 'Well, it is very extraordinary. I've lived all my life in the next county, and I never knew that before: I always thought he was buried at Drayton. Now that's what I call *information*.'"

"*August 3.* It has a weird effect at night to look down upon the Abbey, and see the solitary watchman walking along the desolate aisles and the long trail of light from the lantern he carries flickering on each monument and death's-head in turn. Hugo Percy, who was here the other evening, asked him about his nights in the Abbey. 'The ghosts have been very cross lately,' he said. 'Palmerston was the last who came, but Mr. Cobden has not come yet.'

"We have been to Buckingham Palace to see the rooms which were arranged for the Sultan, which are dull and handsome. The chief fact I derived from the housekeeper was that the Sultan never 'goes to bed' and never lies down — in fact, he cannot, for a third of the imperial bed

at either end is taken up by a huge bolster in the middle of which he *sits* all night, and reclines either way in turn. There was a picture of the late Sultan in the room, and of Frederick, Prince of Wales, sent from Windsor for the



COURTYARD, DEANERY, WESTMINSTER.

occasion. One room was entirely hung with portraits of French kings and their families.”

From London I went to visit Bishop Jeune,¹ who was most wonderfully kind to me, really giving up his whole time to me whilst I was with him, and

¹ See vol. ii., p. 6.

pouring forth such stores of information as I had not received since the days of Dr. Hawtrey; and it was a great pleasure to feel, to be quite sure — which one so seldom is — that he liked my visit as much as I liked being with him.

From my JOURNAL.

"August 10, 1867. On the 8th I went to Peterborough, where I have had a most agreeable visit at the Palace. When I arrived at half-past seven, the family were all gone to dine with Dr. James, an old Canon in the Close, whither I followed them. He was a charming old-fashioned gentleman, most delightful to see.

"In the morning the Bishop, wearing his surplice and hood, read prayers at a desk in the crypted hall of the Palace. Afterwards we walked in the garden. I spoke of there being no monument in the Cathedral to Catherine of Arragon. 'It is owing to that very circumstance,' said the Bishop, 'that you are here to-day. If Catherine of Arragon had had a tomb, I should never have been Bishop of Peterborough. When people reproached Henry VIII. with having erected no monument to his first wife, he said, "The Abbey of Peterborough shall be a cathedral to her monument," and he instituted the bishopric; the last abbot was the first bishop.' As we passed the lavatory of the old convent, the Bishop said that a touching description was still extant of its dedication and of the number of cardinals, bishops, and priests who were present. 'How few of them,' he said, 'would have believed that not only their buildings, which they believed would last for ever, could become an indefinite ruin, but that their Church, whose foundations they believed to be even more eternally rooted in the soil, should be cast out to make way for another Church, which is already tottering on its base and divided against itself.' He said he 'firmly

believed that the ends both of the Church and monarchy were close at hand, that the power of government was even now in the hands of a few individuals, who were in their turn in the hands of a few Irish priests.'

"While passing through the garden in returning to the Palace, the Bishop showed me a white fig-tree growing out of the old wall of the refectory and abundantly bearing fruit. 'This,' he said, 'I believe to be the white fig-tree which is nearest to the Pole.' Passing a fine mulberry-tree he said, 'We owe that to James I., as he was so excessively anxious to promote the manufacture of silk, that he recommended to every one the cultivation of the mulberry-tree, but especially to the clergy, and those of the clergy planted it who wished to stand well with him. Therefore it is to be found in the neighbourhood of many of our cathedrals.'

"Afterwards the Bishop showed the old chronicle of the Abbey, which he had had splendidly restored at Oxford. He read me some Latin verses which had evidently been inserted by one of the monks descriptive of his amours. 'Yet,' said the Bishop, 'these sins of the monk were probably only sins of the imagination, quite as vivid as real ones. You know,' he added, 'there are far more acted than enacted sins, and the former are really far the more corrupting of the two.'

"In the afternoon we drove to Croyland. The Bishop talked the whole way. I spoke of his patronage, and envied the power it gave him; he bitterly lamented it. He said, 'I have in my gift three canonries, two arch-deaconries, and sixty livings, and if any of these fell vacant to-morrow, I should be at my wit's end whom to appoint. On the average, two livings fall vacant every year, and then comes my time of trouble. A bishop who would appoint the best man would be most unpopular in his diocese, for every one of his clergy would be offended at not being considered the best.' With regard to the

canonries, I suggested that he could find no difficulty, as he might always choose men who were employed in some great literary work. The Bishop allowed that this was exactly what he desired, but that no such men were to be found in his diocese. There were many very respectable clergy, but none more especially distinguished than the rest. He said that when he was appointed bishop, Dr.



PALACE GARDEN, PETERBOROUGH.

Vaughan advised him never to become what he called ‘a carpet-bag bishop,’ but that this, in fact, was just what he had become: that when he was going to preach in a village and sleep in a clergyman’s house, he did not like to trouble them by taking a man-servant, and that he often arrived carrying his own carpet-bag. That consequently he often never had his clothes brushed, or even his boots blacked, but that he brushed his boots with his clothes-brush as well as he could, as he was afraid of ringing his bell for fear of mortifying his hosts by showing that he

had not already got all that he wanted. He said, however, that the work of a bishop was vastly overrated, that there was nothing which did not come within the easy powers of one man, yet that a proposition had already been made to exclude the bishops from the House of Lords, to reduce their incomes to £1500, and to double their number. He said that he believed all Conservatives had better at once emigrate to New Zealand, and that he wondered the Queen did not invest in foreign funds; that it was utterly impossible the monarchy could last much longer; that the end would be hastened by the debts of the two princes.

“When we reached Croyland we went into the Abbey Church, where the Bishop pointed out the baptistery used for immersion, and several curious epitaphs, one as late as 1729 asking prayers for the dead. The drive was most curious over the fens, which are now drained, but of which the soil is so light that they are obliged to marl it all over to prevent its being blown away. The abbey itself is most picturesque. It was built by St. Guthlac, a courtier, who retired hither in a boat, but who came from no desire of seclusion and prayer, but merely because he longed for the celebrity which must accrue to him as a hermit. His sister, Pega, became the foundress of Peakirk. The Bishop spoke much of the sublimity of the conception under which these great abbeys were founded — ‘One God, one Pope as God’s interpreter, one Church, the servant of that Pope, unity in everything.’ He spoke of the Jesuit influence as used to combat that of the Gallican Church, and he said that there were now only three Gallican bishops.

“Coming home, the Bishop talked about Wales, and asked if I had ever compared the military tactics of the Romans with regard to Wales with those of Edward I. ‘The Romans,’ he said, ‘built the castle of Lincoln for the repression of the savage people of the fens, and with

the same idea built a line of fortresses between England and Wales for the repression of the Welsh; but the consummate skill of Edward I. saw a better plan than this, and he built a line of fortresses along the coast, which could be provisioned from the sea, so that if the Welsh made a raid into England, he could bring them back by falling upon their wives and children.'

"In the evening the Bishop read aloud French poetry, a ballad of the early part of the seventeenth century, on which Goldsmith had evidently founded his 'Madame Blaise,' the powerful 'Malbrook,' and many old hymns; also a beautiful hymn of Adolph Monod on the Passion of Christ, which he said showed too much philosophy. He described how he had preached in Westminster Abbey in French during the great Exhibition, and the immense power of declamation that French gave; that he had apostrophised those lying in the tombs, the dead kings round about him, as he never should have ventured to do in English. He spoke of the transitions of his life, that his childhood had been passed amongst the rocks of Guernsey, and that he had loved rocks and wild rolling seas ever since. That as a child he was never allowed to speak French, as only the lower orders spoke it, but that he went to the French college of S. Servan, and there he learnt it. Then came his Oxford life, after which, thinking that he was never likely to have any opening for making his way in England, he went off to Canada in despair, intending to become a settler in the backwoods. The rough life, however, soon disgusted him, and in a year he returned to England, where he became fellow and tutor of his college. Thence he was appointed Dean of Jersey, and ruled there over the petty community. Then he was made Master of Pembroke (where he remained twenty years), Vice-Chancellor, Dean of Lincoln, and Bishop of Peterborough. He spoke of the honour of Oxford men and the consistency of the Hebdomadal

Board, compared with others he had to deal with. In Jersey, as a matter of course, all his subordinates voted with their Dean. When he came to Oxford he expected the same subserviency, and looked on all his colleagues with suspicion, but he was soon convinced of their uprightness. He said touchingly that, when near the grave, on looking back, it all seemed much the same — the same pettiness of feeling, the same party strife, only he did not worry himself about it; they were all in the hands of One who died for all alike; that now there were changes in everything — only One was unchanged.

“Speaking of the morality of Italy, he said that his friend Mr. Hamilton, head of a clan, had met ‘Sandy,’ one of his men, travelling between Rome and Naples. After expressing his surprise at seeing him there, he asked what he thought of Rome and Naples. ‘Wal,’ said Sandy, ‘I jist think that if naething happens to Rome and Naples, Sodom and Gomorrah were very unjustly dealt with.’

“‘I met Gioberti in Italy,’ said the Bishop, ‘and asked him about the Pope. “C’est une femme vertueuse,” he replied, “mais c’est toujours une femme.”’

“The Bishop said that, when younger, he wished to have written a series of Bampton Lectures (and began them) on the History of the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. He intended to begin with a description of three scenes — first, the supper in the upper chamber at Jerusalem; then the Pope officiating at the altar of the Lateran; then a simple Scotch meeting in the Highlands — and he would proceed to describe what had led to the differences between these; how the Agape was arranged as a point at which all divisions and dissensions should be laid aside; how it was set aside after sixty years by the Roman Emperor; then of the gradual growth of the Eucharist, till oaths were taken on the wafer, and deeds were sealed with it to give them a solemnity; and till, finally, it came

to be regarded as the actual body of Christ; then of the gradual rise of all the different theories, the impanation, the invination of the Saviour.

"This morning the Bishop asked if I knew what was the difference between the entrance of a field in France and England. 'In England,' he said, 'it is a *gate* to let people in; in France a *barrière* to keep people out: from this you might proceed to theorise that England was a country where sheep might stray, but France not: England a country for milk and flesh, France for corn and wine.'

"The Bishop said he knew our Roman acquaintance Mr. Goldsmid well. 'I met Nat Goldsmid in Paris about the time of the Immaculate Conception affair, and I said to him, "Goldsmid, now why has your Church done this? for you know you all worshipped the Virgin as much as you could before, and what more can you do for her now?" — "Yes," he said, "that is quite true; we all worshipped the Virgin before, but we have done this as a stepping-stone to declaring the infallibility of the Pope. A Pope who could take upon himself to declare *such* a dogma as this must be infallible!"'"

From Peterborough I went to stay at Lincoln with Mrs. Nicholas Bacon, mother of the premier baronet, a very pretty old lady, who reminded me of the old lady in "David Copperfield," finding her chief occupation in rapping at her window and keeping the Minster green opposite free from intruding children, and unable to leave home for any time because then they would get beyond her — "so sacrilegious," she told them, it was to play there. Going with her to dine with that Mrs. Ellison of Sugbrooke who has bequeathed a fine collection of pictures to the nation, I met the very oldest party of people I ever saw in

my life, and as one octogenarian tottered in after another, felt more amazed, till Mrs. Ellison laughingly explained that, as Mrs. Bacon had written that she was going to bring "a very old friend" of hers, she had supposed it would be agreeable to him to meet as many as possible of his contemporaries! Afterwards, when staying with Mr. Clements at Gainsborough, I saw Stowe, which, as an old cathedral was the predecessor of Lincoln — very curious and interesting. Thence I went to Doncaster, arriving in time to help Kate¹ with a great tea-party to her old women. She asked one old woman how she was. "Well," she said, "I be middling *upwards*, but I be very bad *downwards*. I be troubled with such bad legs; downright dangerous legs they be." After visits at Durham, Cullercoats, and Ridley Hall, I went to stay with the Dixon-Brownes at Unthank in Northumberland.

To MY MOTHER.

"*Unthank, August 27, 1867.* I spent yesterday morning in my Northern home (at Ridley), which is in perfect beauty now — the Allen water, full and clear, rushing in tiny waterfalls among the mossy rocks, all the ferns in full luxuriance, and the rich heather in bloom, hanging over the crags and edging the walks. At six o'clock the flag was raised which stops all trains at the bottom of the garden, and I came the wee journey of seven miles down the lovely Tyne valley to Haltwhistle. Unthank is the old home of Bishop Ridley, the house to which he wrote his last letter before the stake, addressed to 'my deare sister of Unthanke,' — and it is a beautiful spot in a green hollow, close under the purple slopes of the grand moor

¹ Mrs. C. Vaughan. Dr. Vaughan was now Vicar of Doncaster.

called Plenmellor. The house is modern, but has an old tower, and a garden splendid in gorgeous colouring sweeps up the hill behind it. To-day we went up through a romantic gill called 'The Heavenly Hole' to Plenmellor Tarn, a lovely blue lake in the midst of the heather-clad hills. We spoke of it to an old man there, 'Aye,' he said 'it's jist a drap of water left by the Fluid, and niver dried up.'"

"*Bonnygrigg, August 30.* This shooting lodge of Sir Edward Blackett is quite in the uninhabited moorlands, but has lovely views of a lake backed by craggy blue hills — just what my sweet mother would delight to sketch. Lady Blackett is very clever and agreeable.¹ We have been a fatiguing walk through the heather to 'the Queen's Crag,' supposed to be Guinevere turned into stone."

"*Bamborough Castle, Sept. 7.* I always long especially for my dearest mother in this grand old castle, to me perhaps the most delightful place in the world, its wild scenery more congenial than even beautiful Italy itself. Nothing too can be kinder than the dear old cousins.² . . . It was almost dark when we drove up the links and under all the old gateways and through the rock entrance: the light burning in Mrs. Liddell's recess in the court-room. And it was pleasant to emerge from the damp into the brightly lighted tapestried chamber with the dinner set out. All yesterday the minute-gun was booming through the fog to warn ships off the rocks — such a strangely solemn sound.

"Mr. Liddell was speaking to an old Northumbrian here about the organ yesterday, and he said, 'I canna bear the loike o' that kist o' whistles a-buzzin' in my ears.'"

¹ Frances Vere, 2nd wife of Sir Edward Blackett of Matfen, and daughter of Sir William Lorraine.

² Rev. Henry and Mrs. Liddell of Easington.

"*The Lodge, North Berwick, Sept 9.* I find my sweet hostess, Mrs. Dalzel,¹ little altered, except perhaps more entirely heavenly than before in all her thoughts and words. 'I am very near the last station now,' she says, 'and then I shall be at home. I am the last of fifteen, and I can think of them all *there* — my mother, my sisters, one after another, resting upon their Saviour alone, and now with Him for ever!' 'When one is old, the wonderful discoveries, the great works of man only bewilder one and tire one; but the flowers and the unfolding of Nature, all the wonderful works of God, refresh and interest as much as ever: and may not it be because these interests and pleasures are to be immortal, amid the flowers that never fade?'

"Mr. Dalzel does not look a day older, but he sat at dinner with a green baize cloth before him to save his eyes. We dined at five, and another Mrs. Dalzel came, who sang Scottish songs most beautifully in the evening. Mr. Dalzel prayed aloud long extempore prayers, and we dispersed at ten. Before dinner I went to the sands with Mrs. Allen Dalzel,² who was very amusing: —

"The old Dalzel house is at Binns near Linlithgow. The first Dalzel was an attendant of one of the early Kenneths. The king's favourite was taken by his enemies and hanged on a tree. "Who will dare to cut him down?" said the king. "Dalzel," or "I dare," said the attendant, who cut him down with his dagger. Hence came the name, and hence the Dalzels bear a dagger as their crest, with the motto "I dare," and on their arms a man hanging.

"At Binns there are trees cut in the shape of men hanging. There is also a picture of the "tyrannous Dalzel," who persecuted the Covenanters, and who made a

¹ *Née* Aventina Macmurdo. See vol. ii. p. 18.

² Daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Dalzel. Their son, a very distinguished young man, died before them.

vow at the death of Charles I. that he would never shave again or change his costume. He lived for fifty years after that, but he never cut his beard, and he is represented in his odd suit of chamois leather, with a high-peaked hat and his hair down to his waist.

“His comrade was Grierson of Lag, whose eye was the most terrible ever seen. Long after the persecution was over, he was told that a servant in the house had a great curiosity to see him. “Let him bring me a glass of wine,” said Grierson. The servant brought it in upon a salver. Grierson waited till he came close up, and then, fixing his eye on him, exclaimed, “Are there any Whigs in Galloway noo?” and the effect was so terrible that the servant dropped the salver, glass and all, and rushed out of the room.

“I used to go and teach Betty O’Brien to read when we lived at Seacliffe. Her mother was a clean tidy body, and, though she had not a penny in the world, she was very proud, for she came from the North of Ireland, and looked down upon all who came from the South. I asked her why she did not make friends with her neighbours, and she said, “D’ye think I’d consort wi’ the loike o’ them, just Connaught folk?” So on this I changed the subject as quick as I could, for I just came from Connaught myself.

“Her daughter, however, married one of those very Connaught Irish — what she called “the boy O’Flinn,” and she would have nothing to do with her afterwards; and she lay in wait for “the boy O’Flinn,” and threw a stone at him, which hit him in the chest so badly that he was in bed for a week afterwards. When I heard of this, I went to see her and said, “Well, Betty, you’re Irish, and I’m Irish, and I think we just ought to set a good example and show how well Irishwomen can behave.” But she soon cut short my little sermon by saying, “They’ve been telling tales o’ me, have they? and it’s

not off you they keep their tongues neither: they say you 're a *Roman*!" I did not want to hear any more, and was going out of the cottage, when she called after me in a fury, "*I* know what you 've been staying so long in Edinburgh for; you just stay here to fast and to pray, and then you go there to feast and drink tay." " "

"*Sept.* 10. I wish for my dearest mother every hour in this sanctuary of peace and loving-kindness, with the sweet presence of Mrs. Dalzel. What she is and says it is quite impossible to give an idea of; but she is truly what Milton describes —

"Inspired
In regions mild of calm and air serene,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth."

Her constant communion with heaven makes all the world to her only a gallery of heavenly pictures, creating a succession of heavenly thoughts, and she has so sweet and gentle a manner of giving these thoughts to others, that all, even those least in unison with her, are equally impressed by them. Most striking of all is her large-heartedness and admiration of all the good people who disagree with her. Her daughter-in-law has quite given up everything else in her devotion to her: it is really Ruth and Naomi over again.

"This afternoon we drove to Tantallon and on to Seacliffe, a most beautiful place on the coast, where Mrs. Dalzel lived formerly. A delightful little walk under a ruined manor-house and through a wood of old buckthorn trees led down to the sea, and a most grand view of Tantallon rising on its red rocks. We walked afterwards to 'Canty Bay,' so called because the Covenanters sang Psalms there when they were being embarked for the Bass.

“‘How curious it would be,’ Mrs. Dalzel has been saying, ‘if all the lines on people’s faces had writing on them to say what brought them there. What strange tales they would tell!’

“‘Oh, what it is to be at peace! at perfect peace with God! in perfect reliance on one’s Saviour! I often think it is like a person who has packed up for a journey. When all his work is finished and all his boxes are packed, he can sit down in the last hour before his departure and rest in peace, for all his preparations are made. So in the last hours of life one may rest in peace, if the work of preparation is already done.

“‘I used to count the future by years: now I only do it by months; perhaps I can only do it by weeks.

“‘My eldest brother lived in a great world. He was very handsome and much admired. As aide-de-camp to Sir Ralph Abercromby, George IV. made him his friend, and many people paid court to him. At last one day he came to my dear mother, who was still living in her great age, and who had found her Saviour some years before, and said to her, “Mother, I feel that my health is failing and that this world is rapidly slipping away from me, and I have no certain hope for the next: what would you advise me to do?” And my mother said to him, “My dear son, I can only advise you to do what I have done myself, take your Bible and read it with prayer upon your knees, and God will send you light.” And my brother did so, and God granted him the perfect peace that passeth understanding. He lived many years after that, but his health had failed, and his Bible was his constant companion. When I went to see him, he used to lay his hand on the Book and say, “*This* is my comforter.” A few years before he died, a malady affected one of his legs which obliged him to have the limb amputated. When the operation was about to commence, the doctor who was standing by felt his pulse, and did not find it varied in the

least. "General Macmurdo," he said, "you are a hero." — "No," said my brother solemnly, "but I hope I am a Christian." And the doctor said he felt the power of Christianity from that day.

"From the shore of another world all my past life seems like a dream.'¹

"I think if one stayed here long, one would quite feel the necessity of sinning occasionally to avoid the danger of becoming intolerant of petty faults and unsuitablenesses, from living with those so entirely without them."

"*Carstairs, Sept. 18.* This is a large and comfortable house, and Mr. Monteith is busied with various improvements in the grounds. One improvement I should certainly make would be the destruction of a horrible tomb of a former possessor of the place, an atheist relation, with an inscription 'to the Infernal Deities.' No wonder that the avenue leading to the tomb is said to be haunted."

It was during this summer that old Lady Webster died.² She had long been a conspicuous figure in our home neighbourhood, and had seemed to possess the secret of eternal youth. In my childhood she reigned like a queen at Battle, but the Websters had several years before been obliged to sell Battle to Lord Harry Vane (afterwards Duke of Cleveland), chiefly because there were five dowager Lady Websters at once, all drawing jointures from the already impoverished property. Of these ladies, three, usually known as "the good Lady Webster," "Grace, Lady Webster," and "the great Lady Webster," lived much at Hastings. When the great Lady

¹ Mrs. Dalzel died October 1871.

² Charlotte, eldest daughter of Robert Adamson, Esq., and widow of Sir Godfrey Vassall Webster, Bart.

Webster died, she left several sons, and it was a subject of much comment at the time that, when her will was opened, she was found to have left nothing to any of them. Her will was very short. She left everything she possessed in the world to her dear and faithful companion Madame Bergeret. It excited many unkind remarks, but those who learnt the real facts always admitted that, in the crowning act of her life, Lady Webster had only acted with that sense of justice and duty which had ever been her characteristic. The story is this:¹—

Toward the latter part of the last century there lived at an old manorial farm in Brittany a female farmer named Bergeret. Her ancestors had owned the farm, and had cultivated their own land for hundreds of years, and Madame Bergeret herself was well known and highly respected through all the neighbouring country, charitable to her poorer neighbours, frank, kind, and unfailingly hospitable to those in her own rank of life. She lived bounteously, kept an open house, and spent in beneficence and hospitality the ample income which her lands brought her.

One day she was surprised by a visit from her next neighbour, a man named Girard, in her own class of life, whose family had always been known to her own, and who had possessed the neighbouring farm. He told her that he felt she would be shocked to hear that he had long been acting a part in making himself appear much better off than he was; that he had lost a great deal of money in speculation; that all was on the eve of being divulged;

¹ As taken down from the narration of old Mr. Frewen of Brick-wall, an intimate friend of the Webster family, who generously bought in all their family portraits at the time of their ruin, and kept them till they had the power of redeeming them.

that if he could manage to keep things going till after the next harvest, he might tide over his misfortunes, but that otherwise he must be totally ruined, lose everything he had, and bring his wife and children to destitution; and by the recollection of their old neighbourhood and long intimacy he adjured Madame Bergeret to help him. Madame Bergeret was very sorry — very sorry indeed, but she told him that it was impossible; and it really was. She lived amply up to her income, she had laid nothing by: she was well off, but all she had came from her hands; her income depended upon her harvest; she really had nothing to give to her poor neighbour, and she told him so — told him so with a very heavy heart, and he went away terribly crestfallen and miserable.

When Girard was gone, Madame Bergeret looked round her room, and she saw there a collection of fine old gold plate, such as often forms the source of pride to a Breton yeoman of old family, and descends like a patent of nobility from one generation to another, greatly revered and guarded. Madame Bergeret looked at her plate, and she said to herself, “If this was sold, it would produce a very large sum; and ought I, for the sake of mere family pride, to allow an old and honourable family to go to destitution?” And she called her neighbour back, and she gave Girard all her gold plate. The sum for which he was able to sell it helped him through till after the harvest; soon afterwards he found an opportunity of disposing of his Breton lands to very great advantage, and removed to another part of the country. He thanked Madame Bergeret, but he did not seem to realise that she had made any great sacrifice in his behalf; and she, resting satisfied in having done what she believed to be right, expected no more.

Some years afterwards, Madame Bergeret, being an old woman, placed her Breton lands in the hands of an agent, and removed with her two children to Paris. The

great French Revolution occurred while she was there, and the Reign of Terror came on, and Madame Bergeret, who belonged to a Royalist family of loyal Brittany, was arrested: she was thrown into the prison of La Force, and she was condemned to death.

The Madame Bergeret I knew in another generation recollected being with her little brother in a room on the Rue St. Honoré on the day on which a hundred and twenty persons were to suffer in the Place Louis XV. She saw them pass down the street to execution in twenty-two tumbrils; but when the last tumbril came beneath the window, the friends who were with her in the room drew down the blinds; not, however, before she had recognised her own mother in that tumbril, with all her hair cut off, that the head might come off more easily.

All the way to the place of execution, Madame Bergeret consoled and encouraged her companions, and she assented to their petition that she should suffer last, that she would see them through the dread portal before her. Therefore, when her turn at length came, the ground around the scaffold was one sea of blood, for a hundred and nineteen persons had perished that day. Thus, on descending the steps of the cart, Madame Bergeret slipped and stumbled. This arrested the attention of the deputy who was set to watch the executions. He started, and then rushed forward saying, "This woman has no business here. I know her very well: she is a most honest citizenne, or, if she is not, I know quite well how to make her so: this woman is not one to be guillotined." It was Girard.

Now Madame Bergeret was quite prepared for death, but the sudden revulsion of her deliverance overcame her and she fainted. Girard carried her away in his arms, and when she came to herself she was in bed in a house in a quiet back-street of Paris, and he was watching over her. He had removed to Lyons, and, with the sudden changes of the time, had risen to be deputy, and being

set to watch the executions, had recognised the woman who had saved him. By the help of Girard, and after many hairbreadth escapes, Madame Bergeret reached the coast, and eventually arrived in England. She then made her way to the only person she knew, a lady who had once spent some time in her Breton village, a Mrs. Adamson. Her daughter played with and was brought up with the little Miss Adamson. When Miss Adamson married Sir Godfrey Webster of Battle Abbey, Mademoiselle Bergeret (her mother being dead) went with her and lived at Battle as a sort of companion to Lady Webster and nursery-governess to her boys. For fifty years she never received any salary, and having, through the changes of things in France, inherited something of her mother's Breton property, she twice sacrificed her little all to pay the debts of the Webster family. Therefore it was that, in the close of life, Lady Webster felt that her sons might provide for themselves, but that, having very little to bequeath, the one person she could not leave destitute was "her dear and faithful companion and friend, Madame Bergeret."

Five months before her death, Lady Webster was very full of the terrible deaths which had lately occurred from railway accidents, and, on leaving home, she said to Madame Bergeret, "Here is this paper, and if I should be killed by an accident or not live to come home, you may read it; but at any rate keep it for me, and perhaps, if I come back, some day I may want it again." Lady Webster came back well and did not ask for the paper, and when she died, it was so sudden, a few minutes after talking quite cheerfully to Madame Bergeret, that in the shock she remembered nothing about it, and it was only long afterwards, when they were making a great fuss about there being no will, that she suddenly thought of the paper entrusted to her, and, when it was read, found Lady Webster had left her all she possessed.

Madame Bergeret dying herself about a year afterwards,

left everything back to the Webster family. She was a quiet primitive old woman, who used to sit in the back-ground at work in Lady Webster's sitting-room.

After my return home in the autumn of 1867, my mother was terribly ill, so that our journey abroad was a very anxious one to look forward to. I tried, however, to face it quite cheerily. I have read in an American novel somewhere, "It is no use to pack up any worries to take with you; you can always pick up plenty on the way;" and I have always found it true.

To MISS WRIGHT and JOURNAL.

"*Nice, Nov. 17, 1867.* My dear Aunt Sophy will be delighted to see this date. So far all our troubles and anxieties are past, and the sweet Mother certainly not the worse, perhaps rather better for all her fatigues. It is an extraordinary case, to be one day lying in a sort of vision on the portals of another world, the next up and travelling.

"When we reached Paris she was terribly exhausted, then slept for thirty-six hours like a child, almost without waking. At the Embassy we were urged to go on to Rome, all quiet and likely to subside into a dead calm; but so much snow had fallen on Mont Cenis, that in Mother's weak state we could not risk that passage, and were obliged to decide upon coming round by the coast. On Monday we reached Dijon, where twenty-four hours' sleep again revived the Mother. It was fiercely cold, but Tuesday brightened into a glorious winter's day, and I had a most enchanting walk through sunshine and bracing air to Fontaines. It is picturesque French country, a winding road with golden vines and old stone crosses, and a distance of oddly-shaped purple hills. Fontaines itself is a large village, full of mouldering mediæval fragments,

stretching up a hillside, which becomes steeper towards the top, and is crowned by a fine old church, a lawn with groups of old walnut-trees, and the remains of the château where St. Bernard was born. Over the entrance is a statue of him and within, the room of his birth is preserved as a chapel. The view from the churchyard is lovely,

FONTAINES.¹

and the graves are marked by ancient stone crosses and bordered with flowers. Within are old tombs and inscriptions — ‘*Ci-git la très haute et très puissante dame.*’ &c.

“We came on to Arles by the quick night-train, and stayed there as usual two days and a half — days of glaring white sirocco and no colour, and at Arles we found ourselves at once in Southern heat panting without fires and with windows wide open.”

¹ From “South-Eastern France.”

"*Pisa, Dec. 1.* We left Nice on the 21st, and slept at Mentone quite spoilt by building and by cutting down trees. I saw many friends, especially the Comtesse d'Adhemar, who flung her arms round me and kissed me on both cheeks. We spent the middle of the next day at S. Remo and slept at Oneglia. The precipices are truly



ARC DE S. CESAIRE, ALISCAMPS, ARLES.¹

appalling. I have visions still of the early morning drive from Oneglia along dewy hillsides and amongst hoary olives, and through the narrow gaily painted streets of the little fishing-towns, where the arches meet overhead and the wares set out before the shop-doors brush the carriage as it passes by.

"The second day, at Loiano, I was left behind. I went just outside the hotel to draw, begging my mother and Lea to pick me up as they went by. The carriage passed close by me and they did not see me. At first I did not

¹ From "South-Eastern France."

hurry myself, thinking, when they did not find me, that they would stop for me a little farther on; but seeing the carriage go on and on, I ran after it as hard as I could, shouting at the pitch of my voice; but it never stopped, and I quite lost sight of it in the narrow streets of one of the fishing-villages before reaching Finale. At Finale I



AT SAVONA.¹

was in absolute despair at their not stopping, which seemed inexplicable, and I pursued mile after mile, foot-sore and weary, through the grand mountain coves in that part of the Riviera and along the desolate shore to Noli, where, just as night closed in, I was taken up by some people driving in a little carriage, on the box of which, in a bitter cold wind, I was carried to Savona, where I arrived just as our heavy carriage with its inmates was driving into the hotel. It was one of the odd instances of my dear mother's insouciance, of her 'happy-go-lucky' nature: 'they had not seen me, they had not looked back:

¹ From "Northern Italy."

no. they supposed I should get on somehow; they knew I always fell on my legs.' And I was perfectly conscious that if I had not appeared for days, my mother would have said just the same. We spent a pleasant Sunday at Savona, the views most beautiful of the wonderfully picturesque tower, calm bay of sapphire water, and delicate mountain distance.

"The landlord of the Croce di Malta at Genoa engaged a *retturino* to take us to La Spezia. The first day, it was late when we left Sta. Margherita, where we stayed for luncheon. The driver lighted his lamps at Chiavari. Soon both my companions fell asleep. I sat up watching the foam of the sea at the bottom of the deep black precipices without parapets as long as I could see it through the gloom: then it became quite dark. Suddenly there was a frightful bolt of the horses, scream after scream from the driver, an awful crash, and we were hurled violently over and over into the black darkness. A succession of shrieks from Lea showed me that she was alive, but I thought at first my mother must be killed, for there was no sound from her. Soon the great troop of navvies came up, whose sudden appearance from the mouth of a tunnel, each with a long iron torch in his hand, had made the horses bolt. One of them let down his torch into the mired and broken carriage as it lay bottom upwards. 'Povera, poveretta,' he exclaimed, as he saw Lea sitting pouring with blood amongst the broken glass of the five great windows of the carriage. Then Mother's voice from the depth of the hood assured us that she was not hurt, only buried under the cushions and bags, and she had courage to remain perfectly motionless, while sheet after sheet of broken glass was taken from off her (she would have been cut to pieces if she had moved) and thrown out at the top of the carriage. Then there was a great consultation as to *how* we were to be got out, which ended in the carriage being bodily lifted and part of the top taken

off, making an opening through which first Lea was dragged and afterwards the Mother. Then my mother who had not walked at all for many weeks, was compelled to walk more than a mile to Sestri, in pitch darkness and pouring rain, dragged by a navvy on one side and me on the other. Another navvy supported Lea, who was in a

SESTRI.¹

fainting state, and others carried torches. We excited much pity when we arrived at the little inn at Sestri, and the people were most hospitable and kind. I had always especially wished to draw a particular view of a gaily painted church tower and some grand aloes on the road near Sestri, and it was curious to be enabled to do so the next day by our forcible detention there for want of a carriage.

“On the 29th we crossed once more the grand pass of Bracco, with its glorious scenery of billowy mountains ending in the delicate peaks of Carrara; and we baited at

¹ From “Central Italy.”

a wretched village where Mother was able to walk in the sunny road. Yesterday we came here by the exquisite railway under Massa Ducale, and were rapturously welcomed by Victoire¹ and her daughter."

"*Palazzo Parisani, Rome, Dec. 10.* We had a wearisome journey here on the 3rd, the train not attempting to keep any particular time, and stopping more than an hour at Orbetello for the '*discorsa*' of the guard and engine-driver,² and at other stations in proportion. However, Mother quite revived when the great masses of the aqueducts began to show in the moonlight. They had given up expecting us in the Palazzo, where my sister has lent us her apartments, and it was long before we could get any one to open the door.

"It has been bitterly cold ever since we arrived and the air filled with snow. The first acquaintance I saw was the Pope! He was at the Trinità de' Monti, and I waited to see him come down the steps and receive his blessing on our first Roman morning. He looked dreadfully weak, and Monsignor Talbot seemed to be holding him tight up lest he should fall. The Neapolitan royal family I have already seen, always in their deep mourning.³

"The Pincio is still surrounded with earthworks, and the barricades remain outside the gates: a great open moat yawns in front of the door of the English Church. The barrack near St. Peter's is a hideous ruin. The accounts of the battle of Mentana are awful: when the Pontificals had expended all their ammunition, they rushed upon the Garibaldians and tore them with their teeth.

¹ Mme. Victoire Ackermann. See vol. i.

² Such was a constant cause of detention in early days of Italian railways, though it seems impossible now.

³ For the Queen Dowager, who died of the cholera at Albano in the summer of 1867.

“Terrible misery has been left by the cholera, and the streets are far more full of beggars than ever. The number of deaths has been frightful — Princess Colonna and her daughters; old Marchese Serlupi; Müller the painter and his child; Mrs. Foljambe’s old maid of thirty years; Mrs. Ramsay’s donna and the man who made tea at her parties, are amongst those we have known. The first day we were out, Lea and I saw a woman in deep mourning, who was evidently begging, look wistfully at us, and had some difficulty in recognising Angela, our donna of 1863. Her husband, handsome Antonio the fisherman, turned black of the cholera in the Pescheria, and died in a few hours, and her three children have been ill ever since.

“Mrs. Shakespeare Wood has been to see us, and described the summer which she has spent here — six thousand deaths in Rome between May and November, sixty in the Forum of Trajan, thirty in the Purificazione alone. The Government wisely forbade any funeral processions, and did not allow the bells to be tolled, and the dead were taken away at night. Then came the war. The gates were closed, and an edict published bidding all the citizens, when they heard ‘cinque colpi di cannone, d’andare subito a casa.’ The Woods laid in quantities of flour, and spent £5 in cheese, only remembering afterwards that, having forgotten to lay in any fuel, they could not have baked their bread.”

“*Dec. 13.* Yesterday I went to Mrs. Robert De Selby.¹ She described the excitement of the battles. In the thick of it all she got a safe-conduct and drove out to Mentana to be near her husband in case he was wounded. She also drove several times to the army with provisions and cordials. If they tried to stop her, she said she was an officer’s wife taking him his dinner, and they let her pass.

¹ Contessa Carolina di S. Giorgio.

One of the officers said afterwards to her mother, 'La sua figlia vale un altro dragone.'

"She told me Lady Anne S. Giorgio (her mother),¹ was living in the Mercede, and I went there at once. She was overjoyed to see me, and embraced me with the utmost affection. She is also enchanted to be near the Mother, her 'saint in a Protestant niche.' She is come here because 'all the old sinners in Florence' disapproved of her revolutionary tendencies. Lady Anne remembered my father's great intimacy with Mezzofanti. She said my father had once a servant who came from an obscure part of Hungary where they spoke a very peculiar dialect. One day, going to Mezzofanti, he took his servant with him. The Cardinal asked the man where he came from, and on his telling him, addressed him in the dialect of his native place. The man screamed violently, and, making for the door, tried to escape: he took Mezzofanti for a wizard.

"Lady Anne recollected my father's extreme enjoyment of a scene of this kind. There was a Dr. Taylor who used to worship the heathen gods — Mars and Mercury, and the rest. One day at Oxford, in the presence of my father and of one of the professors, he took his little silver images of the gods out of his pocket and began to pray to them and burn incense. The professor, intensely shocked, tried to interfere, but my father started up — 'How *can* you be so foolish? *do* be quiet: don't you see you're interrupting the comedy?' The same Dr. Taylor was afterward arrested for sacrificing a bullock to Neptune in a back-parlour in London!"

"44 *Piazza di Spagna*, Dec. 29. We moved here on the 20th to a delightfully comfortable apartment, which is a perfect sun-trap. Most truly luxurious indeed does Rome seem after Cannes — food, house, carriages, all so good and reasonable. I actually gave a party before we left

¹ See vol. ii. p. 86.

my sister's apartment, lighting up those fine rooms, and issuing the invitations in my own name, in order that Mother might not feel obliged to appear unless quite equal to it at the moment. Three days after I had another party for children — tea and high romps afterwards in the long drawing-room.

“On the 21st I went with the Erskines, Mrs. Ramsay and Miss Garden, by rail to Monte Rotondo. The quantity of soldiers at the station and all along the road quite allayed any fears of brigands which had been entertained regarding the mile and a half between the village and the railway. The situation proved quite beautiful — the old houses crowned by the Piombino castle, rising from vineyards and gardens, backed by the purple peak of Monte Gemaro. Beyond, in the hollow, is the convent where Garibaldi was encamped, and farther still the battlefield of Mentana.

“On the 23rd there was a magnificent reception at the Spanish Embassy. Every one went to salute the new ambassador, Don Alessandro del Castro, and the whole immense suite of rooms thrown open had a glorious effect. There was an abundance of cardinals, and the Roman princesses all arrived in their diamonds. The Borgheses came in as a family procession, headed by Princess Borghese in blue velvet and diamonds. The young English Princess Teano looked lovely in blue velvet and gold brocade. On Christmas Day I went to St. Peter's for the coming in of the Pope, and stayed long enough to see Francis II. arrive with his suite. In the afternoon I took Lea to the Ara Cœli and Sta. Maria Maggiore. At the Ara Cœli great confusion prevails and much enthusiasm on account of a new miracle. When people were ill, upon their paying a scudo for the carriage, the Santo Bambino was brought by two of the monks, and left upon the sick-bed, to be fetched away some hours after in the same way. A sacrilegious lady determined to take advan-

tage of this to steal the Bambino; so she pretended her child was ill and paid her scudo; but as soon as ever the monks were gone, she had a false Bambino, which she had caused to be prepared, dressed up in the clothes of the real one, and when the monks came back they took away the false Bambino without discovering the fraud, and carried it to the place of honour in the Church of Ara Cœli.

“That night the convent awoke to fearful alarm, every bell rang at the same moment, awful sounds were heard at the doors; the trembling brotherhood hastened to the church, but loud and fast the knocks continued on the very door of the sanctuary (‘bussava, bussava, bussava’). At last they summoned courage to approach the entrance with lights, and behold, a little tiny pink child’s foot, which was poked in under the door; and they opened the door wide, and there without, on the platform at the head of the steps, stood, in the wind and the rain, quite naked, the real Bambino of Ara Cœli. So then the real child was restored to its place, and the lady, confounded and disgraced, was bidden to take the false child home again.

“Our donna, Louisa, was in ecstasies when she told us this story — ‘Oh com’ è graziosa, oh com’ è graziosa questa storia!’ — and she never can understand why we do not send for the Bambino to cure Mother of all her ailments, though, in consequence of the theft, it is now never left alone in a house, but is taken away by the same monks who bring it. Lea was imprudent enough to say she did not believe the Bambino would ever do *her* any good; but when Louisa, looking at her with wondering eyes, asked why, said weakly, ‘Because I have such a bad heart,’ in which Louisa quite acquiesced as a reason.

“It had been a sad shadow hitherto over all this winter that my sweetest Mother had been so ill. At Parisani I had many sad days and nights too. She suffered almost constantly from pain in the back, and moaned in a way which went to my very heart. . . . Twice only in the

fortnight was Mother able to get out to the Forum and walk in the sun from the Coliseum to the Capitol, and she felt the cold most terribly, and certainly the Palazzo was very cold.

"At first, when we came to this house, Mother was better, and she was delighted with these rooms, which fulfilled a presentiment she had told me of before we left home, that this winter she should have the pleasantest apartment she had ever had yet. But on the 21st she was chilled when driving with Mrs. Hall to Torre Quinto, and that evening quite lost her power of articulation. It only lasted about an hour. . . . She was conscious of it afterwards, and said, 'It was so odd, I was not able to speak.' Some days after, though able to articulate, she was unable to find the words she needed, calling the commonest things by their wrong names, and this was the more alarming as more likely to be continuous. On Thursday she was well enough to drive with me to the Acqua Acetosa, and walk there in the sun on the muddy Tiber bank, but that evening she became worse, and since then has scarcely been out of bed."

"*Dec. 30.* On Saturday I was constantly restless, with a sense of fire near me, but could discover nothing burning in the apartment. I had such a strong presentiment of fire that I refused to go out all day. When Lea came in with my tea at 8 P. M., I told her what an extraordinary noise I continually heard — a sort of rushing over the ceiling, which was of strained canvas — but she thought nothing of it. Soon after she was gone, a shower of sparks burst into the room and large pieces of burning wood forced their way through a hole in the ceiling. Shouting to Lea, I rushed up to the next floor, and rang violently and continuously at the bell, shouting 'Fuoco, fuoco;' but the owners of the apartment were gone to bed and would not get up; so, without losing time, I flew

downstairs, roused the porter, sent him off to fetch Ferdinando Manetti, who was responsible for our apartment, and then for the *pompieri*. Meantime the servants of Miss Robertson, who lived below us, had come to our help, and assisted in keeping the fire under with sponges of water, while Lea and I rushed about securing money, valuables, drawings, &c., and then, dragging out our great boxes, began rapidly to fill them. Mother was greatly astonished at seeing us moving in and out with great piles of things in our arms, but did not realise at once what had happened. I had just arranged for her being wrapped up in blankets and carried through the streets to Palazzo Parisani, when the *pompieri* arrived. From that time there was no real danger. They tore up the bricks of the floor above us, and poured water through upon the charred and burning beams, and a cascade of black water and hot bricks tumbled through together into our drawing-room."

To Miss Wright.

"*Jan. 1.* Alas! I can give but a poor account of her who occupies all my real thoughts and interests. My sweetest Mother is still very, very feeble, and quite touchingly helpless. She varies like a thermometer with the weather, and if it is fine, is well enough to see Mrs. Hall and one or two friends, but she is seldom able to be dressed before twelve o'clock, and often has to lie down again before four. I seldom like to be away from her long, and never by day or night feel really free from anxiety."

JOURNAL.

"*Jan. 2, 1868.* I have been out twice in the evening — to Mrs. Ramsay to meet M. de Soveral, the ex-minister of Portugal, and his wife and daughter, and to Mrs. Hall to meet the Erskines. Mrs. Hall described a sermon she had lately heard at the Coliseum, the sole object of which was the glorification of Mary Queen of Scots. It was

most painful, she said, describing how Elizabeth, who turned only to her Bible, died a prey to indescribable torments of mind, while Mary, clinging to her crucifix, died religiously and devoutly.

“The Marchesa Serlupi has given a fearful account of the Albano tragedy. The old Marchese had come to them greatly worn out with his labours in attendance on the Pope during the canonisation,¹ and he was seized with cholera almost at once. When the doctor came, his hair was standing on end with horror. He said he had not sat down for eighteen hours, hurrying from one to another. He said the old Marchese had the cholera, and it was no use doing anything for him, he would be dead in a few hours. The Marchesa thought he had gone mad with fright, which in fact he had. When he was gone, she gave remedies of her own to the old man, which subdued the cholera at the time, but he sank afterwards from exhaustion. During that time the dead all around them were being carried out: the Appian Way was quite choked up by those who were in flight, and people were dying among the tombs all along the wayside.

“As soon as the old Marchese was dead, the Serlupi family determined to fly. As the Marchesa had been constantly nursing the old man, she would not take her child with her, and sent him on first in another carriage. When they got half way, a man came up to them saying that the person who was with the child in the other carriage was in the agonies of death, and they had to take the child into their own carriage. At the half-way house they stopped to inquire for a party of friends who had preceded them: five had fled in the carriage, three were already dead! There was only one remedy which was never known to fail: it was discovered by a Capuchin monk, and is given in wine. It is not known what the medicine is, and its effect entirely depends upon the exact

¹ Of the Japanese martyrs.

proportions being given. The Marchesa used to send dozens of wine to the Capuchin, and then give it away impregnated with the medicine to the poor people in Rome.

"To-day my darling has been rather better, and was able to drive for an hour on the Pincio. Yesterday evening she prayed aloud for herself most touchingly before both me and Lea, that God would look upon her infirmities, that He would forgive her weakness, and supply the insufficiency of her prayers. Her sweet pleading voice, tremulous with weakness, went to our hearts, and her trembling upturned look was inexpressibly affecting.

"*Feb. 4.* When we first came here, we were much attracted by Francesca Bengivenga, a pleasant cordial woman who lets the apartment above us, and who lived in a corner of it with her nice respectable old mother. Lea went up to see them, and gave quite a pretty description of the old woman sitting quietly in her room at needlework, while the daughter bustled about.

"On January 9 we were startled by seeing a procession carrying the Last Sacraments up our staircase, and on inquiry heard that it was to a very old woman who was dying at the top of the house. Late in the evening it occurred to Lea that the sick person at the top of the house might perhaps be in want, and she went up to Francesca to inquire if she could be of any use. Then, for the first time, we heard that it had been Francesca's mother who had been ill, and that she had died an hour after the priests had been. Francesca herself was in most terrible anguish of grief, but obliged to control herself, because only a few days before she had let her apartment, and did not venture to tell her lodgers what had occurred in the house. So whenever the bell rang, she had to dry her tears by an effort, and appear as if nothing had happened. We urged her to reveal the truth, which at length

she did with a great burst of sobs, and the tenants took it well. The next day at four o'clock the old woman was carried away, and on the following morning I pleased Francesca by attending at the *messa cantata* in S. Andrea delle Fratte.

"On January 10 Charlotte and Gina Leycester arrived. By way of showing civilities to acquaintance, I have had several excursions to the different hills, explaining the churches and vineyards with the sights they contain. On the Aventine I had a very large — too large a party. With the Erskines I went to San Salvatore in Lauro, where the old convent is partially turned into a barrack, and was filled with Papal Zouaves, who spoke a most unintelligible jargon which turned out to be High Dutch. A very civil little officer, however, took us into a grand old chapel opening out of the cloisters, but now occupied as a soldiers' dormitory, and filled with rows of beds, while groups of soldiers were sitting on the altar-steps and on the altar itself, and had even piled their arms and hung up their knapsacks on the splendid tomb of Pope Eugenius IV., which was the principal object of our visit.¹ We went on hence to the Vallicella, where we saw the home and relics of S. Filippo Neri — his fine statue in the sacristy, his little cell with its original furniture, his stick, his shoes, the crucifix he held when he was dying, the coffin in which he lay in state, the pictures which belonged to him, and the little inner chapel with the altar at which he prayed, adorned with the original picture, candlesticks, and ornaments.

"Another excursion has been to the Emporium, reached by an unpleasant approach, the Via della Serpe behind the Marmorata, an Immondezajo half a mile long; but it is a fine mass of ruin, with an old gothic loggia, in a beautiful vineyard full of rare and curious marbles. Close by, on

¹ It is therefore not fair to say that the desecration of the Roman churches has *only* occurred since the Sardinian occupation.

the bank of the Tiber, the ancient port of the Marmorata is now being cleaned out.

"My dearest Mother continues very ailing and terribly weak, but I am hopeful now (as the cold months are so far advanced), that we may steer through the remainder of the winter, and that I may once more have the blessing of taking her back to England restored to health and power. Every Friday she has been seriously ill, but has rallied afterwards. On Friday 17th, she was very ill, and I was too anxious about her to rest at all during the night, but perpetually flitted ghost-like in and out of her room. Last Friday again she was, if anything, worse still, such a terrible cloud coming over all her powers, with the most complete exhaustion. I scarcely left her all day. When these sad days are over, life becomes quite different, so heavy is the burden lifted off, and it is difficult to realise all that they have been, the wearing anxiety as to what is best to be done, the terribly desolate future seeming so near at hand, all the after scenes presenting themselves so vividly, like fever phantoms, to the imagination, and then sometimes the seeming carried with my dearest one to the very gates of the unseen world. . . . She is always patient, always self-forgetful, and her obedience to her 'doctor,' as she calls me, is too touching, too entirely confiding and childlike. Oh, if our unity is broken by death, no one, *no one* will ever realise what it has been. Come what will, I can bless God for this winter, in which that union has been without one tarnished moment, one passing difference, in which my sweetest one has entirely leant upon me, and I have entirely lived for her."

"*Feb.* 9. There is no improvement in my dearest Mother. If there is a temporary rally, it is followed by a worse attack and intense fits of exhaustion, and the effort of going up and down stairs fatigues her so much that it is difficult to judge how far it is wise to gratify her

constant craving for air. On Tuesday, Lea and I took her to the Monte Mario, and she sat in the carriage while we got out and picked flowers in the Villa Mellini. That day she was certainly better, and able to enjoy the drive to a certain degree, and to admire the silver foam of the fountains of St. Peter's as we passed them. I often think how doubly touching these and many other beautiful sights may become to me, if I should be left here, when she, with whom I have so often enjoyed them, has passed away from us to the vision of other and more glorious scenes.

"It is in these other scenes, not *here*, that I often think my darling's mind is already wandering. When she sits in her great weakness, doing nothing, yet so quiet, and with her loving beautiful smile ever on her revered countenance, it is surely of no earthly scenes that my darling is thinking.

"In the night I am often seized with an irresistible longing to know how she is, and then I steal quietly through the softly opening doors into her room and watch her asleep by the light of the night-lamp. Even then the face in its entire repose wears the same sweet expression of childlike confidence and peace.

"I dined with Mrs. Robert Bruce one day, meeting Miss Monk and Cavendish Taylor, and went with them afterwards to see the 'Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein' acted. It was in a booth in the Piazza Navona, such as is generally used for wild beasts at a fair, and where one would expect an audience of the very lowest of the people; but instead the place was crowded with the most *élite* of the Roman princes and their families. The acting was wonderful, and the dresses and scenery very beautiful. It is said that the actors are a single family, fourteen sons, three daughters, and their cook!

"At the Shakspeare Woods' I met Miss Charlotte Cushman, the great American tragic actress, who has been living here for some years. She was the Mrs. Siddons of

her time in America, and places were taken weeks beforehand for the nights when she acted. She does a great deal of good here and is intensely beloved. In appearance she is much like Miss Boyle,¹ with white hair rolled back, and is of most winning and gracious manners. I went to a party at her house last night, and never saw anything more dignified and graceful than her reception of her guests, or more charming than her entertainment of them. She sang, but as she has little voice left, it was rather dramatic representation than song, though most beautiful and pathetic.

"The American Consul, Mr. Cushman, told me he had crossed the Atlantic forty-seven times. The last time he returned was during the cholera at Albano, and he described its horrors. A hundred and fifty people died in the village on the first day, and were all thrown immediately into a large pit by a regiment of Zouaves, happily quartered there, and were tumbled in just as they happened to fall. The next day, so many more died, that soldiers were sent down into the pit to pack the bodies closer, so as to fit more in. The bodies already in the pit were so entangled, that several arms and legs were pulled off in the process. The Zouaves employed in the work all died."

I often saw Miss Cushman afterwards, and greatly valued her friendship. Hers was a noble and almost unique character, a benignant influence upon all she came in contact with. Her youth had been a long struggle, but it gave her a wonderful sympathy with young artists striving as she herself had done, and for them her purse, her hand, and her heart were always open. When she was only a "stock actress," the wife of the manager, who played herself and was jealous of her talents, got her husband to give her a

¹ The Hon. Carolina Courtney Boyle, maid of honour.

very inferior part: it was that of Nancy Sykes in "Oliver Twist." Miss Cushman saw through the motive, and determined to prepare herself thoroughly. She disappeared. She went down to the worst part of the town, and remained for four days amongst all the lowest women there, till she understood them thoroughly and could imitate their peculiarities to perfection. Her first appearance, when she strolled on to the stage chewing a sprig of a tree, as they all do, took the house by storm, and from that time it was at her feet. The play of "Guy Mannering" was written to suit her in the part of Meg Merrilies. She would take an hour and a half to get herself up for it, painting all the veins on her arms, &c., and her success was wonderful.

She had been originally intended for an opera-singer, but, just when she was to appear, she had a dangerous illness, and, when she recovered, her voice was gone. But she wasted no time in regrets: she immediately turned to being an actress. This power of making the best of whatever *was*, formed one of the grandest traits of her character.

She died of what, to many, is the most terrible of all diseases. She insisted on an operation; but when she went to have it repeated, the great surgeons told her it was no use, and advised her to devote her remaining life to whatever would most take her out of herself and make her forget her pain. Then she, who had left the stage so long, went back to it as Meg Merrilies again and had all her old triumphs. And the last time she appeared, when she, as it were, took leave of the stage for ever, she repeated the

words "I shall haunt this old glen," &c., in a way which sent a cold shiver down the backs of all who heard them.

Miss Stebbings' interesting Life of Miss Cushman is inadequate. It dwells too much on the successful part. What were really interesting, and also useful to those beginning life, would have been the true story of the struggles of her youth, and how her noble nature overcame them.

JOURNAL.

"*Feb.* 10. My dearest mother is better and up again, sweet and smiling. Last week, after poor Mrs. C. had died, Mrs. Ramsay, not knowing it, sent to inquire after her. 'È andata in Paradiso,' said her old servant Francesco, quite simply, when he came back."

"*Feb.* 25. On the 16th old Don Francesco Chigi died, a most well-known figure to be missed out of Roman life. He was buried with perfectly mediæval pomp the next day at the Popolo. The procession down the Corso from the Chigi Palace was most gorgeous, the long line of princely carriages and the running footmen with their huge torches and splendid liveries, the effect enhanced by the darkness of the night, for it was nine o'clock in the evening.

"Yesterday I rushed with all the world to St. Peter's to stare at the bridal of Donna Guendalina Doria, who had just been married at S. Agnese to the Milanese Conte della Somaglia. The Pope gave her his benediction and a prayer-book bound in solid gold and diamonds. Thirteen carriages full of relations escorted her to St. Peter's, but very few had courage to come with her into the church. She looked well in a long lace veil and white silk cloak striped with gold.

"My sweet Mother has gained very little ground the last

fortnight. Yesterday for the first time she went out — carried down and upstairs by Benedetto and Louisa, and drove with Charlotte to the Villa Doria. But in the evening her breathing was difficult. To-day I drove with Lady Bloomfield¹ and Jane Adeane to the Campagna, and when I came back I found that she had been quite ill the whole time. The dear face looks sadly worn.”

“*Feb.* 27. When I went into my darling’s room at 3 A. M., both she and Lea were sleeping quietly, but when I went again at six, the Mother had been long awake, and oppressed with great difficulty of breathing. At half-past nine Dr. Grilli came and begged for another opinion. . . . How did I bear it when he said that my darling was in the greatest danger, that if she would desire any spiritual consolations, they ought to be sent for! Then I lost all hope. ‘No,’ I said, ‘she has long lived more in heaven than on earth.’ ‘Quello si vede,’ said Dr. Grilli.

“I questioned whether she should be told the danger she was in, but I decided not; for has not my darling been for years standing on the threshold of the heavenly kingdom? Death could to *her* only be the passing quite over that threshold, and to us the last glimpse of her most sweet presence here.

“2 P. M. Charlotte Leycester and Emma Simpkinson have been with me in the room all morning by turns. I cannot but think her slightly better. The shutter has just been opened that she may see the sun, which poured into the room. My darling was sitting up then and smiled to see it.

“5½ P. M.. Waiting for the consultation of doctors. How I dread it, yet I cannot but think they will find my darling better. I have a feeling that there must still be

¹ My cousins, Lord and Lady Bloomfield, and the Dowager Lady Barrington, with her daughter Augusta, were spending the winter in Rome.

hope. At two I went in a carriage to the Villa Negroni,¹ as the most solitary place I knew, and there spent an hour on that terraced walk beneath the house in which I was born, where my two mothers walked up and down together before my birth, and where I have often been, oh! so happy in the sunshine of her presence who is life to me.

"Coming back, I went into the Church of the Angeli. A white Carthusian was kneeling there alone. I knelt too and prayed — not that God would give my darling back to me unless it were His will, but oh! so earnestly that there might be no pain in her departure.

"Mrs. Woodward and Miss Finucane want to come and sit up — always good and kind. Grilli has been this evening with Dr. Bertoldi, and says everything depends on how she passes the next night: if she sleeps and the breathing becomes easier, we may hope, but even then it will be most difficult to regain the ground lost. In this I buoy myself up that *they* know nothing of her wonderful power of rallying.

"When Charlotte went away for the night, she said, 'I shall think of you, dear, and pray for you very much to-night.' — 'Yes, into the Lord's hands I commend my spirit,' said my darling solemnly."

"9 A. M. *Feb. 28, Friday.* Last night, when I wished her good-night, she said in her sweetest manner, 'Don't be too anxious; it is all in His hands.' Lea went to bed and Emma Simpkinson sat upon the sofa. I went in and out all through the night. Since 4 A. M. she has been less well!

"6 P. M. I went rapidly to-day in a little carriage to St. Peter's, and kneeling at the grating of the chapel of the Sacrament by Sixtus IV.'s tomb, I *implored* God to take two years out of my life and to add them to my

¹ This beautiful villa and its lovely grounds have been entirely destroyed under the Sardinian Government.

Mother's. I could not part with her now. If there is power in prayer, I *must* have been heard. I was back within the hour.

"When Charlotte came, she repeated to the Mother the texts about the saints in white robes, and then said 'Perhaps, dear, you will be with them soon — perhaps it is as in our favourite hymn, "Just passing over the brink."' — 'Yes,' said my darling, 'it cannot last long; this is quite wearing me out.' I heard this through the door, for I could not bear to be in the room. Then Charlotte said, 'The Lord be with you,' or similar words, and my darling answered 'Yes, and may He be with those who are left as well as with those who are taken.' At this moment I came in and kissed my darling. Charlotte, not knowing I had heard, then repeated what she had said. 'She is praying that God may be with you and with me,' she said. I could not bear it, and went back to the next room. Charlotte came in and kissed me. 'I cannot say what I feel for you,' she said. I begged her not to say so now, 'as long as there was anything to be done I must not give way.'"

"3 P. M. *Saturday*. The night was one of terrible suffering. Mrs. Woodward sat up, but I could not leave the room. In the morning my darling said, 'I never thought it would have been like this; I thought it would have been unconscious. The valley of the Shadow of Death is a dark valley, but there is light at the end. . . . No more pain. . . . The Rock of Ages, that is my rock.' Then I read the three prayers in the Visitation Service. 'It will be over soon,' she said; 'I am going to rest.'

"'Will you give me some little word of blessing, darling?' I said. 'The Lord keep you and comfort you, my dear child,' she said. 'Don't fret too much. *He* will give you comfort.' I had begged that Mrs. Woodward would call in Lea, who was now kneeling between us at the bedside. 'And you bless poor Lea, too,' I said. 'Yes,

dear Lea: she has been a most good and faithful and dear servant to me. I pray that God may be with her and John, and keep them, and I hope that they will be faithful and loving to you, as they have been to me, as long as you need them. . . . Be reconciled to all who have been unkind to you, darling; love them all, this is my great wish, love—love—love—oh, I have tried to live for love—oh! love one another, that is the great thing—love, love, love!’

“‘The Lord bless and comfort you, dear,’ she said to Charlotte. ‘Be a mother to my child.’—‘I will,’ said Charlotte, and then my darling’s hand took mine and held it.

“‘We look for the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ,’ said Charlotte. ‘Yes, and it was here that it first dawned upon me . . . through much tribulation. . . . He will be with me and he will be with those who are left.’

“‘We look for the King in His beauty,’ said Charlotte. ‘Yes, beauty such as we have never seen,’ my darling said. ‘Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. Oh, I have been able to serve Him very little.’—‘Yes, darling, but you have loved Him much.’

“‘I send my love to all my dear ones in England; none are forgotten, none.’ Then, after a pause, ‘Tell your sister that we shall meet where there is no more controversy, and where we shall know thoroughly as we are known.’

“‘In the night the terrible pain came on, which lasted many hours and gave us all such anguish. ‘And He bore all this,’ she said, and at one of her worst moments—‘He that trusteth in Thee shall never be put to confusion.’ What these trembling words were to us I cannot say, with her great suffering and the sadly sunken look of her revered features. Mrs. Woodward cried bitterly.

“‘Mine eyes look to the hills, from whence cometh my

help,' said Charlotte when she came in. 'You have loved the Psalms so much, haven't you dear?' — 'Yes, the Psalms so much.' — 'All thy waves and storms pass over me,' said Charlotte, 'but the Rock resisteth the flood.' — 'Yes, the *Rock*,' said my darling. 'The floods lift up their waves, but the Lord is mightier.' — 'He is mightier,' she repeated. 'The Lord is a refuge and a strong tower,' said Charlotte. 'He is *indeed*,' she answered with emphasis; 'it is a dark valley, but there is light beyond, for He is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.'

"She bade me in the early morning not to leave her, and I sat by her without moving from 6 A. M. till 1 P. M. 'Oh, you will all be *so* tired,' she said once. When she was very ill, Charlotte leant over her and said, 'I am oppressed, O Lord, undertake for me: may the everlasting arms be beneath you.' — 'Yes,' she said.

"*March 1, Sunday morning.* How long it is! At 6 P. M. she was very restless and suffering. At last she gave me her hand and lay down with me supporting the pillows behind. She spoke quite clearly, and said, 'My blessing and darling, may you be blessed in time and eternity!' This quiet sleep seemed to soothe and rest her, and afterwards Lea was able to take my place for an hour. But the night was terrible. Mrs. Woodward and Miss Finucane both sat up with me. Once she said, 'Through the grave and the gate of death . . . a glorious resurrection.' At seven she was speaking again, and leaning over her I heard, 'How long, how long? when will the Bridegroom come?'"

"4 P. M. *Monday, March 2.* A rather less suffering night. Dear Miss Garden sat up with me, saying she felt as if it was her own mother who was lying there, and Mother rambled gently to her about 'going home.' At 7 A. M. she fell asleep sweetly with her hand clasped in

both of mine. I did not venture to move, and sank from my knees into a sitting position on the floor; so we remained for nearly an hour. When she waked her moan was more definite. 'Oh, for rest! oh, for rest!' I said, 'Darling, rest is coming soon.' — 'Yes,' she said, 'my health will all come back to me soon; no infirmities and no pains any more.'

"10 A. M. When Charlotte went at nine, I thought my darling sinking more rapidly, and Dr. Grilli when he came told us it was all but impossible she could rally. She looks to me at moments quite passing away. I would not call my darling back for worlds now: if God took her, I could only be lost in thankfulness that her pains were over. Oh, that she may be soon in that perfect health which we shall not be permitted to see. I scarcely leave her a moment now, though it is agony to me if she coughs or suffers. Can I afford to lose one look from those beloved eyes, one passing expression of those revered features? So I sit beside her through the long hours, now moistening her lips, now giving her water from a spoon, now and then a little soup-jelly, which she finds it easier to swallow than the soup itself, and now and then my darling gently gives me her hand to hold in mine. 'Rest in bliss,' she said to Mrs. Woodward, 'rest ever in bliss.' Afterwards Charlotte said, 'When thou passest through the waters, they shall not overflow thee: underneath thee are . . . the everlasting arms.'

"12½ P. M. Charlotte has repeated sentences from the Litany — 'By Thine agony and bloody sweat.' We thought she scarcely understood at first, then her lips, almost inaudibly, repeated the sentences. Soon she said, 'It is so long coming!' Then Charlotte read, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they *rest* from their labours.' She opened her eyes, looked up at Charlotte, and said, 'Oh, how well I know you!'

"1 P. M. After some minutes' quiet she opened her

eyes with surprise and said, 'I thought I was safe home; I thought I was, yet I can move, so I suppose it will not be yet.'

"2 P. M. Her face has lost all its troubled look, and though she still moans, there is a happy appearance of repose stealing over her features.

"3 P. M. When C. L. came in she said, 'Oh, Charlotte, I thought it was all over. I did not hear the noise of the waves any more. Oh, they were so very tormenting, and then, when I did not hear them, I thought it was over, and then I heard your voice, and I knew I was still here. . . . I have no more pain now. . . . It was very long, but I suppose He thought He would knock out all that was bad in me.'

"*Midnight, Monday.* After a terrible afternoon, she had such an extraordinary rally in the evening that we all began to hope. But soon after there was another change. Her features altered, her face sunk, but her expression was of the most transcendent happiness. Thinking the last moment was come, we knelt around the bed, I alone on the right; Charlotte, Lea, and Mrs. Woodward on the left; the nurse, Angela Mayer, at the foot. Charlotte and Mrs. W. prayed aloud. Then my darling, in broken accents, difficult to understand, but which I, leaning over her, repeated to the others, began to speak — 'I am going to glory . . . I have no pain now . . . I see the light . . . Oh, I am *so* happy . . . no more trouble or sorrow or sin . . . so extremely happy . . . may you all meet me there, not one of you be wanting.'

"I, leaning over her, said, 'Do you know me still, darling?' — 'Yes, I know and bless you, my dearest son . . . peace and love . . . glory everlasting . . . all sins and infirmities purged away . . . rest . . . love . . . glory . . . reign for ever . . . *see Christ.*

"'Oh, be ready!

"'Mary and Arthur and Kate and Emmie and Mamie.

faithful servants of Christ, to meet me there in His kingdom.

“Let peace and love remain with you always. This is my great wish, peace and love . . . peace and love.”

“After saying this, my mother solemnly folded her trembling hands together on her breast, and looking up to heaven, said, ‘Oh, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and may all these meet me again in Thy kingdom!’ As she said this, my darling’s eyes seemed fixed upon another world.

“After this I begged the others to leave me alone with her, and then my dearest one said to me, ‘Yes, darling, our love for one another on earth is coming to an end now. We have loved one another very deeply. I don’t know how far communion will be still possible, but I soon *shall* know; and if it be possible, I shall still be always near you. I shall so love to see and know all you are doing, and to watch over you; and when you hear a little breeze go rustling by, you must think it is the old Mother still near you. . . . You will do all I wish, darling, I know. I need not write, you will carry out all my wishes.’ — ‘Yes, dearie,’ I said, ‘it will be my only comfort when you are gone to do all you would have wished. I will always stay at Holmhurst, darling, and I will continue going to Alton, and I will do everything else I can think of that you would like.’

“‘Yes, and you must try to conquer self . . . to serve God here, and then we may be together again in heaven. . . . Oh, we *must* be together again there.’

“Lea now came in, and my darling stroked her face while she sobbed convulsively. ‘Your long work is done at last,’ Mother said; ‘I have been a great trouble to you both, and perhaps it is as well I should be taken away now, for I am quite worn out. Tell John and all of them that I am sorry to leave them, but perhaps it was for the best; for this is not an illness; it is that I am worn out. . . . You and Augustus will stay together and comfort

one another when I am gone, and you will bear with one another's infirmities and help one another. The great thing of all is to be able to confess that one has been in the wrong. Oh, peace and love, peace and love, these are the great things.'

'“Have I been a good child to you, dearest?” I said. ‘Oh, yes, indeed — dear and good, dear and good; a little wilful perhaps you used to be, but not lately; you have been all good to me lately — dear and good.’ (‘Yes, that he has,’ said Lea.) ‘Faithful and good,’ my darling repeated, ‘both of you faithful and good.’

“Charlotte now came in. ‘Here is Charlotte.’ ‘Dear Charlotte! Oh yes, I know you. I do not know whether there will be any communication where I am going, but if there is, I shall be very near you. I am going to rest . . . rest everlasting. Be a mother to my child. Comfort him when I am gone . . . give him good advice. . . . You know what suggestions I should make. . . . You will say to him what I should say . . . and if he could have a good wife, that would be the best thing . . . for what would you do, my child, in this lonely world? . . . No, a good wife, that is what I wish for you — a good wife and a family home.

“‘And now I should like to speak to kind Mrs. Woodward’ (she came in). ‘Thank you so much; you have been very good and kind to me, dear Mrs. Woodward. I am going fast to my heavenly home. I have said all I meant to have written all the time I have been ill, and have never been able . . . my mouth has been opened that I might speak.’”

“7 A.M. *March 3.* ‘Oh, it is quite beautiful. Good-bye, my own dearest! I cannot believe that you will look up into the clouds and think that I am only there . . . but you will also see me in the flowers and in my friends, and in all that I have loved.’

"8 A. M. With the morning light my dearest Mother has seemed to become more rapt in holy thoughts and visions, her eyes more intently fixed on the unseen world. At last, with a look of rapture she has exclaimed, 'Oh, angels, I see angels!' and since then pain seems to have left her.

"8½ A. M. (To Lea.) 'You will take care of him and comfort him, as you have always taken care of me: you have been a dear servant to me.' — 'Yes,' said Lea, 'I will always stay with him and take care of him as long as I live. I took care of your dear husband, and I have taken care of you, and I will take care of him as long as he wants me.' 'Darling sweet,' I said to her. 'Yes, darling sweet,' she repeated, with inexpressible tenderness. 'I always hear the tender words you say to me, dear, even in my dreams.' Then she said also to Mrs. Woodward, 'You have been very kind to us: you will comfort Augustus when he is left desolate: you know what sorrow is, you have gone through the valley. . . . It seems so much worse for others than for me. . . . For then I shall begin really to live.'

"All this time my darling lay with her eyes upturned and an expression of rapt beatitude. The nurse says that in her forty years' nursing she never saw any one like this, so quiet, so happy. 'Nothing ever puts her out or makes her complain: I never saw anything like it.'¹

"8½ A. M. 'It is very difficult to *realise* that when you are absent from the body you are present with the Lord.'

"10 A. M. Dr. Grilli says she may live till evening, even possibly into the night. She has just said, a little wandering, 'You know in a few days some pretty sweet

¹ "Look at a pious person, man or woman, one in whom the spirit sways the senses: look at them when they are praying or have risen from their knees, and see with how bright a ray of divine beauty their faces are illuminated: you will see the beauty of God shine on their faces: you will see the beauty of an angel." — SAVONAROLA, *Sermons*.

violets will come up, and that will be all that will be left to you of the dear Mother.'

"11½ A. M. She has taken leave of Emma Simpkinson and Miss Garden. When I came in she took my hand and said, 'And you, darling, I shall always think of you, and you will think of me. I shall spring up again like the little violets, and I shall put on an incorruptible body. I shall be always floating over you and watching over you somehow: we shall never be separated; and my body will rest beside that of my dear husband. So strange it should be here; perhaps, if it had been anywhere else, I might have wished to get better, but as it was here, the temptation was too great. I am quite worn out. I thought I could not get better after my last illness, and I *was* given back to you for a little while, though I have always felt very weak, but I shall be quite well now.'"

"10 A. M. *March 4.* All night she wandered gently, saying that she would 'go out and play with the little children; for there can be nothing bad amongst very little children.' In the morning Charlotte still thought there was a chance of her rallying, but Emma Simpkinson and I both think her sinking, and Dr. Grilli says that '*sussulti tendinosi*' of the pulses have come on, and that there is not the slightest hope. It can probably only be two hours, though it may last till evening. He has formally taken leave, saying that medicine is useless, and that it is no use for him to return any more. Since the early morning my darling has been lying with her hand in mine, leaning her head against mine on the pillow, her eyes turned upwards, her lips constantly moving in inarticulate prayer. She has asked, 'What day is it? I think it is my birthday to-day.' I have not told her it is her father's birthday, as I believe it will be her own birthday in heaven.

"11 A. M. She has again appeared to be at the last extremity. Raising her eyes to heaven and taking my

hand, she has prayed fervently but inaudibly. Then she prayed audibly for blessings for me and Lea, and, with a grateful look to Emma, added, 'And for dear Emma too.'

"1 P. M. She wandered a little, and asked if the battle was over. 'Yes,' said Lea, 'and the victory won.'

"1½ P. M. 'I am all straight now, no more crookedness. . . . You must do something, dear, to build yourself up; you must be a good deal pulled down by all this. . . . Rest now, but work, work for God in life.

"'Don't expect too much good upon earth.

"'Don't expect too much perfection in one another.

"'Work for eternity.

"'Only try for love.'

"2 P. M. 'Oh, how happy I am! I have everything I want here and hereafter.'

"2.10. (With eyes uplifted and hands clasped.) . . . 'Living water. The Lamb, the Lamb is the life.'

"2.15. C. L. repeated at her request 'Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.'

"2.30. The dear Mother herself, with her changed voice, clasped hands, and uplifted eyes, has repeated the hymn, 'Just as I am, without one plea.'

"3 P. M. 'I am glad I am not going to stay. I could not do you any more good, and I am *so* happy.'

"4 P. M. (With intense fervour.) 'O God, O God! God alone can save — one and eternal. Amen! Amen!'

"4.15. 'Let us be one in heaven, dear, as we are one on earth.'

"4.30. 'Oh, let me go. . . . I have said I was ready to go so often, but you won't give me up.' I said, 'I think you had better try to sleep a little now, darling.' — 'Yes, but let it be the last: I have had so many, many last sleeps.' — 'You are in no pain now, dearie?' I said. 'Oh no, no pain; there is no pain on the borderland of heaven.'

“‘ May He who ruleth all, both in heaven and earth, bless you, my child — bless you and keep you from ill. Love, love, perfect love, love on earth and then love in heaven. . . . I can hear words from the upper world now and none from the nearer. They have taught me things that were dark to me before.’

“5 P. M. ‘ Peace be with you, peace and love.

“‘ Sin below, grace above.

“‘ We sinners below, Christ above.

“‘ All love, all truth in Jesus Christ, my Lord and my God.’

“5½ P. M. ‘ Oh, let it be. It could not be better — no doubt, no difficulty. . . . All the good things of this world, what are they? . . . soon pass away — pride, vanity, vexation of spirit; but oh! love! love!’ It was after saying these words that my darling’s face became quite radiant, and that she looked upward with an expression of rapture. ‘ I see a white dove,’ she said, ‘ oh, such a beautiful white dove, floating towards me.’ Soon after this she exclaimed, ‘ Oh, Lord Jesus, oh, come quickly.’ . . . When she opened her eyes, ‘ What a wilful child you are! you will not let your mother depart, and she is *so* ready.’ — ‘ Is it he who keeps you?’ said C. L. ‘ No, a better One; but let me go or let me stay, O Lord, I have no will but Thine.’ ”¹

“2 A. M. *March 5.* During the night she has prayed constantly aloud for various relations and friends by name, and often for me. Once she said, ‘ Ever upright, ever just, sometimes irritable, weak in temperament, that others should love him as I have done . . . and a good wife, that is what I have always thought.’

¹ There is another passage in Rudyard Kipling which exactly describes my mother’s state at this time. “The mind was quickened, and the revolving thoughts ground against each other, as millstones grind when there is no corn between.”

"8 P. M. *March 5.* Twice to-day there has been a sudden sinking of nature, life almost extinct, and then, owing to the return of fever, there has been a rally. She became excited if I left her even for a moment, so through last night and to-day I have constantly sat behind her on the bed, supporting her head on a pillow in my arms. "

"10 P. M. Emma Simpkinson is come for the night, but there is a strange change. My mother is asleep! quietly asleep — the fever is reduced after the aconite which I insisted upon, and which the homœopathic doctor said *must* end her life in half-an-hour."

"*Friday Evening, March 6.* All day there has been a rally, and she has now power to cough again. Grilli had given the case up, so at noon to-day I had no scruple in sending for Dr. Topham, writing full explanation of the strange case. He says it is the most extraordinary he has ever seen and a most interesting study — 'Before such a miracle of nature, science can only sit still.' Life still hangs on a thread, but there is certainly an improvement. She knows none but me."

"*Saturday Evening, March 7.* What a quiet day of respite we have had after all the long tension and anxiety. My darling's face has resumed a natural expression, and she now lies quite quiet, sleeping, and only rousing herself to take nourishment."

I have copied these fragments from my journal of two terrible weeks, written upon my knees by my mother's side, when we felt every hour *must* be the last, and that her words, so difficult to recall afterwards, would be almost our only consolation when the great desolation had really fallen. But no description can give an idea of the illness — of the

strange luminousness of the sunken features, such as one reads of in lives of Catholic saints — of the marvellous beauty of her expression — of the thrilling accents in which many words were spoken, from which her sensitive retiring nature would have shrunk in health. Had there been physically any reason for hopefulness, which there was not — had the doctors given any hope of recovery, which they did not, her appearance, her words, her almost transfiguration would have assured us that she was on the threshold of another world. I feel that those who read must — like those who saw — almost experience a sort of shock at her being given back to us again. Yet I believe that God heard my prayer in St. Peter's for the two years more. During that time, and that time only, she was spared to bless us, and to prepare me better for the final separation when it really came. She was also spared to be my support in another great trial of my life, to which we then never looked forward. But I will return to my journal, with which ordinary events now again entwine themselves.

“March 10, 1868. My darling is gradually but slowly regaining strength, the doctor saying he can give no medicine, but that he can only stand still in awe before the marvels of nature, whilst we, the watchers, are gradually rallying from the great strain and tension of the last week.

“Yesterday was Santa Francesca Romana's day. I went to her house, the old Ponziani Palace, now the Ezereizii Pii, hung outside for the day with battered tapestry and strewn within with box. The rooms inside

are the same as when the Saint lived in them, with raftered ceilings, and many of them turned into chapels. Downstairs is the large room which she turned into a hospital, and there is a bright open courtyard planted with orange-trees, though certainly nothing of the 'magnificent Ponziani Palace' described by Lady Georgiana Fullerton in her book.

"Thence to the Tor de' Specchi, where a cardinal, a number of Roman ladies, and a crowd of others were passing through the bright old rooms covered with frescoes and tapestry, and looking into the pleasant courtyards of the convent with their fountains and orange-trees. Upstairs is a fine chapel, where the skeleton of the Saint lies under the altar, dressed as an Oblate (with the face exposed), but in a white veil and white gloves! The living Oblates flitting about were very interesting picturesque-looking women, mostly rather old. Several relics of Santa Francesca are preserved. On a table near the entrance was the large flat vase in which she made ointment for the poor, filled with flowers.

"On Sunday, when many ladies went to the Pope, he made them a little sermon about their guardian angels and Sta. Francesca Romana."

"*March 15.* My sweet Mother is in almost exactly the same state — a sort of dormouse existence, and so weak that she can scarcely hold up her head; yet she has been twice wheeled into the sitting-room.

"I have been with the Fitzmaurices to the Castle of S. Angelo, very curious, and the prisons of Beatrice Cenci and her stepmother, most ghastly and horrid. There are between seven and eight hundred men there now, and many prisoners. Over the prison doors passers-by had made notes in chalk: one was, 'O voi che entrate qui, lasciate ogni speranza;' another, 'On sait quand on entre, on ne sait pas quand on sort;' another, 'Hôtel des Martyrs.'

"On Friday evening I rushed with all the world to the receptions of the new cardinals — first to the Spanish Embassy, then to the Colonna to see Cardinal Bonaparte,¹ who has a most humble manner and a beautiful refined face like Manning at his best; and then to the Inquisition, where Cardinal de Monaco was waiting to receive in rooms which were almost empty."



CASTLE OF ESTE.²

"*March* 30. The dear Mother makes daily progress. She has the sofa in her bedroom, and lies there a great deal in the sunny window.

"I went to Mrs. Lockwood's theatricals, to which, as she said, 'all the people above the rank of a duchess were asked down to the letter M.' The play, *L'Aïeule*, was wonderfully well done by Princess Radziwill, Princess

¹ Prince Lucien, son of the Roman Prince Charles Lucien (nephew of Napoleon I.) and of Zenaïde, only child of Joseph, King of Naples and Spain.

² From "Northern Italy."

Pallavicini, Princess Scilla, Duca del Gallo, and others, a most beautiful electric light being let in when the grandmother steals in to give the poison to the sleeping girl."

"*May 8.* We leave Rome to-morrow — leave it in a flush of summer glory, in a wealth unspeakable of foliage and flowers, orange blossoms scenting our staircase, the sky deep blue.

"All the last fortnight poor Emma Simpkinson¹ has been terribly ill — a great anxiety to us as to what was best to be done for her, but we hope now that she may be moved to England, and I must go with my restored Mother, who is expanding like a flower in the sunshine.

"This afternoon, at the crowded time, the young Countess Crivelli, the new Austrian Ambassadress, drove down the Corso. At the Porta del Popolo she met her husband's horse without a rider. Much alarmed, she drove on, and a little farther on she found her husband's dead body lying in the road. She picked it up, and drove back down the Corso with the dead man by her side."

Amongst the many English who spent this spring in Rome, I do not find any note, in my diaries, of Lord Houghton, yet his dinners for six in the Via S. Basilio were delightful. His children were real children then, and his son, Robin,² a boy of wonderful promise. Lord Houghton was never satisfied with talking well and delightfully himself; his great charm was his evident desire to draw out all the good there was in other people.

¹ Emma Simpkinson reached England before us, but was then rapidly waning heavenwards. She spent the last few weeks of her life at St. Leonards, where we had the great comfort of being able to cheer and watch over her, and she is buried in the cemetery at Ore.

² Afterwards Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

JOURNAL.

"*Venice, May 10, 1868.* We had a terribly hot journey by Spoleto and Ancona, and came on to Este. It is a long drive up from the station to the primitive little town close under the Euganean Hills, with the ruined castle where the first Guelph was born. The inn (*La Speranza*) is an old palace, and our sitting-room was thirty-four feet long. The country is luxuriance itself, covered with corn

PETRARCH'S TOMB, ARQUA.¹

and flax, separated by rows of peach and fig trees, with vines leaping from tree to tree. I drove to Arqua, a most picturesque village in a hollow of the hills. In the little court of the church is Petrarch's tomb, of red Verona marble, and on the high ridge his house, almost unaltered, with old frescoes of his life, his chair, his chest, and his stuffed cat, shrunk almost to a weasel."

"*Augsburg, May 24.* From Venice we saw Torcello—the Mother, Lea, and I in a *barca* gliding over those shallow mysterious waters to the distant island and its

¹ From "Northern Italy."

decaying church, where we sat to draw near Attila's marble chair half buried in the rank growth of the mallows.

"We came away by an early train to Verona, and drove in the afternoon to San Zenone, and then to the beautiful Giusti gardens for the sunset. Mother was able to climb up to the summer-house on the height, and the gardener gave us pinks and roses.



TOMB OF THE COUNT OF CASTELBARCO, VERONA.¹

"On the 24th we came on to Trent, a most attractive place, with an interesting cathedral, fine fountains, beautiful trees, and surroundings of jagged pink mountains tipped with snow. Cheating the Alps by crossing the Brenner, we went by Salzburg to Berchtesgaden, where we found quiet rooms with a splendid view of the snow-clad Watzmann. We were rowed down the Königsee as far as the waterfall, Lea dreadfully frightened on the lake."

¹ From "Northern Italy."

From Augsburg we went to Oberwesel on the Rhine, where we were very happy in a primitive hotel amid the vines and old timber-houses. On our second morning there, while I was drawing on the shore of the river, a strange and terrible presentiment came over me of some great misfortune, some overwhelming grief which was then taking place in England. I threw down my drawing things and hurried back to the hotel to my mother. "Never," I said, "have these sudden presentiments come to me without meaning. I am sure you will listen to me when I say that we ought to be in England directly." — "Yes," she said, "I quite believe it; let us go at once;" and then and there, in the hot morning, we walked down to the train. We travelled all night, and at daybreak we were in England. I confess that, as we travelled, the detailed impression which I had from my presentiment was wrong. I thought of what would have affected my mother most. I fancied that, as I was sitting on the Rhine shore, Arthur Stanley had died at Westminster. But John Gidman met us with our little carriage at Hastings, and as we drove up to Holmhurst he told me the dreadful truth — that, at the very moment of my presentiment, my sister Esmeralda had expired.

I still feel the echo of that terrible anguish.

XIII

LAST YEARS OF ESMERALDA

"Sleep sweetly, dear one; thou wilt wake at dawn." — MOSCHUS.

"Her mind was one of those pure mirrors from which the polluting breath passes away as it touches it." — BISHOP HEBER.

"Cette longue et cruelle maladie qu'on appelle la vie, est enfin guérie." — MADEMOISELLE D'ESPINASSE.

"Let her pure soul . . .

Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show

How to this portal every step I go."

— SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

I THINK that I have not written anything concerning the life of my sister after we met her at Rome in the winter of 1865-66. Since that time she has been more incessantly engrossed by the affairs, and often very trivial interests, of the Roman Catholic Church, but without for a moment relaxing her affection and cordiality towards us. Great was my pleasure in watching how, in spite of all religious differences, my mother became increasingly fond of her every time they met. I think it is William Penn who says, "The meek, the just, the pious, the devout, are all of one religion."

On leaving Rome in 1866, Esmeralda made it an object to visit the famous "Nun of Monza," Ancilla Ghizza, called in religion the "Madre Serafina della

Croce.” This nun had been founding a religious order at Monza, which was at first intended to be affiliated to the Sacramentarie on the Quirinal at Rome. She was supposed to have not only the “stigmata,” but the marks of our Lord’s scourging, to be gifted with a wonderful power and knowledge of the interior life, and to possess the gift of prophecy. She was summoned to Rome, and, after three years’ noviciate at the Sacramentarie, she was permitted, in 1862, to return to Monza, and to begin her community, fifteen nuns being clothed at the same time. She used to distribute little crosses which she declared to have been blessed by our Lord in person, and she was often in an ecstasy, in which it was alleged that her body became so light that she could be raised from the ground by a single hair of her head! Concerning Serafina della Croce, Esmeralda had already received from a celebrated Italian ecclesiastic the following: —

“*Venezia, 3 Gennaio, 1864.* Mi scusi se io così presto riprendo la penna, per offrirle il mio povero tentativo di consolarla, sotto la forma di questa piccola croce, che io ebbi dall’ Ancilla Ghizzi di Monza, e che è stata benedetta dalle mani stesse di Nostro Signore in una visione. Io potrei dirle molto di queste croci, ma ci vorrebbe troppo tempo. Così io le dirò soltanto per affermare la sua opinione sopra la santità di questa serva di Dio, che io conosco qui un sacerdote che andò a vederla, e al quale il confessore dell’ Ancilla delegò la sua autorità, dicendogli che poteva comandarla ed interrogarla per un’ ora, come se fosse lui stesso il suo confessore. Infatti, portatosi dall’ Ancilla, senza che essa fosse stata avvertita di

quest' accordo fra loro, il Sacerdote le diede mentalmente l'obbedienza di unirsi con Dio in orazione, ed essa immediatamente andò in estasi, e continuo un' ora intera in questo stato, nel qual tempo egli le domandò *mentalmente* varie cose in rapporto a certe persone che desiderebbero essere raccomandate alle sue preghiere, ed essa rispondeva al suo precetto mentale, raccomandandogli ogni persona ed ogni domanda al Signore di *rica voce*, continuando così un dialogo non interrotto. Qualche volta per la soddisfazione di una terza persona che era presente, questo Sacerdote gli diceva all' orecchio il soggetto sopra il quale voleva schiarimento. Debbo aggiungere che in questo stato il suo corpo è così leggero che la poteva sollevare da terra *per un solo dei suoi capelli*, come se non avesse più nessun peso. Ho pure veduto dei manoscritti voluminosi del suo confessore pieni di maraviglie, e che dimostrano che la sua familiarità colle cose e colle persone celesti è arrivata ad un tal punto, che si può ben paragonare a tutto ciò che si legge nelle vite dei santi. Anzi a me mi pare che supera tutto quel che io ho letto fin qui."

Another intention of Esmeralda was to visit "Torchio," the inspired cobbler at Turin, and consult him on various subjects. This Torchio had had the most extraordinary visions of the Judgment; but alas! I neglected to write down the long verbal account which my sister gave me of her visit to him, and thus it is lost. I have only the following, written in crossing the Mont Cenis with an Asiatic bishop, to whom Esmeralda had offered a place in her carriage: —

"June 4, 1866. For three days running before leaving Rome, I had the visits of the venerable Monsignor Natale, and we talked of coming events in the political world. I went over from Pisa to Leghorn, and there I saw a very

remarkable person called Suora Carolina. We went to Milan for one day, and from thence to Monza. I saw the bishop, and besought and entreated, and at last he gave permission, and I was the first to pass through the closed door of the convent and to kneel and kiss the hand of the saint. Auntie went with me. I can never express what I felt. It was like seeing S. Francesco d'Assisi, and it seemed like a dream as, side by side, we walked through the cloister and then went up into her cell: one so highly favoured! it was too much happiness. All I had heard was nothing to the reality, and there was Auntie sitting in her cell, the other nuns standing round. Her face was quite beautiful, quite heavenly.

"And then we returned to Milan and started for Turin, and there I went to see Torchio, the celebrated Torchio, as he sat on his basket and spoke as he was inspired. It was a wonderful and beautiful sermon, both in word and action. When he spoke of the Passion, one seemed to follow him to Calvary. He is a poor man living at the top of a very poor house, but he is an apostle."

Esmeralda returned to London to Mrs. Thorpe's, but in the autumn she went north and paid visits to the Monteiths and Stourtons and to Lady Herries in Yorkshire. Lady Herries said afterwards that she liked to think of her as she so often saw her in the chapel at Everingham, praying, "oh, so fervently," for hours together. As her life became more absorbed in devotion and religious interests, she was conscious of the danger of neglecting earthly duties and sympathies. On August 4, 1866, she wrote: —

"Let me walk in the presence of God without underrating His gifts, for the underrating of God's gifts is one of the temptations which I am required to fight against."

On September 8 she wrote : —

“Let me surrender entirely my individual will, to be completely united and absorbed in the will of Jesus Christ, — then will the truths of Christianity become a fixed life in my soul.

“The great impediment to the life of Jesus in the soul is the aiming at mediocrity in things pertaining to our Lord and to a spiritual life; whereas our Master would have us aim at *perfection*, and bear in mind as a command His words, ‘Be ye perfect.’”

In August Esmeralda was thrown into real heart-mourning by the news which reached England of the death of “the Great Mother,” Maria de Matthias. The following is from Pierina Rolleston, Superior of the Order of the Precious Blood in England : —

“My own dearest in the precious blood, I write in haste, and while I write my tears are flowing, because I have sad news to tell you and dear Mrs. Montgomery, who are both children of the Institute, and love our beloved Mother-General, who is in heaven, praying for us all. The following is a copy of a letter I received yesterday from Monsignor Talbot : — ‘I write to announce to you the death of your Mother-General. She expired two days ago — died as she lived, after giving examples of patience and resignation in the midst of her sufferings. To-morrow her funeral will be celebrated at the Church of SS. Vincenzo ed Anastasio, and I intend to attend. I do not think you need fear for the future of your Institute, because I think that the successor of your late Mother-General, though she may not be so saintly a person, will be equally able to carry on the business. I do not think you can be too grateful to Almighty God for having such friends as Monsignor Paterson and Miss Hare.’ . . . My

dearest, I write in haste that you may receive all the news of our beloved Mother. Sister Carolina Longo, whom she named as her successor upon her death-bed, is a good clever nun, and she was Mother's dear child. She lived with Mother from a child of eight years old, and became a religious about the age of twenty-two. We have lost one of the dearest of mothers, but can look up to her in heaven, and I am sure she will help us in our work. . . . With fond love in the precious blood, I am always your most affectionate in Christ,

“PIERINA OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.”

The winter of 1866-67 was chiefly passed by my sister at the house of Mrs. Alfred Montgomery at Ifield near Crawley, where Esmeralda and her aunt for many months shared in the housekeeping. For Esmeralda had been induced to regard Mrs. Montgomery as a religious martyr, and her impressionable nature was completely fascinated by her hostess. While at Ifield, a fatal web was drawn each day more closely by her Catholic associates, by which Esmeralda was induced to entrust large sums to her brother Francis for speculation upon the political prophecies of Madame de Trafford. Her unworldly nature was persuaded to consent to this means of (as Francis represented) largely increasing her income, by the prospect which was held out to her of having more money to employ in assisting various religious objects, especially the establishment of the Servites in London, and the foundation of their church, for which she had promised Father Bosio, General of the Servites, to supply £500, to be obtained either by collections or otherwise, at the expiration of three years.

Esmeralda never knew or had the faintest idea of the sum to which her speculations amounted. She was beguiled on from day to day by two evil advisers, and, her heart being in other things, was induced to trust and believe that her worldly affairs were in the hands of disinterested persons. The lists of her intended employments for the next day, so many of which remained amongst her papers, show how little of her time and attention was given to pecuniary matters. From them it is seen that a quarter of an hour allotted to the discussion of investments with her brother would be preceded by an hour spent in writing about the affairs of a French convent or the maintenance of a poor widow in Rome, and followed by an hour devoted to the interests of the Servites or some other religious body. There is no doubt that Esmeralda undertook far more than was good either for her health or for her mind; each hour of every day was portioned out from the day before, and was fully and intensely occupied, especially when she was in London. If visitors or any unexpected circumstance prevented the task for which she had allotted any particular hour, she did not leave it on that account unfulfilled, but only detracted from the hours of rest. One thing alone, her daily meditation, she allowed nothing to interfere with. In the hours of meditation she found the refreshment which helped her through the rest of the day. "Our Lord requires of us that our souls shall become a tabernacle for Him to dwell in," she wrote on February 2, 1867, "and the lamp lighted before it is the lamp of our affections."

All through the summer of 1866, my brother William's health had been declining, and in the autumn, in the hope of benefit from the sea-breezes, he was moved to Brighton, which he never left. After Christmas day he was never able to leave the house. The small fortune of his pretty, helpless wife had been lost in a bankruptcy, and they were reduced to a state of destitution in which they were almost devoid of the absolute necessities of life. The following are extracts from William's letters to his sister at this time:—

“You cannot imagine how I miss your letters when you cease to write for any length of time. . . . Since Sunday I have been confined to my bed, having almost lost all use of my limbs. I could not possibly be moved to our sitting-room, being in so weak and emaciated a condition, and I fear I shall have to keep my bed all through this bitter cold weather. I am so miserably thin that it is with the greatest difficulty that I can contrive to sit or lie in any position. It is, however, God's will that it should be so, and I am enabled to say ‘Thy will be done, O Lord.’ . . . God has mercifully vouchsafed me time for repentance, and has brought me back to Himself, and made me one with Him by strengthening me with His own body, so that, dear sister, I feel supremely happy and at peace with all the world; and should it please Almighty God to call me hence, I feel serene in His love, that He has graciously forgiven me all my sins, and that He will take me to Himself where there is no longer any pain or suffering. Father Crispin came on Wednesday to hear my confession, and on Thursday morning he administered the most Blessed Sacrament to me. . . . Dear Edith has received £10 lately, which you may well suppose at this critical time was obtained with very great difficulty; but all this

money has been expended on my illness, and there is nothing left for the doctor's visits, medicine, or to pay the butcher, baker, washerwoman, milk, or coal bill. Yet it will not do to give up the doctor in my critical state, or to cease taking his medicine, or to deny myself the necessary restoratives; if I did I must inevitably sink. Will you not, in compassion for my fallen state, consent to make me some sort of allowance during my illness to enable me to obtain what is necessary?

"Mr. Blackwood (you will remember 'Beauty Blackwood,' who married the Duchess of Manchester¹) has sent me a little book which he has just published — 'The Shadow and the Substance,' which he assures me is quite free from controversy, and he desires me to read it with especial care and attention, as being conducive to my comfort during hours of sickness and suffering."

My sister immediately sent William all he required, when he again wrote:—

"How can I thank you sufficiently for so generously responding to my appeal in more senses than one, by sending me money to relieve the pressure of want, books to comfort me in hours of sickness, and wine to cheer and strengthen me? . . . Should I be spared, I must accept this illness as one of the greatest, indeed the greatest blessing I could possibly receive, for it has taught me my own nothingness, my all insufficiency, and it has drawn me from a sphere of sin into a sphere of grace; it has caused me to despise the world and all its vanities, and has diverted my heart and whole being to Almighty God; it has brought me into close communion with Him, strengthened by the graces of His Holy Sacraments, and has made me feel the blessedness of constant prayer. Oh,

¹ Afterwards Sir Arthur Blackwood, Secretary to the Post-Office. He died 1893.

I would not change my present state for worlds; and should it please Almighty God to call me from hence I feel that He will receive me into everlasting peace. Father Crispin called last evening: he considers me so prostrate that he intends administering the sacrament of Extreme Unction. Pray for me! I cannot express to you how rejoiced I am that we are again hand in hand together. You should not forget the days of our youth, we were always inseparable; we were then estranged from each other, and a very, very bitter time that was to me. I cannot say that I am any better."

After the receipt of this letter my sister hurried to Brighton, and she was there when William died. On the 11th of March she wrote to me:—

"We are here to be with William, to wait by his bedside during these last days of his illness. On Thursday night, and again on Friday night, it seemed as if the last hour was come, but there is now a slight, a very slight improvement, so that he may live a few days longer. Yesterday there came over him a momentary wish to recover, but it passed away, and his calm resignation was really unbroken and continues the same to-day. He does not murmur, though his sufferings must be terrible. . . . From time to time he asks me to read aloud a few lines of the 'Imitation of Christ,' but I can scarcely do it without breaking down as I look up and see those sunken cheeks and large glazed eyes fixed upon me with such a deep look of intense suffering."

Two unexpected friends appeared to cheer William's last days. One was the young Duchess of Sutherland, who had been intimate with him as a child, and having never met him since the days

when they both lived in the Maison Valin, heard accidentally of his illness at Brighton; she came repeatedly to see him, and supplied him with many comforts, and even luxuries. The other was the well-known Miss Marsh, the authoress of the “*Memorials of Hedley Vicars*,” — the staunch Protestant, but liberal Christian. She happened to call to see the landlady of the lodging where he was, when, hearing of William’s illness and poverty, she went constantly to visit him, and laying aside in the shadow of death all wish for controversy, read and prayed with him in the common sympathy of their Christian faith and trust. She wrote afterwards: —

“Blessed be God that I have no doubt that the dying friend in whom I have been so deeply interested was in Christ and is now *with* Him. We never spoke together of Romanism or Protestantism; all I cared for was to persuade him, by the help of the Holy Ghost, to accept at once the offer of a free and present salvation through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and through Him *only*: and to believe God’s word that he that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life, because of His *one* sacrifice *once* offered for the sins of the whole world. And *he did believe it*, and false confidences faded away like shadows before the sunrise. ‘Jesus only’ became all his salvation and all his desire, and he passed into His presence with a radiant smile of joy. I was not with him when he died, but the hour of communing with his spirit that same evening was one of the sweetest I have spent on earth.”

My sister has left some notes of that which occurred after William’s death: —

"After all was over, and when the room was decorated and the body laid out, Miss Marsh came to see him, and taking his dead hand, she placed a white camellia in it. Then kneeling by the side of the bed, she offered up the most beautiful prayer aloud, in which she described as in a picture our Blessed Lord and the angels receiving his soul. It was quite wonderfully beautiful: there was only one thing she left out; she never mentioned Our Blessed Lady; she placed the angels before our Lady. I was standing at the foot of the bed with a crucifix, and when she ceased praying, I said, 'But you have never spoken of Our Lady: I cannot let Our Lady be passed over.' And Miss Marsh was not angry; no, she only rose from her knees, and coming to me, she threw her arms round my neck and said, 'Do not let us dispute upon this now; we have one God and one Saviour in common, let us rest upon these,' and she came to see me afterwards when I was ill in London.

"Know thou that courtesy is one of God's own properties, who sendeth His rain and His sunshine upon the just and the unjust out of His great courtesy; and verily Courtesy is the sister of Charity, who banishes hatred and cherishes love.' Were not these the words of the dear S. Francis of Assisi?

"During William's illness Miss Marsh came every day with something for him, and quite stripped her own room to give him her own chair, and even her mattress. She was just the one person William wanted. Any dried-up person might have driven him back, but she was daily praying by his side, handsome, enthusiastic, dwelling only on the love of God, and she helped him on till he began really to think the love of God the only thing worth living for.

"'O sister,' he said to me once, 'if it should please God that I should live, all my life would be given up to Him.'

"The doctor who went up to him when he was told that he could not live many hours came down with tears upon his face. 'There must indeed be something in religion,' he said, 'when that young man can be so resigned to die.'"

On the Saturday after William's death my sister wrote to us:—

"Now that dear William's last call has come, I feel thankful for his sake. The good priest who attended him in all the latter part of his illness wrote to me the day after his death that I could have no cause of anxiety for his everlasting welfare. It was a beautiful death, he was so happy, peaceful, and resigned. I had only left him a *very* short time when he again asked for Edith. She came up to his bedside, and then there seemed to come over William's face a bright light illuminating his countenance, and fixing his eyes upwards with a short sigh, he breathed his last. There was no suffering then, no agony. I had asked him if he feared death. 'No,' he said, and looked as if he wondered at the thought coming into my mind. He felt he had found the only true peace and happiness. He told me he wished to be buried at Kensal Green. His only anxiety was about poor Edith, and when I told him that I would do what lay in my power for her, he seemed satisfied, and never, I believe, gave this world another thought, but prepared to meet our Blessed Lord. That beautiful look of peace was on his face after death. Francis arrived too late to see him alive, but when he looked on William's face he said, 'Oh, sister, how beautiful!' The little room was draped with black and white. There he lay, and we were coming and going, and praying by the side of the open coffin. On Tuesday will be the funeral. On Monday the body will be removed to the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, where it

will remain through the night, according to devout Roman custom."

After the funeral Esmeralda wrote : —

"*Ifield Lodge, Crawley.* When the long sad week was over, I felt all power of further exertion gone, and yet it seemed, as it does now, that for the soul God had taken to Himself, should the happiness of that soul not yet be perfected, prayers must be obtained, and that I must work on and on as long as life lasts. There is a feeling of longing to help in the mind of every Catholic for those departed. On Monday the 24th the dear remains were moved from Brighton by the 6 P. M. train. Auntie and I went up by the same train from Three Bridges, and Francis came to the Victoria Station to meet the coffin; but such was the heavy feeling of sorrow, that, though we were on the platform at the same time, we did not see each other.

"The next morning I went for Edith, and we arrived at the church early. The body had been placed in one of the side-chapels, and had remained there through the night. Before mass it was brought out, and remained before the high-altar during mass. There were many of William's friends present, and also Margaret Pole, now Mrs. Baker. The funeral procession formed at the door of the church. As the body was moved down the church, Edith and I followed after the officiating priests. I held Edith's hand tightly, and did not intend her to get into one of the mourning coaches, but suddenly, as the hearse moved slowly from the church door, she wrenched her hand from my grasp and was gone before I had time to speak. Four nuns went to say the responses at the grave. One was the nun who had nursed dear Mama through her last hours, and had stayed on with me in Bryanston Street. I returned from the church to the hotel, and there Auntie and Edith found me after the funeral was over.

"The funeral service in the church was very solemn, but there was no weight of gloom or sadness. The strong feeling of the safety of the soul was such a consolation, that the end for which that soul had been created had been gained, and that if it were not then in heaven, the day would come soon, and could be hastened by the prayers said for it. His dear remains rest now under the figure of Our Lady of Sorrows, which he had so wished to see erected. I never looked forward to such a deathbed for William, where there would be so much peace and love of God, and now I can never feel grateful enough for such grace granted at the eleventh hour. May we all and each have as beautiful an end and close of life. Edith says, 'Oh, I wish I could see what William saw when he looked up with that bright light on his face.' With that look all suffering is blotted out of poor Edith's mind, all her long watchings.

"I can never feel grateful enough to Miss Marsh for all her kindness to William. It helped him to God, and it was very, very beautiful. . . . I hope still to go to Rome for the *funzione* in June, and also to Hungary for the coronation of the Emperor."

May 1867 was passed by my sister in London, where, by her astonishing cleverness and perseverance, she finally gained the last of her lawsuits, that for the family plate, when it had been lost in three other courts. Soon after, in spite of the great heat of the summer, Esmeralda started for Rome, to be present at the canonisation of the Japanese martyrs, paying a visit to Madame de Trafford on the way. She wrote to me:—

"When I first went to Beaujour, I was afraid to tell Madame de Trafford that I intended to go to Rome.

‘ Mais où allez-vous donc, ma chère ? ’ said Madame de Trafford. ‘ Mais, Madame, je vais . . . en voyage. ’ — ‘ Vous allez en voyage, ça je comprends, mais ça ne répond pas à ma question : vous allez en voyage, mais il faut aller quelque part, où allez-vous donc ? ’ — ‘ Mais, Madame, vous verrez de mon retour. ’ — ‘ Mais où allez-vous donc, ma chère ? dites-moi, où allez-vous ? ’ — ‘ Je vais à . . . Rome ! ’ Madame de Trafford sprang from her chair as I said this, and exclaimed, ‘ Rome, Rome, ce mot de Rome, Rome, Rome . . . et vous allez à Rome . . . moi aussi je vais à Rome, ’ and she went with us. From the time that Madame de Trafford determined to go, Auntie made no opposition to our going, and was quite satisfied.”

The journey to Rome with Madame de Trafford was full of unusual incidents. The heat was most intense, and my sister suffered greatly from it. At Turin she was so ill that she thought it impossible to proceed, but Madame de Trafford insisted upon her getting up and going on. Whilst they were still *en route* Madame de Trafford telegraphed to Rome for a carriage and every luxury to be in readiness. She also telegraphed to Pisa to bid M. Lamarre, the old family cook of Parisani, go to Rome to prepare for them. My sister telegraphed to Monsignor Talbot to have places reserved for the ceremonies, &c. All the last part of the way the trains were crowded to the greatest possible degree, hundreds of pilgrims joining at every station in Umbria and the Campagna, for whom no places were reserved, so that the train was delayed six or seven hours behind its time, and the heat was increased by the overcrowding, to the most terrible pitch. My sister wrote : —

"In the carriage with us from Florence was a young Florentine noble, a Count Gondi, all of whose relations I knew. He asked me what I should do after the canonisation. 'Ça dépend, M. le Comte, si on attaquera Rome.' — 'Mais, certainement on l'attaquera.' — 'Eh bien, donc je reste.' — 'Mais vous restez, Mademoiselle, si on attaque Rome?' — 'Oui, certainement.' — 'Et vous, Madame,' said Count Gondi, turning to Madame de Trafford. 'Mais si on attaque Rome,' said Madame de Trafford, 'je ferais comme Mademoiselle Hare, je reste, bien sûr.' His amazement knew no bounds.

"When we arrived at Rome, I was so afraid that Madame de Trafford might do something very extraordinary that I made her sleep in my room, and slept myself in the little outer room which we used to call the library, so that no one could pass through it to my room without my knowing it. The morning after we arrived she came into my room before I was up. I said, 'Mais, Madame, c'était à moi de vous rendre cette visite?' — 'Laissez donc ces frivolités,' said Madame de Trafford, 'nous ne sommes pas ici pour les frivolités comme cela: parlons du sérieux; commençons.'"

The ceremonies far more than answered my sister's expectations. She entered St. Peter's with Madame de Trafford by the Porta Sta. Marta, and they saw everything perfectly. She met the Duchess Sora in the church, radiant with ecstasy over what she considered so glorious a day for Catholicism. "I *knew* you would be here," said the Duchess; "you *could* not have been away." The meeting was only for a moment, and was their last upon earth. "When the voices of the three choirs swelled into the dome," wrote Esmeralda, "then I felt what the Pope

expressed in words, 'the triumph of the Church has begun.' When we first went into St. Peter's, Giacinta,¹ who had *felt* I should be there, was waiting for me. 'Eccola, la figlia,' she said, 'io l'aspettava.'"

Afterwards Giacinta came to see my sister at the Palazzo Parisani. "I shall never forget the meeting of those two souls," wrote Esmeralda, "when Giacinta first saw Madame de Trafford. They had never heard of one another before: I had never mentioned Giacinta to Madame de Trafford, and she had never heard of Madame de Trafford, but they understood one another at once. Madame de Trafford passed through the room while Giacinta was talking to me, and seeing only a figure in black talking, she did not stop and passed on. Giacinta started up and exclaimed, 'Chi è?' — 'Una signora,' I said. 'Quello si vede,' said Giacinta, 'ma quello non è una risposta — chi è?' — and when I told her, 'O vede un' anima,' she exclaimed. Madame de Trafford then did what I have never known her do for any other person; she looked into the room and said, 'Faites-la passer dans ma chambre,' and we went in, and the most interesting conversation followed."

As she returned through Tuscany, Esmeralda had her last meeting with her beloved Madame Victoire, who had then no presentiment of the end. At Paris she took leave of Madame de Trafford, and returned to London, where she for the first time engaged a permanent home — 5 Lower Grosvenor Street. The furnishing of this house was the chief occupation of

¹ "The Saint of St. Peter's." See vol. ii. p. 429.

the next two months, though Esmeralda began by depositing in the empty rooms a large crucifix which Lady Lothian had given her, and saying, "Now the house is furnished with all that is really important, and Providence will send the rest." A room at the top of the house was arranged as an oratory; an altar was adorned with lace, flowers, and images; a lamp burned all night long before the crucifix, and if Esmeralda could not sleep, she was in the habit of retiring thither, and spending long hours of darkness in silent prayer. There also she kept the vigil of "the Holy Hour." Early every morning the Catholic household in Grosvenor Street was awakened by the sharp clang of the prayer-bell outside the oratory door.

I went to stay with my sister in August for a few days. Esmeralda was at this time looking very pale and delicate, but not ill. Though the beauty of her youth had passed away, and all her troubles had left their trace, she was still very handsome. Her face, marble pale, was so full of intelligence and expression, mingled with a sort of sweet pathos, that many people found her far more interesting than before, and all her movements were marked by a stately grace which made it impossible for her to pass unobserved. Thus she was when I last saw her, pale, but smiling her farewell, as she stood in her long black dress, with her heavy black rosary round her neck, leaning against the parapet of the balcony outside the drawing-room window.

All through the winter Esmeralda wrote very seldom. She was much occupied with her different books, some of which seemed near publication.

"The Study of Truth," upon which she had been occupied ever since 1857, had now reached such enormous dimensions, that the very arrangement of the huge pile of MS. seemed almost impossible. A volume of modern American poetry was to be brought out for the benefit of the Servites, and was also in an advanced state; yet her chief interest was a collection of the "Hymns of the Early Church," obtained from every possible source, but chiefly through the aid of foreign monasteries and convents. Upon this subject she kept up an almost daily correspondence with the Padre Agostino Morini of the Servites, who was her chief assistant, especially in procuring the best translations, as the intention was that the original Latin hymn should occupy one page and that the best available translation should in every case be opposite to it: many hundreds of letters remain of this correspondence. In the autumn Esmeralda was again at Ifield Lodge, where she was persuaded into a wild scheme for building a town for the poor at Crawley. Land was bought, measurements and plans were taken, and a great deal of money was wasted, but Esmeralda fortunately withdrew from the undertaking before it was too late.

But the state of excitement and speculation in which she was now persuaded to live had a terrible effect upon Esmeralda, who had continued in a weak and nervous state ever since her hurried journey to Rome. She now found it difficult to exist without the stimulus of daily excitement, and she added one scheme and employment to another in a way which the strongest brain could scarcely have borne up

against. On her return to London she threw herself heart and soul into what she called a scheme for the benefit of the "poor rich." She remembered that when she was herself totally ruined, one of her greatest trials was to see her mother suffer from the want of small luxuries in the way of food to which she had been accustomed, and that though their little pittance allowed of what was absolutely necessary, London prices placed chickens, ducks, cream, and many other comforts beyond their reach. Esmeralda therefore arranged a plan by which she had over twice a week, from certain farms in Normandy, large baskets containing chickens (often as many as eighty at a time), ducks, geese, eggs, apples, and various other articles. The prices of the farm produce in Normandy were so low, that she was able, after paying the carriage, to retail the contents of her hampers to the poor families she was desirous of assisting, besides supplying her own house, at a cost of not more than half the London prices. Many families of "poor rich" availed themselves of this help and were most grateful for it, but of course the trouble involved by so many small accounts, with the expenditure of time in writing notes, &c., about the disposition of her poultry was enormous. It was in the carrying out of this scheme that Esmeralda became acquainted with a person called Mrs. Dunlop, wife of a Protestant, but herself a Roman Catholic. Esmeralda never liked Mrs. Dunlop; on the contrary, she both disliked and distrusted her; but owing to her interesting herself in the same charities, she inevitably saw a great deal of her.

During the winter an alarming illness attacked my brother Francis. He was my brother by birth, though I had seldom even seen him, and scarcely ever thought about him. Looking back now, in the distance of years, I wonder that my Mother and I never spoke of him; but he was absolutely without any part in our lives, and we never did, till this winter, when my sister mentioned his refusing to go to live with her in Grosvenor Street, which she had hoped that he would do when she took the house, and of his putting her to the unnecessary expense of paying for lodgings for him. Here he caught cold, and one day, unexpectedly, Dr. Squires came to tell Esmeralda that he considered him at the point of death. She flew to his bedside and remained with him all through the night. As she afterwards described it, she "could not let him die, and she breathed her life into his: she was willing to offer her life for his."

After this Esmeralda wrote to us (to Rome) that the condition of Francis was quite hopeless, and that her next letter must contain the news of his death. What was our surprise, therefore, when the next letter was from Francis himself (who had never written to us before), not merely saying that he was better, but that he was going to be married immediately to a person with whom he had long been acquainted. At the time of this marriage, Esmeralda went away into Sussex, and afterwards, when she returned to London, she never consented to see Mrs. Francis Hare.

My sister's cheque-books of the last year of her

life show that during that year alone her brother Francis had received £900 from her, though her income at the most did not exceed £800. He had also persuaded Esmeralda to take a house called "Park Lodge" in Paddington, with an acre and a half of garden. The rent was certainly low, and the arrangement, as intended by Esmeralda, was that her brother should live in two or three rooms of the house, and that the rest should be let furnished. But tenants never came, and Francis lived in the whole of the house, after furnishing it expensively and sending in the bills to his sister, who paid them in her fear lest anxiety about money matters might make him ill again.

At the end of March Esmeralda received a letter from Madame de Trafford, of which she spoke to Mrs. Dunlop. She said, "Madame de Trafford has written to me in dreadful distress. She says she sees me in a very dark, narrow place, where no one can ever get at me, and where no one will ever be able to speak to me any more." Esmeralda laughed as she told this, and said she supposed it referred to the prison to which Augustus said she would have to go for her extravagance; but it was the grave of which Madame de Trafford spoke.

In March, Esmeralda talked to many of her friends of her plans for the future. She said that in consequence of the expense of keeping up the house, she should be obliged to part with Grosvenor Street, and that she should go abroad — to Rome, and eventually to Jerusalem. She did more than merely form the plan of this journey. She had the dresses made

which she intended to wear in the East, and for three nights she sat up arranging all her papers, and tying up the letters of her different friends in separate parcels, so that they might more easily be returned to them. To Mary Laffam, her then maid, who assisted her in this, she said, "Mary, I am going on a very, very long journey, from which I may never return, and I wish to leave everything arranged behind me."

In the beginning of May Esmeralda went with her aunt to spend three weeks in Sussex. After she returned to Grosvenor Street, she was very ill with an attack like that from which she had suffered at Dijon several years before. Having been very successfully treated then in France, she persuaded her aunt to obtain the direction of a French doctor. The remedy which this doctor administered greatly increased the malady. This was on Tuesday 19th.

On Thursday 21st my sister was so much weakened and felt so ill, that she dismissed the French doctor, and sent again for her old doctor, Squires, who came at once. He was much shocked at the change in her, and thought that she had been terribly mistreated, but he was so far from being alarmed, that he saw no reason why her house should not be let, as arranged, on the following Tuesday, to Mademoiselle Nilsson, the Swedish songstress, and said that the change would do her good.

About this time, by Esmeralda's request, my aunt wrote to tell Madame de Trafford of the illness, but she did not then express any alarm. On Saturday the good and faithful Mrs. Thorpe¹ saw Esmeralda, and

¹ The maid of our old friend Mrs. Chambers of Hodsock Priory.

was much concerned at the change in her. She remained with her for some time, and bathed her face with eau-de-Cologne. Esmeralda then took both Mrs. Thorpe's hands in hers, and said no one could do for her as she did. Mrs. Thorpe was so much alarmed at Esmeralda's manner, which seemed like a leave-taking, that she went down to our Aunt Eleanor and tried to alarm her; but she said that as long as the house could be let on Tuesday to Mademoiselle Nilsson, the doctor must be perfectly satisfied, and there could not possibly be anything to apprehend.

Sunday passed without any change except that, both then and on Saturday, whenever her brother Francis was mentioned, Esmeralda became violently agitated, screamed, and said that he was on no account to be admitted.

Father Galway was away, but on Monday Esmeralda sent for Father Eccles, and from him she received the Last Sacraments. When I asked my aunt afterwards if this did not alarm her, she said, "No, it did not, because Esmeralda was so nervous and so dreadfully afraid of dying without the Last Sacraments, that whenever she felt ill she always received them, and the doctor still assured her that all was going on well."

That night (Monday, May 25), a Nun of the Miséricorde sat up in the room. Aunt Eleanor went to bed as usual. At half-past four in the morning she was called. The most mysterious black sickness had come on, and could not be arrested. Dr. Squires, summoned in haste, says that he arrived exactly as a clock near Grosvenor Square struck five. He saw at

once that the case was quite hopeless; still for three hours he struggled to arrest the malady. At the end of that time, Esmeralda suddenly said, "Dr. Squires, this is very terrible, isn't it?" — "Yes," he replied, throwing as much meaning as possible into his voice, "it is indeed *most* terrible." Upon this Esmeralda started up in the bed and said, "You cannot possibly mean that you think I shall not recover?" Dr. Squires said, "Yes, I am afraid it is my duty to tell you that you cannot possibly recover now." — "But I do not feel ill," exclaimed Esmeralda; "this sickness is very terrible, but still I do not feel ill." — "I cannot help that," answered Dr. Squires, "but I fear it is my duty to tell you that it is quite impossible you can live."

"It was then," said her doctor, "that her expression lost all its anxiety. Death had no terror for her. She was almost radiant." The serenity of her countenance remained unchanged, and to her last moment she was as one preparing for a festival.

After a pause she said, "Tell me how long you think it possible that I should live." Dr. Squires said, "You might live two days, but it is quite impossible that you should live longer than that." She at once asked for writing materials, and with a firm hand, as if she were well, she wrote a telegraphic despatch bidding Madame de Trafford to come to her at once. (The office was then closed, and when it was opened, it was already too late to send the despatch.) Then Dr. Squires kindly and wisely said, "I fear you have little time to lose, and if you wish to make any changes in your will, you had better

make them at once." My sister answered, "Oh, I must alter everything. I never thought it possible that I should die before my aunt, and I wish to leave things so that my death will make no difference to her." The doctor, seeing a great change coming on, was afraid to leave the room even to get a sheet of paper, and he wrote upon a scrap of paper which he picked up from the floor. My sister then made a very simple will, leaving everything to her (Protestant) aunt, Miss Paul, except her interest in Park Lodge and a chest of plate, which she left to Francis, and her claims to a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds,¹ which she left to me.

When Esmeralda had dictated the page containing these bequests, her doctor wisely made her sign it in the presence of her servants before she proceeded to dictate anything else. Thus the first portion of her will is valid; but before she had come to the end of another page containing small legacies to the Servites, to the Nuns of the Precious Blood, &c., the power of signature had failed, and it was therefore valueless.

Esmeralda then said almost playfully, "You had better send for the Nuns of the Precious Blood, for they would never forgive me, even after all is over, if they had not been sent for," and a maid went off in a cab to fetch the Abbess Pierina. It was then that a priest arrived from Farm Street to administer extreme unction, and Dr. Squires, seeing that

¹ She showed her clearness of mind by mentioning this picture, which she had not seen for years; but much trouble afterwards resulted from this clause in her will.

he could do nothing more, and that my sister was already past observing who was present, went away.

The Abbess Pierina says that she arrived at the house about nine o'clock, and saw at once that Esmeralda was dying. A priest was praying by the bedside. She remained standing at the foot of the bed for about ten minutes, then she went up to Esmeralda, who said, "I am dying." A few minutes afterwards, in a loud and clear voice, she called "Auntie," and instantly fell back and died.

Thus the day which she looked for as her Sabbath and high day came to her, and she passed to the rest beyond the storm—beyond the bounds of doubt or controversy—to the company of those she justly honoured, and of some whom she never learnt to honour here, in the many mansions of an all-reconciling world. Let us not look for the living amongst the dead. She exchanged her imperfect communion with God here for its full fruition in the peace of that Sabbath which knows no evening.

During the whole of the last terrible hours our poor deaf aunt was in the room, but she had sunk down in her terror and anguish upon the chair which was nearest the door as she came in, and thence she never moved. She never had strength or courage to approach the bed: she saw all that passed, but she heard nothing.

Soon after all was over, the Abbess Pierina came down to my aunt, and revealed—what none of her family had known before—that Esmeralda had long been an Oblate Sister of the Precious Blood, and she

begged leave to dress her in the habit of the Order. All the furniture of the room was cleared away or draped with white, and the bed was left standing alone, surrounded night and day by tall candles burning in silver sconces, with a statue of "Our Lady of Sorrows" at the head, and at the foot the great crucifix from the oratory. Esmeralda was clothed in a long black dress, which she had ordered for her journey to Jerusalem, but had never worn, and round her waist was the scarlet girdle of the Precious Blood. On her head was a white crape cap and a white wreath, as for a novice nun.

As soon as Aunt Eleanor was able to think, she sent for her sister, Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, who arrived at 11 A.M. She, as a strong Protestant, said that she could never describe how terrible the next three days were to her. All day long a string of carriages was ceaselessly pouring up the street, and a concourse of people through the house, Nuns of the Precious Blood being posted on the different landings to show them where to go. Each post brought letters from all kinds of people they had never heard of before, asking to have *anything* as a memorial, even a piece of old newspaper which Esmeralda had touched.

On the day after we arrived at Holmhurst from Germany (Sunday 31st), I went up to try to comfort my broken-hearted aunt at the house in Grosvenor Street. The rooms in which I had last seen Esmeralda looked all the more intensely desolate from being just finished, new carpets and chintzes everywhere, only the last pane of the fernery in the back drawing-room not yet put in. My aunt came in

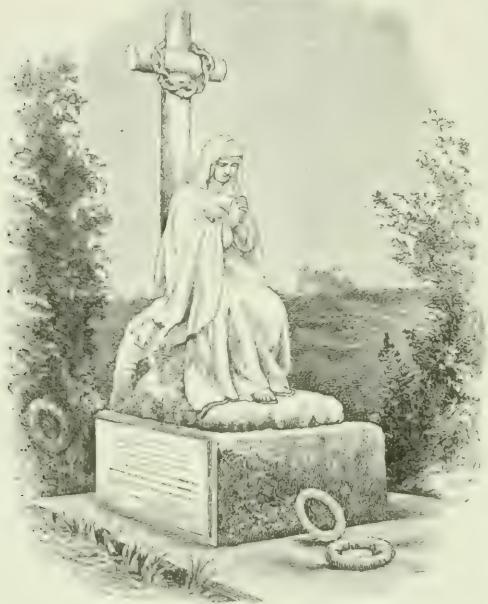
trembling all over. It was long before she was able to speak: then she wrung her hands. "Oh, it was so sudden—it was so sudden," she said; and then she became more collected, and talked for hours of all that had passed. Those present said that for the whole of the first day she sat in a stupor, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and never spoke or moved, or seemed to notice any one who went in or out.

The coffin was already closed, and stood in the middle of the room covered with a white pall, and surrounded by burning candles and vases of flowers. Upon the coffin lay the crucifix which both Italima and Esmeralda held in their hands when they were dying. Near it was the bed, with the mark where the head had lain still unremoved from the pillow.

On Monday afternoon there was a long wearying family discussion as to whether the remains were to be taken to Kensal Green in the evening, to remain throughout the night in the cemetery chapel. Francis insisted that it should be so. Our Aunt Fitz-Gerald declared that if it was done she would not go to the funeral, as she would not follow *nothing*. I agreed with Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, and the Nuns of the Precious Blood were most vehement that the body should not be removed. Eventually, however, Francis carried his point. At 9 P.M. we all went up for the last time to the room, still draped like a chapel, where the coffin lay, covered with fresh flowers, with the great crucifix still standing at the foot between the lighted candles. Then what remained of Esmeralda was taken away.

The next day (June 2) was the funeral. At the

cemetery the relations who came from the house were joined by Mr. Monteith, Lady Lothian, Lady Londonderry, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, the Abbess Pierina, and all the Nuns of the Precious Blood, with several Nuns of the Miséricorde.



ESMERALDA'S GRAVE.

The chapel was full of people, but it is very small, and a very small part of it is used for seats. The larger part was spread with a rich crimson carpet, in the midst of which rose a kind of catafalque, upon which lay the coffin, covered with a long purple velvet pall, embroidered in golden letters—"May all the holy saints and angels receive her soul."

Round this were six candles burning in very tall brass candlesticks. After the priest had gone round with the holy water and incense, a door at the east end of the church was thrown open and the pall removed, when the light poured in upon the coffin and its silver ornaments and the large silver cross lying upon it. Then we all passed out round the shrubberies to the grave, where the vault was opened just behind the beautiful seated statue of "Our Lady of Sorrows" under the cross, which Esmeralda had herself erected. Upon the coffin was engraved —

"ANNE FRANCES MARIA LOUISA HARE,

E. de M.

(Enfant de Marie),

Oblate of the Order of the Precious Blood.

Born October 9, 1832.

Died May 26, 1868."

As the priest said all the leading sentences, the nuns, with clear voice, sang the responses. The whole service occupied nearly an hour and a half. We drove home in total silence: Aunt Fitz-Gerald led Auntie into the desolate house.

Thus was my sweet sister Esmeralda taken from us — being removed from the evil to come.

"Souls of the Holy Dead!

Though fancy whispers thus to musing hearts,

We would not call ye back, whence ye are fled,

To take your parts

In the old battle-strife; or break

With our heartache —

The rest which ye have won and in Christ's presence take."

XIV

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONSPIRACY

“Glory to Thee in Thine Omnipotence,
Who dost dispense,
As seemeth best to Thine unerring will
The lot of victory still;
Edging sometimes with might the sword unjust,
And bowing to the dust
The rightful cause, that so much seeming ill
May Thine appointed purposes fulfil.”

— SOUTHEY.

“Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden.”

— *Swiss Inscription.*

“If you your lips would keep from slips,
Of five things have a care :
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.”

— *Old Distich.*

At eleven o'clock on the morning of my sister's death, our aunt, Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, arrived in Grosvenor Street. She wrote to me afterwards:—

“When Eleanor sent for me, after I recovered the shock, I went immediately to Grosvenor Street, and the first thing I asked before going up to Eleanor was, ‘Is Mr. Hare (Francis) upstairs?’ The maid made answer, ‘Oh, no; Miss Hare would not hear of seeing him, and forbade us to let him enter the house, declaring that he had her death to answer for.’ I could not believe this statement, and I

called another servant into the dining-room, who repeated exactly the same thing, saying also that things had taken place in that house which were fearful, and that they were afraid of their lives. *I was the innocent cause of Francis coming to sleep in the house, as I did not think it was right that Eleanor should be left alone with the dead body of your sister. I did not know till the following morning, when the servants told me, that people had been walking about the house the whole night, and that the Rev. Mother (Pierina) had forbid them to leave the kitchen, hear what they would."*¹

Upon this, and all succeeding nights until the funeral, the three maids persistently refused at night to go upstairs, saying that they had seen a spirit there, and they remained all through the night huddled up together in a corner of the kitchen. By day even they manifested the greatest terror, especially Mary Laffam, the lady's-maid, who started and trembled whenever she was spoken to, and who entreated to be allowed to go out when she heard the lawyer was coming, "for fear he should ask her any questions." If they had the opportunity, they always made mysterious hints of poison, and of Esmeralda's death having been caused by unnatural means. To the Rev. Mother Pierina, Mary Laffam said at one time that Miss Hare had told her she knew that she should die of poison.² All the servants constantly repeated to the Rev. Mother their conviction that Miss Hare was poisoned. They talked a great deal, especially Mary Laffam, who

¹ Letter of Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, which would have been used at Guildford had the trial proceeded.

² Statement of Pierina to Miss Stanley.

horrified the Abbess by saying that Miss Hare had herself said in her last moments, "I am poisoned and I die of poison."¹ In consequence of all that the servants had said to Mrs. Fitz-Gerald of their certain conviction that my sister had been poisoned, she was most anxious, before my return to England, for a post-mortem examination, but Francis violently opposed this, and he carried his point.

The opinion that my sister's death was caused by poison was shared by many of those who came to see her after death. They could not but recollect that though Dr. Squires *then* said he believed her to have died of ulceration of the intestines, up to the day before the death he had said that she might be removed, that the house might be let, and had suggested no such impression. For two days *after* death, black blood continued to stream from the mouth, as is the case from slow corrosive poison, and three eminent physicians, on hearing of the previous symptoms and the after appearances (Dr. Hale, Sir Alexander Taylor, and Dr. Winslow), gave it as their opinion that those were the usual symptoms and appearances induced by corrosive poison. Mrs. Baker (Marguerite Pole) wrote to me on June 24: "The idea of poison is the one I formed the first moment I saw the body, as for some years I was practically versed in medicine, and I was at a loss how to account for various appearances in a natural way — *i. e.*, from illness."

When I arrived at the house on May 31 (the death having taken place on the 26th), I found all its inmates

¹ Statement made by Pierina to Monsignor Paterson, and repeated by him before the trial to Miss Stanley and my solicitor.

agitated by the various reports which were going about. Mrs. Fitz-Gerald was full of a dreadful message which she believed to have been given by my dying sister to the Abbess Pierina. "When I am dead, go to my brother Francis, and tell him that he was the cause of my death, and that he will have to answer for it." This message was also repeated to me by Mrs. Baker and by Mrs. William Hare, and was always spoken of as having been given to the Rev. Mother herself. On each occasion on which I heard it spoken of, I said that the message had much better not be given to Francis, as he was in such a weak state of health that it might do him serious injury; and that probably when my sister gave it, she was in a state of semi-delirium, brought on by her extreme weakness. I entirely declined to question the servants, consequently I heard nothing directly from them, only their words as repeated by Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, and the many persons to whom the Mother Pierina had related them.

I never had any interview with or heard anything directly from Pierina herself. The reason of this was that, three days after the death, she had a violent scene with Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, who had intercepted her in the act of carrying off two large heavy silver candelabra from the oratory, and some valuable point-lace, which she had ripped off the altar-cloth and concealed in her pocket. She also took away a quantity of small articles (rosaries, crucifixes, &c.), which were afterwards returned with the more valuable articles by order of Monsignor Paterson, who wrote to express his extreme grief and annoyance at her conduct. My own impression still is that Pierina was

a simple and devout character, who would not willingly do anything she believed to be wrong, but that she was really convinced (as she said) that it was a duty to take away these things, which had been dedicated to the service of a Roman Catholic altar, in order to prevent their being applied to secular uses in a Protestant household. After this, however, which occurred before my arrival, the Abbess Pierina was never allowed to return to the house, so that I never saw her.

Immediately after the death, all the small articles in my sister's room had been hastily removed, in order that the room might be draped with white, and to give it as much as possible the appearance of a chapel. On the day before the funeral, I saw Mrs. Fitz-Gerald, who was in the inner drawing-room, after opening a davenport and looking into a blotting-book, suddenly burst into tears. "Oh," she said, "the whole mystery is revealed now; it is all quite plain; you may see what it was that killed your sister," and she held up a letter from Francis, written on the Friday evening before her death—a cruel letter, telling her in the harshest terms that she was totally ruined, that she might sell her house and her plate, and all else that she possessed, for she had nothing whatever left to live upon; but that, as he did not wish her to starve, she and her aunt might come to live *with his wife*. This letter Esmeralda must have received on Saturday morning, soon after writing the affectionate note to Francis, which was read afterwards at Guildford in proof of the happy terms on which she was living with him. But it was her peculiar habit, when she was ill or suffering, to put letters aside, whoever they

might be from, and not to read them till she felt better; it is therefore quite possible that she did not open this letter till Monday, when it gave the fatal blow. This was my impression at the time, and then and always afterwards, when others spoke of poison, I said, "There were strange signs of poison, and many people think she was poisoned, but it is my firm conviction that she did not die of poison, but *of a broken heart — a heart broken by her brother Francis.*"

On the 6th of June I spent the whole morning in the office of my sister's solicitor examining accounts and papers, and the afternoon at Coutts' Bank to find out what was left. The result of the investigation was to show that in October my sister possessed £12,000 clear, besides a great quantity of plate, diamonds, and other valuables, and the house in Grosvenor Street paid for and clear from debt, as well as the property in the Palazzo Parisani at Rome. At the time of her death she possessed, interest and principal combined, £216, and debts to a considerable amount, while the diamonds and plate seemed to have disappeared without leaving a trace behind them.

Several days afterwards, while I was taking an envelope out of the envelope-box on the table, I saw a bit of bluish paper sticking up between the partitions of the box. I absently poked it up with a paper-knife, and then found that it was a pawn-ticket from Attenborough for £120 upon diamonds. Turning out a quantity of old *Times* from a cupboard, I afterwards found there a pawn-ticket for £100 upon plate; later I found a third ticket for

£82 upon some diamond earrings. Attenborough told me that Francis had brought his sister there at different times and placed the plate and diamonds in pawn.

Whilst I was still in Grosvenor Street, many of my sister's Catholic friends came to see me. Mrs. Montgomery came three times. I had never liked her, and had greatly deprecated my sister's intimacy with her, but in the presence of what I believed to be a common grief I could not refuse to receive her, and she was apparently most sympathising and even affectionate. The second time she came she sat by me on the sofa and spoke of Esmeralda's death as making a blank in her whole future life. She said what a comfort and happiness it would be to her if she were ever able to be of use to me in any way,—in any way to supply the place of her I had lost. . . . Yet ten days after!¹

Mrs. Dunlop came several times. On June 8 she would not get out of her carriage, but begged me to come down to her and speak to her in it. She then said, "Now I know you would not speak of these things to any one else, but you *know* you may trust me: now do tell me, was it not most extraordinary that Francis should, in spite of her forbidding him, force his way into his sister's house just upon the one day on which he knew his aunt was away? Now of course you would not speak of this to every one, but Esmeralda loved me as a sister. You *know* you may trust me." She went on very long in the same strain. At last I was so shocked that I got up

¹ Mrs. Alfred Montgomery died at Naples in January, 1893.



Miss [illegible]

and said, "Mrs. Dunlop, I see what you *wish* me to say. You *wish* me to say that I think my brother poisoned my sister. Recollect that *I do not think so*. I distinctly think that he was the cause of her death, but I think that she died of a broken heart," and so saying I left her.

In the face of this Mrs. Dunlop afterwards asserted that I had told her that Francis poisoned my sister. In fact, I shall always believe that the whole of the poisoning story, as it appeared at the trial which ensued, originated, sprung up, and fructified with Mrs. Dunlop, the most unscrupulous of the conspirators concerned. "Where the devil cannot go, he sends an old woman," is an old German proverb.

On June 9 I received a letter from my adopted mother's niece, Mary Stanley, saying that some friends had come up to her at a party, and spoken of the cruel way in which Mr. (Francis) Hare had been treated by his Protestant relations. When she asked an explanation, they said that Mrs. Montgomery had asserted (it was at Lord Denbigh's) that the doors of the house in Grosvenor Street were forcibly closed upon Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hare during Miss Hare's illness, and that she was influenced in her last moments to cancel a will in which she had left all her money to her brother Francis; also that neither Francis nor his wife were then allowed to enter the house or to see their aunt, and that they had nothing to live upon, owing to their having been disinherited by Miss Hare, who supported them during her life. Mary Stanley, a Roman Catholic,

shocked at such falsehoods promulgated by a member of her own creed, and seeing the discredit it was likely to bring upon her party, strongly urged my writing to Mrs. Montgomery, who had professed such intimate friendship for me, stating that I had heard such a report was circulated, though not by whom, and after putting her in possession of the facts, as my sister's dearest friend, urging her to contradict it.

Having an inward distrust of Mrs. Montgomery, and a shrinking from any communication with her, I did not then write as Mary Stanley wished.

On June 11 Mary Stanley came down to Holmhurst, and again vehemently urged my writing to Mrs. Montgomery in defence of Miss Paul. On June 12 I yielded to her repeated solicitations, and wrote — Mary Stanley and my adopted mother looking over the letter and approving it sentence by sentence. When it was finished, Mary Stanley said, “That letter is perfect: you must not alter a word: it could not be better.” The letter was as follows: —

“*Holmhurst, June 13, 1868.* Dear Mrs. Montgomery, I have heard on good authority that a report has been circulated in London to the effect that the doors were perfectly closed upon Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hare during Miss Hare's illness, and that she was influenced in her last moments to cancel a will in which she had left all her money to her brother Francis; also that neither Francis nor his wife are now allowed to enter the house or to see their aunt, and that they have nothing to live upon, owing to their being disinherited by Miss Hare, who supported them during her life.

“As it is a pity that this impression should be allowed to gain ground, and as you were latterly the most intimate

friend my dearest sister possessed, I venture to put you in possession of the facts.

"1. In her previous will my sister had not even mentioned Francis' name. She had left £4000 to me, a very large legacy to Lady G. Fullerton, legacies to other friends, and the remainder to her aunt. Francis was not even alluded to.

"2. Francis was not allowed to see my sister during the last days of her life at her own especial request: the very mention of his name made her scream with horror. In her last moments she left a solemn message with the Superior of the Precious Blood, to be given him after her death. This message was of so terrible a kind that, owing to Francis' critical state of health and the uncertainty of his life, he has hitherto been spared the pain of hearing it.

"3. Francis and his wife are *not* allowed, by the lawyer's direction, to see my aunt until the whole terrible story of my sister's sudden death is cleared up. In the month of November, besides Grosvenor Street, bought and paid for, she possessed £12,000 in money; when she died she was absolutely penniless, except £216, interest and principal combined, and she was overwhelmed with debts. There is no trace of any part of her fortune except of £2000 which was lost on the Stock Exchange through brokers to whom Francis introduced her.

"4. My dear sister's accounts at Coutts' show only too clearly that Francis had the greater part of her income. He will henceforward receive *nothing* from his aunt, who is totally ruined, and will scarcely have enough left to buy daily bread, as £2400 of her own little fortune is gone, owing to signatures which Francis persuaded her to give.

"I am sure you will forgive my troubling you thus far with our family affairs, but I am certain that many, knowing your intimacy with my sister, may ask you for information, and I wish you to be in a position to give it. Believe me yours very truly,

"AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE."

In writing this letter, I had no idea of the significance which it might be made possible to attribute to the sentence No. 3, — “until the whole story of my sister’s sudden death is cleared up.” My own mind dwelt entirely and fixedly upon the impression that my sister’s terribly sudden death was caused by the cruel shock of Francis’ ungrateful letter coming to her in her weak state. To have it cleared up would be in my mind to have it clearly ascertained that she was poisoned, as most people believed, because in that case it would be certain that Francis might be held guiltless of her death, since — putting other reasons aside — he had never once been allowed to enter the house during the last days of the illness, and therefore *could* have nothing to do with it.

The statements about the money were perfectly correct; my sister’s solicitor vouched for them. I believed all the other statements to be correct also, for I wrote them, not upon what I had heard from one person, but from what I had heard repeatedly and from many. I did not know till long afterwards that “the message” was not given *by my sister* herself to the Superior of the Precious Blood, but that the Superior had received it through the servants. It will be borne in mind that I had never myself seen the Superior, except in the group of mourners round the grave.

It was not till after I had written the letter to Mrs. Montgomery that I was able to read all the details of my sister’s former will, annulled upon her death-bed. All that I had said and more than that was true. The will was of great length and detail,

but Francis was not even alluded to. It began by leaving £4000, the family diamonds, miniatures, and plate, with various other valuables, to me, but it also left me residuary legatee. There was a legacy of £4000 to Lady Georgiana Fullerton, or, if she were dead, to her husband, Alexander Fullerton; £200 to Lady Lothian; £200 to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Galton; £200 to Father Galway—in all about £5000 to Roman Catholics. Besides these, there were considerable legacies to Victoire, to Flora Limosin and her daughter, to Clémence Boissy,¹ and £200 annuity to her aunt. There were small legacies to various nuns—Serafina della Croce, Pierina of the Precious Blood, the “Saint of St. Peter’s,” &c.

From the virulence and avarice afterwards displayed by the Roman Catholics, and by the fact of their bringing an action to get the exact sum, £5000, we could only conclude that they had discovered that my sister had originally left them that sum and that they determined to extort it from the Protestant part of the family, in spite of the fact that she had really left *nothing*, so that even the last will was valueless, and that, if it had not been so, I should have been the chief sufferer, having been residuary legatee under the old will.²

· It was touching to us, and like Esmeralda’s forethought, to find a clause in the will stating that in case of her former maid, Clémence, dying first, the annuity should be continued to her crippled helpless mother-in-law (whom Esmeralda had never seen), in order that Clémence might die without any burden on her mind.

² Every precaution had been taken by Esmeralda to prevent her fortune from falling to her brother Francis. In case of my dying unmarried, everything was to go to her cousin Charles Williamson;

In less than a week from the time of my sending the letter to Mrs. Montgomery, I received one from a lawyer, who had long been mixed up with Francis' affairs, stating that unless I at once withdrew and apologised for every part of that letter, an action for libel would be brought against me. Knowing that Francis was utterly insolvent, my family and I treated this as an idle threat, and declining any correspondence with the person in question, referred him to my solicitor. Mrs. Montgomery and Mrs. Dunlop had persuaded Francis to these proceedings, and Mrs. Montgomery had at once begun to stir up strife by taking the letter to him.

On hearing what had happened, Mary Stanley wrote : —

"*July* 16, 9 A. M. You may imagine that my indignation is boundless. I can scarcely believe it. There must be some mistake, because there is no *sense* in it. *You* were not in England when the will was made: it is Miss Paul, if any one, from whom they ought to extort money, if they wish it.

"2 P. M. All morning I have been out in your service. I went first to Farm Street, to see if I could see any of the priests who knew anything of the matter, but only two were in, who knew nothing. Then I went to Lady G. Fullerton, she was out; to Lady Lothian, she was out; then to find out Monsignor Paterson's direction, and happily I found *it* and *him*. I wish you could have heard all he said. The *moment* I mentioned the name principally concerned he stopped me — 'You need say no more; I can believe *anything* of that person.' *Nothing* could be stronger and in case of his death without children, to his brother Victor Williamson.

than his words about her. . . . He was just as indignant at the whole transaction as you and I are. He said Francis, finding all else fail, was now trading on his faith. The Abbess Pierina had told him *all* that your sister said on her death-bed, and Monsignor Paterson desired me to say that you had only to command his services, and he would keep *her* to her words."

Meanwhile the action for libel was declared, an action which openly avowed its object, to extort £5000. Meanwhile, also, it was found that Mr. and Mrs. Monteith of Carstairs had joined the conspirators, and were hand in hand with Mrs. Dunlop and Mrs. Montgomery. Soon after I reached home, Mrs. Monteith had written to me, expressing her great devotion to my sister's memory, and begging me to send all the sad details connected with her death. I answered to the effect that those who were present could better tell the story of my sister's death. Had I written to Mrs. Monteith, doubtless my letter to *her* would have been used in the action, instead of that which I wrote, when I fell into the more skilful trap laid by Mrs. Montgomery. The Monteiths before this were intimate friends of mine. I had spent a week at Carstairs in the preceding October. With Francis they were previously unacquainted. Therefore it could have been only the interests of their Church which incited them to the course they pursued.

On the 18th of July Mary Stanley wrote: —

"At last I have got into the enemy's camp. I found Mrs. Dunlop this morning, and for an hour heard her

version, and was aghast at the violence with which she spoke. I am very glad I have seen her, because it gives me a fresh insight into the state of things. She said Francis himself was absolutely passive, and allowed his friends to act for him; that he was now living on charity, and of course his friends must defray the cost of prosecution.

"She also said that Mrs. Montgomery's letter was used for the prosecution only because it happened to be more convenient than Mrs. Dunlop's evidence. They were *resolved to prosecute you*.

"I was so afraid of doing mischief, I scarcely knew what to say, but the general point I urged was that I had heard from a Catholic priest to whom I had spoken on the subject that the accusation of poison originated with the Abbess, *who had told my informant* that Miss Hare had said so to *her*! — and that my informant was ready to hold her to these words."

I do not think that any words could describe my misery at this time — "battered and fretted into great sorrow of heart," as Carlyle would say. It was naturally of far more consequence to *me* than to any one else to screen the miserable Francis, whom I *alone* had cared for and helped during the long years of his prison life, and who was now — as a last resource — consenting to extort what was equivalent to hush-money from me — either hush-money to save the family from the exposure of his own past life, or a provision for life from the Roman Catholic conspirators, if they were successful in the scheme to which he lent himself. Yet I possessed nothing, and even if I could have brought myself to let the Roman Catholics so far triumph, I could not have allowed

my adopted mother to impoverish herself by the purchase of their silence. And all the time there was the unutterable weariness of contradicting all the false reports, of making over and over again the statement that if my sister were poisoned, *then* Francis, who had never seen her during her illness, was innocent of her death, but that if she were *not* poisoned, then the moral cause of it must be attributed to him; and mingled through the whole were silent bursts of indignant misery over the cruel sufferings which Esmeralda had undergone, and the calumnious falsehood of her friends, with anguish over her so recent death.

When it became quite evident that the only real object of the conspiracy was to extort money from me, because I was supposed to be, as Mrs. Dunlop expressed it, "the richest of the family," I did all I could to save family scandal by offering to withdraw the letter to Mrs. Montgomery altogether. My solicitor made every possible offer on my part, but was always answered that they must have "pecuniary compensation," — in fact, it was always made a question of buying back the letter to Mrs. Montgomery. The conspirators, as Mrs. Dunlop said, were "resolved to prosecute," and wished to use the letter to Mrs. Montgomery because "it was more convenient to use than anything else." They would listen to nothing, consider nothing. Is it not Whyte Melville who says, "I never knew but one woman who could understand reason, and she would n't listen to it?"

When we knew that the trial was inevitable, we

did what we could to prepare for it. I was strongly advised to put the case entirely into the hands of my sister's solicitor, who was already acquainted with all the dark page of Francis' past life, rather than to give it to my adopted mother's respectable, old-fashioned solicitor, who was totally unacquainted with it. I afterwards regretted this course, as the one remark made by the latter, "that the Abbess should *now* be allowed to deliver her message," showed greater perspicuity than anything which was done by the former. He, on the contrary, insisted that there should be no communication at all with Pierina till just before the trial, and begged that I would not see her at all; he also allowed himself entirely to lose sight of the servants, in spite of my repeated entreaties. His plan seems to have consisted in ferreting out all the proofs of what Francis' conduct had been for many years past, and of the way in which he preyed upon his sister during the last year of his life, as shown by his own letters and my sister's accounts, which were in our hands.

In the "declaration of the action for libel" it was set forth as the necessary "injury" that it had caused Francis to be avoided by all his friends and acquaintances. Upon this we sued for particulars. Francis returned a list of the persons whom he declared to have been led to avoid him, — "Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Dunlop, Mr. Monteith, Mrs. Monteith, Marchioness of Lothian, and Miss Bowles," — a list which included the very persons (several of whom he had not known before) who were at that time in constant communication with him, and were bringing on and

subscribing for the action, which was nominally on his behalf. On Tuesday, July 28, the Roman Catholic lawyer asked permission to fix the day for the trial. This courtesy was not refused. He fixed the day instantly and summoned his witnesses, but he did not let us know till Saturday, August 1, that the trial was to be on Monday, August 3, when, owing to the want of a London post on Sunday, it was most difficult, almost impossible, to summon the witnesses on our side.

On Friday, July 31, my acting solicitor went to Monsignor Paterson and took down his deposition as to Pierina's account to him of the death-bed. Monsignor Paterson then deposed that "the message" had been given by my sister in the form already described, and that my sister had also said she was "poisoned, and knew that she died of poison." Upon receiving this evidence, my solicitor naturally felt sure of his cause. He then went to see the Abbess Pierina in Mecklenburgh Square, when, to his utter amazement, she totally denied ever having received the message; but (being terrified by threats as to the "legal consequences" which might accrue to her) she did not *then* say that the message had been given to the servants and by them delivered to her to give to Francis.

On Saturday afternoon, August 1, Monsignor Paterson again saw Pierina, and, to *his* amazement, was informed that the message which he had so positively declared to have been given to the Abbess was not what Miss Hare said to her, but what Miss Hare had said to the maids, who had told her. Monsignor

Paterson wrote this immediately to my solicitor, who (owing to the want of London post on Sunday) only received it in court.

On Saturday, August 1, the announcement came that the trial would take place at Guildford on Monday the 3rd. On Monday morning Mary Stanley and I drove early to the Waterloo station to go down to Guildford. There were so many passengers for the trial that a special train was put on. At the station I was close to Mr. Monteith, who had come from Scotland to represent his wife, and young Gerard, who was to open the prosecution, but there was no speech between us. Sir Alexander Taylor went down with us, and at Guildford we were joined by many other friends.

The heat of that day was awful, a broiling sun and not a breath of air. We had a little room to meet in at the hotel. Almost immediately I was hurried by my solicitor to the room where our senior counsel, the great Hawkins, was breakfasting at the end of a long table. He complained of the immense mass of evidence he had had to go through. He said — what I knew — that such a trial must expose terrible family scandals — that it would be a disgrace not to snatch at any chance of bringing it to a close — that probably the judge would give it for private investigation to some other Queen's counsellor — that, in fact, it was never likely to *be* a trial.

When I came down from Mr. Hawkins, Mary Stanley and I were taken to court. There were so many cases to be tried, that ours could not come on for some time. As Leicester Penrhyn was there,

who was chairman of the Quarter Sessions at Guildford, we were given places on the raised dais behind the judge, and there we all sat waiting through many hours. In that intensely hot weather, the court-house, with its high timber roof and many open windows, was far cooler than the outer air, and we did not suffer from the heat. But the judge, Baron Martin, whom I have heard described as far more at home on a racecourse than on the judgment-seat, was suffering violently from diarrhoea, was most impatient of the cases he had to try, and at last snatched his wig from his head and flung it down upon the ground beside him.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we were assured that it was quite impossible our case could be brought on that day, as there were still so many others to be tried, and we were advised to go out and rest. So Mary Stanley and I went back to the hotel and remained there in a cool room. Presently, to our horror, a messenger came running down from the court and said, "Your case is on, and has been on twenty minutes already." We rushed to the court and found the whole scene changed. All the approaches to the court were crowded, literally choked up with witnesses and Roman Catholic spectators. The court itself was packed to overflowing. As I was hurried through the crowd, I recognised the individuals forming the large group of figures immediately behind the judge. There were Pierina of the Precious Blood and her attendant nuns in their long black veils and scarlet girdles; there, in her quaint peaked head-dress, was the nun of the Miséricorde

who had watched through the illness; there was the burly figure of Mr. Monteith; the sallow face of Mrs. Dunlop; her husband the Admiral; Mrs. Montgomery, beautiful still; Lady Lothian in her deep mourning and looking very sad at being supœnaed, which was a terrible pain to her; Dr. Squires, Mr. Seyer, and Miss Bowles.

When I was brought in, all seemed to be confusion, every one speaking at once; Mr. Hawkins was in vain trying to put in a word, the judge was declaiming that he would have an end of the trial, whilst Serjeant Parry for the prosecution was in a loud voice reading the letter to Mrs. Montgomery and giving his comments upon it.

The proceedings had commenced by the judge saying that he considered the case one which it would be most undesirable to discuss in a public court; and suggesting, indeed trying to enforce, that it should be left to the arbitration of some friend of the family. Repeatedly Baron Martin urged the expediency of a private investigation, saying that he "felt it his duty to make the suggestion, and that he thought the learned counsel (Parry) might act upon it." But the lawyers for the opposition refused any compromise whatever, for they knew what the evidence of Pierina and the servants was to be.

Serjeant Parry then opened his speech by describing between whom the action was taking place. He drew a picture of the nominal prosecutor's life in which he dwelt on "the brilliant examination at Sandhurst," but touched lightly upon the time which he had passed in the gaieties both of the Continent

and of this country, after which he became "not embarrassed, but reduced in circumstances." He then said that Esmeralda had recently had a tolerable fortune, and was doubtless "supposed at her death to be in possession of it, but she was not, for she entered into speculations which had proved unsuccessful, so that she died a comparatively poor woman." He then described the death-bed will. He asserted that the only cause of the death was inflammation of the bowels. He then said that he should proceed to read the letter, "supplementing it with evidence to prove that the defendant was actuated by the wickedest malice."

It was at this point that we arrived in court. When a little silence was obtained, Parry began to read the letter, and having concluded the first sentence, said, "When the defendant states that a report has been circulated in London, &c., he states a deliberate falsehood. No such report ever was heard by him, and I will not say it is the effect of his imagination, it is simply an invention for the purpose of damaging the character of his brother."¹

Serjeant Parry then read the paragraph saying that in the first will Francis was not even alluded to. "I have reason to believe that this also is totally false," he said, and that with the will itself lying open upon the table before him.

Parry passed over the third paragraph of the letter, without any criticism except an absolute denial, but

¹ At this point the agitation of Mary Stanley, who had been my informant, was so great, that she startled the court by something like a shout of denial.

he read a note written by my sister before she received Francis' fatal letter, in proof of the affectionate terms on which they were living. That the "mention of his name made her scream with horror," he declared to be utterly false, and he asserted (for the first time stating facts) that the Abbess Pierina would deny that any message was given by my sister to *her*. Finally, Parry denied that there was any truth in the statement that Francis had received money from his sister, beyond the sum of £300.

As Serjeant Parry concluded his speech, Mrs. Montgomery was called into the witness-box. While the preliminary questions were being put to her, the confusion in court increased; a letter was brought in to Mr. Harrison and handed on by him to Mr. Hawkins. It was the letter from Monsignor Paterson, written on Saturday evening, which announced that Pierina would deny and belie the deposition he had made. Immediately Mr. Hawkins turned round to me and said, "Our cause has received a fatal blow; the Abbess Pierina is about to deny all the evidence she has given before — deny all that she has said to Monsignor Paterson, and will swear that your sister's death-bed passed in total silence, save for the single word 'Auntie,' and under these circumstances it is perfectly useless to go on; our antagonists will get the money they long for; for money is all they really care for." — "But," I said, "we can bring endless persons and Monsignor Paterson's own deposition to prove what the Abbess's former statements have been." — "No," said Mr. Hawkins, "you cannot bring a witness to prove a witness." — "But," I said, "we can prove

every other part of the letter.” — “That will do no good,” said Mr. Hawkins; “if you fail in proving a single point, you fail in proving the whole, and the Roman Catholics will get the money; besides, you cannot prove every other part of the letter, for where is the maid, Mary Laffam? — she is not here.” And in truth, Mary Laffam (whose evidence was all-important, who was to swear to the screaming at the very mention of Francis’ name, who was constantly present during the illness) was mysteriously missing, and no trace of her could then be found. Two days afterwards she was traced, and it was discovered that she had been sent abroad by the Roman Catholic confederates to be out of the way — sent by them to the Augustinian Abbey of Charenton in France.

During the discussion which was now taking place, the utmost excitement prevailed in court. Almost every one stood up. Mr. Hawkins urged, “Are your adopted family prepared to pay what the Roman Catholics claim?” — “Certainly not.” — “Then you must submit to a verdict.” — “I leave it in your hands.” So I wrote on a bit of paper, “Say no more than this. I withdraw anything that may be legally taken as *libellous* in the letter to Mrs. Montgomery.” Then the group opened, and Mr. Hawkins again stood up and said that he was in a position to withdraw the letter — if it contained any libellous statements to apologise for them. At the same time “his client could not submit to be told that he had either acted maliciously or invented anything: he was absent from England at the time of his sister’s death, and had throughout acted entirely upon information he had received from those upon the spot.”

"I will have an end of this, gentlemen," exclaimed the judge — "I give a verdict for forty shillings."

"Make it ten guineas, my Lord," shouted the Roman Catholic lawyer, who had previously interrupted Serjeant Parry by saying, "We will have money, we will have money." "There shall be an end of this, gentlemen," said the judge; "I give a verdict for forty shillings," and he walked out of court. And so this painful ordeal came to an end. It was not till afterwards that I was aware that the verdict of forty shillings obliged me to pay the costs of both sides — £199 to my lawyer, and £293 to the Roman Catholic lawyer, which was afterwards reduced by a taxing-master to £207, 9s. 1d.

As soon as we left the court and returned to the hotel, our solicitor came in, and, before all those of our family who were present, declared how, by my desire, he had repeatedly offered to withdraw the letter to Mrs. Montgomery, but how money was always demanded as its price, and how money was proved throughout to be the only real object of those who brought the action. In looking back, therefore, upon the whole of this terrible affair, I only see three ways in which the trial could have been avoided: —

1. If Miss Stanley had had the courage to go openly to Mrs. Monteith and Lady Lothian, and say boldly that she, a Roman Catholic, was the cause of my writing the letter to Mrs. Montgomery; that as to the "report," I acted entirely and exclusively on information which she gave; that at first I had hesitated to do as she wished, but that she had continued to urge it; and that she, a Catholic, had looked over the letter before it was sent, and begged me not to alter a word of it.

2. If my solicitor had acted upon the one piece of advice given by Mr. Phelps, and weeks before the trial had requested Pierina to deliver her "message," we should then have known that the message was not given to her except through the medium of the servants, and therefore that by English law the wording of the letter was indefensible.

3. If my solicitor had been less supine in summoning witnesses — if he had at once subpœnaed Mary Laffam and the other maids on our side, and had also summoned my Aunt Fitz-Gerald, who would have been willing and glad to give her evidence, and whose very appearance would have made Francis shrink from allowing the Roman Catholic confederacy to continue the trial.

Mary Stanley and I went early to the Guildford station to wait for the train which was to take us back to London. We had not been long on the platform before all the Roman Catholic party emerged upon it. I went at once to meet and *pass* them, thinking it better at once to establish the terms on which we were to remain through life. The Mother Pierina alone lingered behind the rest, and, with streaming eyes and outstretched hands, came towards me. "Oh, I thought it would have been for peace," she said. I could not refuse to take her hand, when Mr. Monteith, turning round, roughly seized her by the shoulder and led her away, saying, "Reverend Mother, I must insist that you do not speak to that . . . *person*." Afterwards, when she was entering the railway carriage after the others, Mrs. Dunlop seized Pierina and pushed her out of the carriage, almost throwing her down upon the platform, and slammed the carriage door in her face. Admiral

Dunlop immediately forced his wife to get out of the carriage, and apologise to the Reverend Mother. I did not know till long afterwards the reason of Mrs. Dunlop's violence, which was the persistence with which Pierina throughout that day had dwelt upon the wicked unfairness of having the trial in the absence of Mary Laffam, who was the witness really responsible for all that had been said. On August 19 Mary Stanley wrote to me:—

"Yesterday I saw Sister Pierina. She said how extremely grieved she had been for you. She said the lawyer on the Catholic side read the evidence to all the party at Guildford, and that she then expressed her dissent, saying that it was not in accordance with what Mary Laffam had said to her and others, and that in justice to you, she, Laffam, ought to be present. All through that day (which she said was most dreadful to her) she asserted and reasserted this, and that you were not fairly dealt with, and to me she complained sadly of the un-christian spirit in which the affair had been carried on: Mrs. Dunlop, she said, was *far* the worst.

"Pierina denies *nothing*. She could only say, when asked about the message, that none was given directly to *her*, and that to her your sister had only said, 'Tell Francis that he has been the cause of my death.' She was forbidden to say to whom the message was given. So far from going over to the other side, she was at war with them the whole day, and told me she did not believe any of that party would ever come near her again; and I met Monsignor Paterson on Sunday, who told me that Mrs. Dunlop had been to him to complain bitterly of her."

Afterwards the feeling of the conspirators, especially of Mrs. Dunlop and Mrs. Montgomery, became

so violent against the Mother Pierina (on account of her persisting in the injustice of the trial), that they not only stopped their own subscriptions to her charities, but induced others to do so, and eventually, by the interest of Mr. Monteith with Monsignor Talbot and other Roman authorities, they brought about her recall and persecuted her out of England altogether.

On August 7, Monsignor Paterson wrote a long letter to Mary Stanley, explanatory of his conduct in the affair. It contained the following remarkable passage:—

“A day or two after Miss Hare’s death, which took me quite by surprise, I went to her house, and there saw Sister Pierina, who told me she had been summoned, and found Miss Hare actually dying; that she seemed very suffering, and had some difficulty in resigning herself to the will of God. I remember also hearing that she expressed distress at some conduct on the part of Mr. Francis Hare, and I thought that other expressions used implied a suspicion on her part of some kind of *foul play*. Of course, had I taken this *au sérieux*, it would have made a great impression, but I set it down, after a moment’s reflection, as a random (perhaps almost delirious) expression, such as people who are very ill sometimes use with very little meaning at all.”

Strange certainly that an eminent Roman Catholic priest should call at his friend’s house, hear that she had died suddenly, and that she had said on her death-bed that she died from “foul play,” and yet be able so easily to dismiss the subject from his mind!

Soon after the trial I wrote a long account of the whole proceedings to Archbishop Manning. His

answer was very kind but very evasive, — “Miss Hare’s death was most sad . . . the trial must have been most painful,” he “sympathised deeply,” &c., but without giving a direct opinion of any kind.

It was not till some months later that I became acquainted with a secret which convinced me that, though my sister’s end was probably hastened by the conduct of her brother Francis, yet poison was the original cause of her death. When we next visited Pisa, Madame Victoire told me how, when my sister was a little girl of six years old at Paris, she and her own little girl, Victoria Ackermann, were sitting on two little stools doing their needlework side by side. Suddenly there was a terrible outcry. Little Anna Hare had swallowed her thimble. The whole house was in consternation, doctors were summoned in haste, the child was given emetics, was held upside down, everything was done that could be done to bring the thimble back, but it was too late. Then the doctors inquired what the thimble was like, and on seeing the thimble of the little Victoria, who had received one at the same time, were satisfied that it was not dangerous, as the thimble, being of walnut-wood, would naturally dissolve with time, and they gave medicines to hasten its dissolution. But, in the midst of the confusion, came Mrs. Large, the nurse, who confessed with bitter tears that, owing to her folly, the thimble was not what it was imagined to be. She had not liked to see the child of the mistress with the same thimble as the child of the maid, and had given little Anna one with a broad band which looked like gold but was really copper. When the

doctors heard this, the accident naturally assumed a serious aspect, and they redoubled their efforts to bring back the thimble. But everything failed, the wooden thimble dissolved with time, but the copper band remained. Gradually, as Esmeralda grew stronger, the accident was forgotten by all but her mother, Mrs. Large, and Madame Victoire, who observed from time to time, in childish illnesses of unusual violence, symptoms which they alone could recognise, but which were such as would arise through slight injury from poison of verdigris. As my sister grew, the copper ring grew also, attenuated to the minutest thread, but encircling her body. From time to time she was seriously affected by it, but her mother could not bear it to be spoken of, and her repulsion for the subject communicated itself to Esmeralda herself. She was warned to evade a damp climate or the use of vegetables. When she was seized with her violent illness at Dijon, the symptoms were all such as would be caused by poison of verdigris. She then went to Pisa, where Madame Victoire was alarmed by what she heard, and insisted upon the best advice being procured, and a medical examination. The doctors who saw her even then spoke to Madame Victoire of her state as very serious, and requiring the most careful watching. When Esmeralda went to Rome to the canonisation in the summer of 1867, she returned by Pisa. The faithful Madame Victoire then sent for a famous medical professor of the University of Bologna to meet her, and insisted upon her being examined by him. He afterwards told Madame Victoire privately that

though, by intense care, Miss Hare might live for many years, her life, in case of accident, hung on a thread, and that it was highly improbable that she would live long, for that the copper ring was beginning to tell very seriously upon her constitution, and that when she died it would probably be suddenly of black sickness, with every appearance of poison — poison of verdigris. And so it was.

One of the principal actors in the scene at Guildford was soon after called to account before a higher tribunal than any that earth can afford. On the 18th of November (1868) I received (at Rome), to my great surprise, a letter from Madame Flora Limosin, of the Hôtel de Londres at Pisa (Victoire's youngest daughter), saying that Francis was about to arrive there from Hyères. He had been sent away from England some time before, having then £80 in his possession. Whether this sum was obtained by a Roman Catholic subscription, I have never been able to learn, but from this time the Roman Catholic conspirators ceased to help him: he had failed as the instrument for which they required him, and they now flung him aside as useless. His folly at Guildford, in lending himself to their designs, had also alienated the whole of his own family, even to the most distant degrees of relationship. Not knowing where to turn, he could only think of two persons who would receive him in his destitution. His mother's faithful maid Madame Victoire and her daughter Flora were still living at Pisa, and to them, when he had only £20 left, he determined to make

his way. On landing at Spezia, though even then in a dying state, he would not enter a hotel, because he felt that if he entered it he would never have strength to leave it again, and he sat for hours upon his luggage on the platform of the station till the train started. For the sake of their old companionship in childhood, and of the kindness she had received from my father, Flora Limosin not only received Francis, but also the person to whom he was married, and gave them some quiet rooms opening upon the garden of the Hôtel de Londres, where he was nursed by the faithful friends of his infancy.¹ He was attended by Padre Pastacaldi, who administered to him the last offices of the Church, and says that he died penitent, and sent me a message hoping that I forgave him for all that had passed at Guildford. He died on the 27th of November, utterly destitute, and dependent upon the charity of his humble friends. He was buried by them in a corner of the Campo Santo at Pisa, near their own family burial-place, where the letters F. H. in the pavement alone mark the resting-place of Francis George Hare, the idolised son of his mother.²

¹ As Flora Ackermann, Madame Limosin had been brought up in my father's family, and, with her sister Victoria, had been treated like his own children.

² Now (1895) every one who took part in the trial at Guildford is dead, except the priests, and, I believe, the Abbess Pierina. The person whom Francis Hare had married during the last months of his life vanished, immediately after his death, into the chaos from whence she had come.

XV

LAST YEARS WITH THE MOTHER

“Nothing but the infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.” — JOHN INGLESANT.

“Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear, —
Forever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly, —
Forever — never !
Never — forever !”

— LONGFELLOW.

“Dic nobis . . . Quid vidisti in via?
. Gloriam vidi Resurgentis.”

— *From the Paschal Mass.*

“C’est une âme qui se raconte dans ces volumes : ‘*Autrefois, aujourd’hui.*’ Un abîme les sépare, le tombeau.” — VICTOR HUGO.

THE autumn of 1868 was indeed filled for me with utter misery and “weariness of spirit.” If it were not that my dear Mother had gone hand and hand with me through the terrible time of the trial and the weeks which followed, I could scarcely have survived them. To please her, I went away for a time, at the end of August, to our old friend Mrs. Francis Dawkins near Havant, and to Ripley Castle and Flaxton in Yorkshire; but I had no spirits to enjoy, scarcely to endure these visits.

It added to the complication of troubles that the poor Aunt Eleanor, for whose sake alone I had brought all the trouble upon myself, now began to take some perverted view, — *what* I have never ascertained. She went to live with her brother George Paul, who had lately returned from America, and for ten years I never saw her to speak to.

I was most thankful when we left England for Italy on the 12th of October, and seemed to breathe freely when we were once more in our old travelling life, sleeping in the primitive inns at Joigny and Nuits, and making excursions to Citeaux and Annecy. Carlyle says, "My father had one virtue which I should try to imitate: *he never spoke of what was disagreeable and past,*" and my Mother was the same; she turned her back at once upon the last months, which she put away for ever like a sealed volume. We spent several weeks at Florence in the Via della Scala, whence, the Mother being well, I went constantly to draw in the gallery of sketches by Old Masters at the Uffizi. But, in the middle of November, I felt already so ill, that I began to dread a possibility of dying where my Mother would not have any one to look after her, and on the 16th we hurried to Rome, where I had just time to look out lodgings for my Mother, and establish her and Lea in the Piazza Mignanelli, when I succumbed to a violent nervous fever. Most terrible are the sufferings which I recollect at this time, the agonising pains by day, and the nights of delirium, which were truly full of Coleridge's "pains of sleep," in which I was frequently haunted by the sardonic smile of the horrible

Mrs. Dunlop, and otherwise by dreams which were, as Carlyle would say, "a constant plunging and careering through chaos and cosmos." In the second week of December I rallied slightly, and could sit with Mother in the sun on the terrace of Villa Negroni. By the 14th I was able to walk a little, and went,

JOIGNY.¹

supported on each side, to the quiet sunny path by the Tiber which then existed opposite Claude's villa. Just in front of us a carter was walking by the side of his cart, heavily laden with stones. Suddenly the wheel of the cart went too near the steeply sloping bank of the Tiber and tipped over: the horse tried in vain to recover itself, but the weight of the stones was so great that it was dragged down, and slowly, slowly, screaming as only animals do scream, disap-

¹ From "South-Eastern France."

peared with the cart under the swollen yellow waters ; while the driver stood helplessly upon the bank shrieking and wringing his hands.

Weak as I was, this terrible scene naturally brought back all my fever, which now turned to typhoid, and I soon became delirious. By the following Sunday my life was despaired of. But in the small hotel where we had stayed at Florence, we had met an American, Dr. Winslow, with his wife and daughters, to whom my Mother had shown kindness, and who had been struck with our entire union and devotion to each other. Dr. Winslow arrived in Rome when I was at the worst, and the first news he heard was that I was dying. He at once gave up his Roman sight-seeing and everything else, and devoted himself to me, coming many times a day and nursing me with such wonderful care, that I eventually recovered, though it was February before I was at all myself again. It was an unspeakable blessing that my Mother continued well during my long illness, and was so kindly looked after by Mrs. Woodward and Miss Wright that I had no anxiety about her ; though in the spring, when we had moved to the Via Babuino, she had one of her strange illnesses, ending in a tranquil unbroken sleep which lasted two days and nights. It was about this time that she was called to bear a loss which in earlier years would have been utterly crushing, that of her sister-friend Lucy, who expired peacefully in her quiet home at Abbots-Kerswell, with only her faithful maid watching over her. In her hermit life, my Aunt Lucy had become farther removed from

us each year, but two years before my Mother had found great happiness in visiting her, and her beautiful letters were a constant enjoyment. Still it is a merciful dispensation that to those who are themselves on the border-land of heaven, bereavements fall less bitterly, separations seem so short; and, to my Mother, the loss of the dearest friend of her early life was only a quiet grief: she had "only gone from one room into the next." My Aunt Lucy Hare had never liked me, but I had none of the bitter feeling towards her which I had towards my Aunt Esther: she truly loved my Mother, and I could admire, though I could not enter into, the various graces of her character, which were none the less real because they were those of a Carmelite nun in Protestant form.

To Roman antiquaries this spring was rendered important from the discovery of the site of the Porta Capena,—the site of which was long a vexed question,—by Mr. J. H. Parker, the Oxford publisher, who devoted much of his fortune to archaeological pursuits. Pius IX. granted him permission to excavate without in the least believing anything would come of it. But when he came to inspect the discoveries he exclaimed, "Why, the heretic's right," and complained bitterly that his own archaeologists, whom he paid highly, should have failed to find what had been discovered by a foreigner. Mr. Parker carefully marked all the pieces then found of the Servian Wall, and numbered them in red; but the *guardia*, seeing the red marks, thought they meant something revolutionary, and destroyed them.

When he found them gone, Parker was furious. "Is it," he said, "due to the absurdities of an effete religion, or is it perhaps the insolence of some rival archæologist?" (meaning Rosa).

As we returned through France in the spring of 1869, we diverged to Autun and Nevers, the last of the pleasant expeditions the dear Mother and I made together in summer weather. The greater part of our summer was spent quietly at home, and was chiefly marked for me by the marriage of my dear friend Charlie Wood to Lady Agnes Courtenay.

To MISS WRIGHT.

"*Holmhurst, July 10, 1869.* Your description made me see a pleasant mental picture of the cousinhood assembled at your party. For myself, I cannot but feel that all *social* pleasures will henceforward become more and more difficult for me, as the Mother, though not ill, becomes daily more dependent upon me for all her little interests and amusements, so that I scarcely ever leave her even for an hour. It is an odd hermit-like life in the small circuit of our little Holmhurst, with one or two guests constantly changing in its chambers, but no other intercourse with the outside world. At last summer has burst upon us, and looks all the brighter for the long waiting, and our oak-studded pastures are filled with gay groups of hay-makers, gathering in the immense crop. The garden is lovely, and my own home-sunflower is expanding in the warmth and stronger and better than she has been for months past."

"*Holmhurst, August 1.* I cannot be away from home at all this summer, partly because I cannot leave Mother, who (though very anxious to promote my going away) is

really becoming more dependent upon my constant care and companionship; and partly because I cannot afford the inevitable small expenses of going anywhere, our finances having been completely prostrated by the Roman Catholic robberies last year. Indeed, I have never been poorer than this year, as I have had *nothing*, and when I put two threepenny bits into the Communion plate to-day,



PORTE D'ARROUX, AUTUN.¹

felt exceedingly like the widow with the two mites, for it was literally all that I possessed! However, this is not so very dreadful after all, and I daresay another year matters will come round."

In September, however, when Charlotte Leycester came to take care of my Mother, I did go to the North.

¹ From "South-Western France."

TO MY MOTHER.

“*Ridley Hall, Sept. 1, 1869.* Though I have got into a great scrape with Cousin Susan by calling blackberry jelly, ‘jam,’ and though I was *terribly* scolded the other day for saying ‘thanks,’ — ‘such new-fangled vulgarity,’ — this visit at Ridley has been very pleasant. First, there never was more perfect ideal weather, so fresh and bright, so bracing, and the colouring of the woods and moorlands, and the glorious tumbling amber-coloured rivers so beautiful. Then I feel much stronger and better than I have done for two years past, and Cousin Susan, who thought me most ghastly when I arrived, is quite satisfied with the results of her grouse, pheasants, and sherry. On Wednesday Lady Blackett came to spend the day, and, after she was gone, Cousin Susan and I made a long exploring expedition far beyond the Allen Water, up into the depths of Staward valley — most romantic little paths through woods and miniature rocky gorges to a ruined bridge and ‘Plankey Mill,’ and then up a steep wood path to the moor of Briarside. Cousin Susan had never been so far since she lived here, and we were walking, or rather climbing, for three hours, attended by the white dogs. These have chairs with cushions on each side the fireplace in her new sitting-room. One is in bad health, has medical attendance from Hexham at half-a-guinea a visit, and uninitiated visitors must be rather amazed when they see ‘my poor little sick girl’ whom Cousin Susan is constantly talking of. . . . On Sundays there is only service here in the morning: the clergyman giving as his curious reason for not having it in the afternoon, that ‘perhaps it might annoy the Dissenters.’ . . . This evening it has thundered. Cousin Susan, as usual on such occasions, hid herself with her maid under the staircase (the safest place in case of thunderbolts), and held a handkerchief over her eyes till it was over; but her nerves have been quite upset ever since, and we are not to have the carriage to-morrow for fear the storm should return.”

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 8.* It was almost dark as I drove up the beautiful new road over the high bridge to the renovated castle, which is now all grand and in keeping. I found the beautiful mistress of the house in her new library, which is a most delightful room, with carved chimney-piece and bookcases, and vases of ferns and flowers in all the corners and in the deep embrasures of the windows. She is full of the frescoes in her school. 'I want to paint "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign."' I think he must be a little boy on a step with other children round him—a very little boy, and he must have some little regal robes on, and I think I must put a little crown upon his head.' "

"*Sept. 10.* Every day of a visit at Ford always seems to contain more of charm and instruction than hundreds of visits elsewhere. The great interest this time has been Lady Canning's drawings—many hundreds of them, and all so beautiful that you long to look at each for hours. All yesterday evening Lady Waterford read aloud to us—old family letters, from old Lady Hardwicke and from Lady Anne Barnard. 'My great-aunt, Lady Anne Barnard,' she says 'wrote a book very like your Family Memoirs, only hers was too imaginative. She called all her characters by imaginary names, and made them all quite too charming: still her book is most interesting. She was very intimate with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and describes all her first meetings with George IV. and the marriage, and then she went with her on her famous expedition to Paris. She got possession of all the real letters of the family and put them into her book, but she embellished them. She got hold of a letter Uncle Caledon wrote to my aunt when he proposed to her, but when Uncle Caledon read the book and found a most beautiful letter, he said, "My dear, I never wrote all this."—"No, my dear," she answered, "I know you did not, but then I

thought your real letter was not warm enough." Lady Anne Barnard wrote "Auld Robin Gray," and she used to describe how some one translated it into French, and how, when she went to Paris, she saw every one looking at her, she could not imagine why, till she heard some



FORD CASTLE, THE LIBRARY.¹

one say, "Voilà l'auteur du fameux roman de Robin Gray."''²

"*Sept. 10.* We have all been to luncheon at Carham, sixteen miles off, and the latter part of the drive very pretty — close to the wide reaches of the Tweed, with seagulls flitting over it, and Cuypp-like groups of cattle on the shore, waiting for the ferryboats to take them across

¹ From "The Story of Two Noble Lives."

² Lady Anne Barnard died in 1825.

to Coldstream Fair. Carham is one of the well-known haunted houses: the 'Carham light' is celebrated and is constantly seen. We asked old Mrs. Compton of eighty-three, who lives there now, about the supernatural sights of Carham. 'Och,' she said, 'and have ye niver heard the story of the phantom carriage? We have just heard it this very morning: when we were waiting for you, we heard it drive up. We are quite used to it now. A carriage drives quickly up to the door with great rattling and noise, and when it stops, the horses seem to paw and tear up the gravel. Strange servants are terribly frightened by it. One day when I was at luncheon I heard a carriage drive up quickly to the door: there was no doubt of it. I told the servant who was in waiting to go out and see who it was. When he came back I asked who had come. He was pale as ashes. "Oh," he said, "it's only just the phantom coach."

"And then there is the Carham light. That is just beautiful! It is a large globe of fire in the shape of a full moon: I have seen it hundreds of times. It moves about in the woods, and sometimes settles in one place. The first time I saw it I was driving from Kelso and I saw a great ball of fire. I said to the driver, "What is that?" — "Oh, it's just the Carham Light," he said. When Dick¹ came in, he said he did not believe it — he had never seen it; but that night it came — bright as ever. All the gentlemen went out into the woods to examine it; but it moved before them. They all saw it, and they were quite convinced: it has never been explained.'

"We had tea with the charming old lady. 'I've just had these cakes made, Lady Waterford,' she said, 'because they were once very weel likit by some very dear to you; so I thought you would like them.'

"Lady Waterford sends you a riddle: —

¹ Her son-in-law, Mr. Hodgson Hinde.

“ ‘Mon premier est un tyran, mon second une horreur,
Mon tout est le diable lui-même.
Mais si mon premier est bon, mon second ne fait rien,
Et mon tout est le bonheur suprême.’ ”¹

“*Foxhow, Ambleside Sept. 12, 1869.* How lovely the drive into Foxhow from Windermere; but, after the grand ideas of my childhood, how small everything seems, even the lake and the mountains! We drove in at the well-remembered gate by Rotha Cottage, and along those lovely Swiss pasture-meadows. It was like a dream of the past as one turned into the garden, all so exactly the same and so well remembered, not only from our last brief visit, but from that of twenty-six years ago. Dear Mrs. Arnold is little altered, and is so tenderly affectionate and charming, that it is delightful to be with her. She likes to ask all about you and Holmhurst, and says that her power of producing mind-pictures and dwelling upon them often brings you before her, so that she sees you as before, only older, in your home life. It is quite beautiful to see the intense devotion of her children to their mother and her happiness in them, in Fan especially. All the absent ones write to her at least three times a week.

“We have just been in a covered car to Rydal Church: how beautiful the situation! How well I remembered being sick as a child from the puggy smell of its hideous interior. It was just as puggy to-day, but I was not sick. There was a most extraordinary preacher, who declared that the Woman on the seven mountains was Rome on her seven hills — ‘allowed to be so by all authorities, Jewish, and even Romanist,’ — that the dragon was only the serpent in its worshipped form, and that both were identical with the Beast and represented the pagan religion; that the Woman flying into the wilderness before the Beast was Early Christianity flying from pagan persecution, and that when she came back, to St. John’s astonish-

¹ Mariage.

ment she was seated *on* the Beast, *i. e.*, she had adopted all the pagan attributes, the cross, the mother and child — well-known objects of worship at Babylon, and Purgatory — a tenet of pagan Rome!”

“*Forchur, Sept. 14.* My Mother will have thought of this pouring weather as most unpropitious for the Lake Country, but in reality it has not signified very much, as each day it has cleared for a few hours, and the lights and shadows have been splendid. On Sunday afternoon Edward (Arnold) and I went up Loughrigg. All the little torrents were swollen by the storms, and the colours of the dying fern and the great purple shadows on Helm Cragg and Bow Fell were most beautiful. It is a most picturesque bit of mountain, and it all strikes me, as I remember it did in 1859, as more really beautiful than anything in Switzerland, though so contracted.

“Yesterday afternoon we walked to Grasmere, and I stayed looking at the interesting group of Wordsworth tombs, whilst Edward paid a visit. Afterwards the lake looked so tempting, that Edward rowed me down it, sending the boat back by a boy. We landed at the outlet of the Rotha on the other side, and had a beautiful walk home by a high terrace under Loughrigg. If one remained in this country, one could not help becoming fond of Wordsworth, his descriptions are so exact. Edward has repeated many of his poems on the sites to which they apply, and they are quite beautifully pictorial. Mrs. Arnold is very happy in the general revival of interest in his poetry. . . . Nothing can be more enjoyable and united than the family life here, the children and grandchildren coming and going, and so many interesting visitors. Truly dear Mrs. Arnold’s is an ideal old age, so hedged in by the great love and devotion of her descendants.”¹

¹ I never saw Mrs. Arnold again: she died in the autumn of 1873.

"*Dalton Hall, Lancashire, Sept. 17.* I always enjoy being here with the Hornbys. Yesterday we drove in the morning to Yealand, a pretty village so called from the Quakers who colonised it. In the afternoon we went to Levens. It is a lovely country, just upon the outskirts of the Lake District, with the same rich green meadows, clear streams, and lanes fringed with fern and holly. We passed through Milnthorpe, and how well I remembered your shutting me up and making me learn a Psalm in the inn there, instead of letting me go out to draw! The country is very primitive still. An old clergyman who officiated till lately in the neighbouring church of Burton Moss had only three sermons, one of which was laid in turn on the pulpit desk by his housekeeper every Sunday morning. When he had finished, he used to chuck it down to her out of the pulpit. One of these sermons was on 'Contentment,' — and contained — apropos of discontent — the story of the Italian nobleman whose tombstone bore the words, 'I was well, I wished to be better, and now I am here.'"

It was a great pleasure this autumn to see again in London the New Zealand Sir George Grey. I remember his saying how he wished some one would write a poem on Pharaoh pursuing the Israelites to the Red Sea, from the point of view that in pursuing them he was pursuing Christianity; that if the Israelites had perished, and not Pharaoh, there would have been no Redemption.

JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*Holmhurst, Oct. 13, 1869.* After the storms of last year, this summer has been peaceful and quiet. My sweet Mother, though often ailing, has been very gently and quietly happy. She seems older, but age has with her

only its softening effects — casting a brighter halo around her sweet life, and rendering more lovable still every precious word and action. . . . We are more than ever to each other now in everything.”

We left home in 1869 on the 14th of October, intending to cross the Channel at once, but on arriving at Folkestone, found such a raging sea, that we retreated to Canterbury to wait for better weather. This enabled us to pay a charming visit to Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison, who had been very familiar to us many years before, when the Stanleys lived at Canterbury. It was the last visit my Mother ever paid, and she greatly enjoyed it, as it seemed almost like a going back into her Hurstmonceaux life, a revival of the ecclesiastical interests which had filled her former existence. Whenever any subject was alluded to, Archdeacon Harrison, like Uncle Julius, went to his bookcase, and brought down some volume to illustrate it. Thus I remember his reading to us in the powerful sermons of Bishop Horsley. One of the most remarkable was upon the Syro-Phœnician woman. Another is on the French Nuns, in defence of their institution in England, saying, with little foresight, how unlikely they were to increase in number, and how very superior they were to those women “who strip themselves naked to go out into the world, who daub their cheeks with paint, and plaster their necks with litharge.”

Apropos of the proverb about Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands, Archdeacon Harrison described how it was in allusion to two things totally disconnected. Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands are

very far apart, and of course have no connection whatever: yet perverse persons used to say that Tenterden Steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands, as money which ought to have been used to prevent the accumulation of Goodwin Sands was diverted to the building of Tenterden Steeple. The place where you may hear most about it is "Latimer's Sermons." Latimer is inveighing against the persons who denounced the study of the Bible as the cause of the misfortunes of the time, and says that they had as much connection as Tenterden Steeple and Goodwin Sands, and so forth.

To Miss Wright.

"*Munich, Nov. 1, 1869.* We made it four days' journey from Paris to Strasbourg. First we went to Bar-le-duc. I had longed to see it, from a novel I read once, and it is well worth while — the old town rising above the new like the old town of Edinburgh — tall grey houses pierced with eight or ten rows of windows, a river with a most picturesque bridge, and in the church 'Le Squelette de Bar,' a wonderful work of Richier, the famous sculptor of S. Mihiel, commemorating the Princes of Bar (Henri I., II., III., &c.), sovereigns of whom I wonder if you ever heard before: I never did.

"We slept next at Toul, where there is a fine huge dull cathedral, a beautiful crèche by Ignace Robert, and a lovely convent cloister of flamboyant arches. Living at Toul is wonderfully cheap; our rooms for three were only four francs, and dinner for three four francs.¹ We wonder people do not emigrate to Lorraine instead of to Australia; it would be far cheaper, and infinitely more amusing. If

¹ In the following year a siege by the Germans made Toul a familiar name throughout Europe.

it had been warmer, we should have gone to Domremy and S. Mihiel, but we feared the cold. We were a day at Nancy: how stately it is! At Strasbourg we found that the storks had left, and we thought it the least interesting place on the road, yet most people stay only there.

"We had three days at Carlsruhe, and found dear Madame de Bunsen most bright and well and charming,



BAR-LE-DUC.¹

with much to tell that was worth hearing, and the fullest sympathy and interest in others. Generally one feels that conversation weakens the mind; with the Bunsens it never fails to strengthen it. Madame de Bunsen talked much of the difficulties which had crowded round her when she herself was to begin the Memoir of her husband. Bunsen had said to her, 'You must tell the story of our common life; you are able to do it, only do not be afraid.' Thus to her the work was a sacred legacy. First, as

¹ From "North-Eastern France."

material, her son George brought her Bunsen's letters to his sister Christiana, which she had given to him and which he had fortunately never given to his father for fear he should destroy them. Then she had written to Reck, the early Göttingen friend and confidant of all Bunsen's early life, and had been refused all help without any explanation! Then Stockmar, Brandeis, &c., sent all their



BRIDGE OF BAR-LE-DUC.¹

letters; thus the work grew. But there were no journals, she had made no notes, there was only her recollection to fall back upon. Madame de Bunsen regretted bitterly the destruction of Uncle Julius's letters by his widow, especially those written in his early life to his brother Augustus, which would have been 'the history of the wakening of a new phase of opinions.' I made quantities of notes from the intensely interesting reminiscences Madame de Bunsen poured forth of her own life.²

¹ From "North-Eastern France."

² I little foresaw then the immense service these notes would be to me in writing the Life of Baroness Bunsen herself eight years after.

"We were one day at Stuttgart, which I had never seen, and was delighted with — so handsome, really a beautiful little capital, and we reached Munich in time to have one day for the International Exhibition of Paintings, which was well worth seeing — finer, I thought, than ours. The German artists have surely far more originality than the artists of other nations. Three pictures especially remain in my mind — 'The Chase after Luck,' a wild horseman with Death riding behind him in pursuit of Luck, a beautiful figure scattering gold and pearls whilst floating on a bladder, full speed across a bridge which ends in a rotten plank over a fathomless abyss: 'The Cholera in Rome,' the Angel of Death leading the Cholera — a hideous old woman — down the street under the Capitol by moonlight, and showing her the door she is to knock at: 'L'Enfant qui dort à l'ombre du lit maternel, et les Anges qui savent d'avance le sort des humains, et baisent avec larmes ses petites mains.' It is interesting to see how familiar the German common people are with their artists: the great names of Kaulbach, Henneberg, &c., are in every mouth; how few of our common people would know anything of Landseer or Millais!"

"*Vicenza, Nov. 14.* The descent into Italy by the Brenner was enchanting — the exchange of the snow and bitter cold of Germany for vineyards and fruit-gardens, still glorious in their orange and scarlet autumnal tints. We were greatly delighted with Botzen, where the delicately wrought cathedral spire against the faint pink mountains tipped with snow is a lovely subject.

"At Verona we spent several days, thinking it more captivating than ever. Mother was able to enjoy the Giusti gardens, and I went one day to Mantua. It is wonderful. The station is two miles off, and the drive into the town across an immense bridge over the lake is

most striking¹ — the towers all reflected in the still waters, and the fishing-boats sailing in close under the houses. Then, in the town, the intense desolation of one part — courts and corridors and squares all grass-grown and utterly tenantless — is a striking contrast to the other part, teeming with life and bustle. The Palazzo del Tè is marvellous — only one story high, gigantic rooms covered with grand frescoes opening on sunny lawns with picturesque decaying avenues. I wandered over the vast



MANTUA.¹

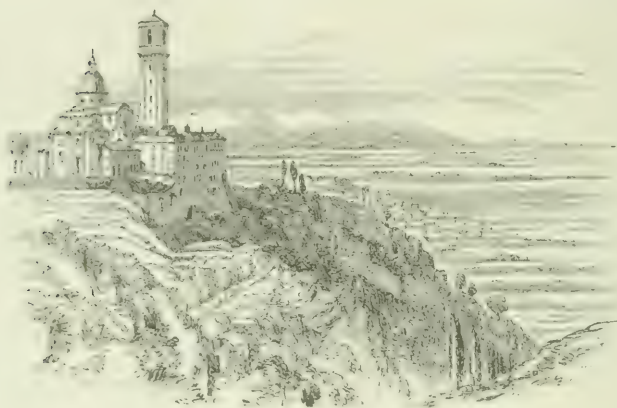
ducal palace with three American ladies, who ‘guessed’ that ‘when Mantua was in its prime, it must have been rather an elegant city.’”

“*Hôtel de Londres, Pisa, Dec. 7.* From Verona we went to Vicenza, where we stayed nearly a week in the old-fashioned palazzo which is now turned into the *Hôtel de la Ville*. We found some old Roman acquaintances there — Mrs. Kuper and her daughter, great Italian travellers, famous linguists, and excessively amusing companions.

¹ The approach to Mantua has since been altered, and is now commonplace.

² From “Northern Italy.”

With them I went many delightful walks in the lovely country near Vicenza, which is quite the ideal Italy one reads so much of and so seldom sees — splendid mountain background with snowy peaks; nearer hills golden with decaying chestnuts and crimson with falling vine-leaves; old shrines and churches half hidden in clematis and vine, and a most interesting town with a fine picture-gallery —

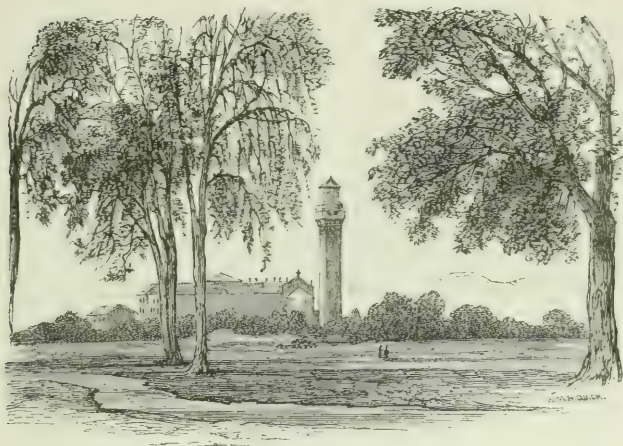
VICENZA.¹

Montagna (not Mantegna) being the great master. I took to the plan of trying to make ever so slight sketches from pictures, and find them, bad as they are, far more interesting than photographs. We had permission to walk in the lovely gardens of the old Marchese Salvi, close to the hotel, a great pleasure to the Mother.

“The Kupers preceded us to Padua and engaged comfortable rooms for us there, to which we followed. Here was another kind of interest in the quaint churches; the Prato della Valle with its stone population; the University,

¹ From “Northern Italy.”

where we went to hear a lecture and saw the 3000 students assembled; and the society of some pleasant young Paduans — M. Fava and Count Battistino Medine, introduced by the Kupers. But alas! Mother became very unwell indeed during the latter part of our stay at Padua, and I was made very unhappy by her constant cough and inability to take food. So I was thankful when we were able



VICENZA FROM MONTE BERICO.¹

to come on to this comfortable hotel, where Flora and the faithful Victoire are incessant in their attentions. I am still anxious about my sweet Mother, who is very ailing and unable to go out; otherwise I always like staying at Pisa, with its clean quiet streets and the interest of the Campo Santo, so full of beautiful relics and memories. Many delightful hours have I spent there, and what a school of art and history it is! And then the Spina is always so graceful and striking against the crimson sunset

¹ From "Northern Italy."

which turns the muddy Arno into a river of fire.¹ Then, only think, I have made a new friend, and, strange to say, an American, with the uninteresting name of Robert Peabody. I do not know when, if ever, I have seen any one I like so much — so clever, so natural, so unworldly, so large-minded, so good-looking. The Mother thinks



THE PRATO DELLA VALLE, PADUA.²

my sudden friendships most fantastic, but I have no doubt about this one; and as Mother was much better last week, I went away with him for four days to Siena and S. Gimignano, and we were entirely happy together, though it poured cats and dogs the whole time, and thundered and lightened as if the skies were coming down. I do not think you have ever been half excited enough about Siena: it seems to me such a sublime place — the way it rises out of

¹ The Spina has since been rebuilt and spoilt by the Sardinian Government.

² From "Northern Italy."

that desolate earthquake-riven country, the cathedral so grandly solemn, and such a world of interest circling around all the scenes in S. Catherine's life. I tried to draw the famous Sodoma, and longed to stay months, but we only did stay two days, and then away we went in a *baroccino* over the hills to S. Gemignano. You must never come to

SIENA.¹

Italy again without going there: I am beginning now to fancy that no one has seen Italy who has missed S. Gemignano. It is a perfect sanctuary of art, the smallest town ever seen, but with thirteen tall mediæval towers in fullest preservation, crowning the top of the little hill like a huge group of ninepins, and with churches covered with frescoes by Filippo and Simone Memmi, Beccafumi, Ghirlandajo, and all that wonderful school. The great saint of the place is Santa Fina — a poor girl, who had a spine complaint, lay for years on a backboard, bore her

¹ From "Central Italy."

intense sufferings with great patience, and finally died a most peaceful and holy death — perhaps the *one* Roman Catholic saint whose story is unspoil't by miracles. I first heard about her from Lady Waterford, and had always



S. GEMIGNANO.¹

longed to see her native place. The Ghirlandajo fresco of her death is most touching and real, portraying the bare cottage room, the hard-featured Tuscan nurse, the sick girl on her backboard — all like a scene in a Tuscan cottage now; and, above, the angels floating away with their newly-gained sister. But the people of S. Gemignano

¹ From "Central Italy."

forgot the picture when they quaintly told us that ‘all the little flowers and shrubs were so enchanted with her exemplary patience, that they began to sprout around her bed, and by her twenty-eighth year (when she died) she was lying in quite a garden of beautiful flowers.’”

In recollection I feel grateful for this short absence from my Mother with Robert Peabody, as it procured for me my last tiny letter from her — cheerful and tender as all her letters were now. But after the beginning of December I seldom left her, and the next six weeks were spent entirely in her room, in watching and cheering her through a time of great suffering, whilst the rain never ceased to fall in torrents. I was often able to amuse her with stories of my companions at the *table d’hôte*.

JOURNAL.

“*Pisa, Nov. 27.* The chief interest here has been from travellers in the hotel — a Mr. and Mrs. D., kind, vulgar people, who have seldom been out of London, except to Paris, and who do not speak a word of any foreign language; at least Mr. D. does speak certain words, and uses them all together to all the foreigners he meets, without any regard to their meaning — ‘Lait pain thé bonjour toodyswee;’ — a haughty pretty Polish girl and her governess, and a clever pretty Polish Comtesse de M. with her young husband. The last lady keeps the whole table alive with her stories, told with the utmost naïveté, and in the prettiest manner.

“‘I will tell you about my going to Ferrara. When I arrived I was gasping with hunger. We drove up to the hotel. “Could we have any dinner?” — “J’en suis désolé, Madame, but the cook is out.” We drove to another.

"Could we have any dinner?" — "J'en suis au désespoir, Madame, mais il n'y a pas de feu." We drove on. Another hotel. We ordered our dinner, and when it was put on the table, it was so dreadful, I gave one look and ran out of the room. And then the sights of Ferrara! We went to the castle. It was horrible — a ghastly dungeon with bare walls and chains and one glimmering ray of light. "*This*," said the guide, "was the dungeon of Ugo and Parisina; here they suffered and here they died." Oh, mon Dieu quel horreur! I wished to go somewhere else. They took me to a convent — again a ghastly room, a fearful prison. "*This*, Madame, was the prison of Tasso" — encore des horreurs! Oh, then I would have a carriage. I asked the driver where he would take me. "Ma, Signora, al Campo Santo." Ah! quelle triste ville la ville de Farrare! But when we got to Bologna, and I asked where we should go, c'était toujours la même chose — toujours au Campo Santo, and at Pisa here, it is encore au Campo Santo!

"At Ferrara, in the prison of Tasso, they show on the wall an ode written by Lord Byron. The rest of the wall is white, but the place where the ode is written is brown. "Why," I asked, "is that part of the wall brown?" — "Ah!" said the custode, "that is the sweat of the English. All the English will touch the writing of their compatriot, and then they perspire from their hot fingers, and thus it is brown." In the same room is a great hole; the wall has crumbled away; it is gone, the room will fall. "And what is that?" I asked. "Ah! that is made by the English, who all insist upon taking away a morsel of the prison of Tasso." And thus it was at Verona; when I saw Juliet's tomb, they told me it was only an imitation; for as for the real one, the English ladies had chopped it all up and were wearing it in bracelets. Oh, comme c'est ennuyant de voyager, il faut tourner la tête pour regarder les tableaux, et on casse le cou par ici: il faut regarder

par la fenêtre pour voir la vue, et on casse le cou par là: il faut regarder au plafond pour voir les fresques, et on casse le cou de tous les côtés à la fois. And then the journey to Switzerland! Mais aller en Suisse, jamais! What do you want to see mountains for? to admire their height? Ah! then how stupid to go up! Why, of course they become shorter every step you go. No, you should go into the depths to see the mountains. Les plaines pour moi! . . . Jusqu'à mon mariage je ne suis jamais sortie à pied, mais depuis mon mariage je suis devenue . . . raisonnable.'

"I asked the Polish ladies if the language they spoke was Russian. It was like throwing a bomb into the camp. They detest the Russians, and would not speak to a pleasant Countess Boranoff, *née* Wasilikoff, who has been staying here. . . . But of all my Pisan acquaintance there is none like Robert Peabody! He has been at an atelier in Paris for two years studying as an architect, and had a charming life there with his fellow-students, making walking tours in France, &c. When he first went to Paris, he did not know a word of French, and made out his washing bills by drawing little pictures, socks, shirts, drawers, &c., and the washerwoman put the prices opposite them."

On December 10 occurred the terrible floods of the Arno.

To Miss LEYCESTER.

"*Pisa, Dec. 11, 1869.* How little you will be able to imagine all we have been going through in the last twenty-four hours! We have had a number of adventures in our different travels, but this is by far the worst that has ever befallen us. Now I must tell you our story consecutively.

"For the last three days the Mother has been very ill. On Thursday she had an attack of fainting, and seemed likely to fall into one of her long many days' sleeps. . . .

The rain continued day and night in torrents. Yesterday made it three weeks since we arrived, and in that time there had been only two days in which the rain had not been ceaseless. The Arno was much swollen: I saw it on Thursday, very curious, up to the top of the arches of the bridges.

"Yesterday, Friday, Madame Victoire came to dine with Lea. Afterwards she came up to see us as usual, and then Flora's children came to be shown pictures. I think it must have been half-past three when they took leave of us. Lea went with them down the passage. Soon she came back saying that little Anna said there was 'such an odd water coming down the street, would I come and see,' and from the passage window I saw a volume of muddy water slowly pouring down the street, not from the Arno, but from towards the railway station, the part of the street towards Lung' Arno (our street ends at the Spina Chapel) remaining quite dry. The children were delighted and clapped their hands. I meant to go and see the water nearer, but before I could reach the main entrance, in half a minute the great heavy waves of the yellow flood were pouring into the courtyard and stealing into the entrance hall.¹

"It was as suddenly as that it came upon us.

"The scene for the next half-hour baffles all description. Flora and her mother stood on the principal staircase crying and wringing their hands: the servants rushed about in distraction: Lea, pale as ashes, thought and cried that our last moment was come; and all the time the heavy yellow waters rose and rose, covering first the wheels of the omnibus, the vases, the statues in the garden, then up high into the trees. Inside, the carpets were rising and swaying on the water, and in five minutes the large pieces of furniture were beginning to crash against each other.

¹ The great dikes of the Arno had burst a long way off, so that the flood came upon us from behind. Only the eastern bank of the Arno was flooded

I had rushed at the first alarm to the *garde-meuble*, and (how I did it I cannot imagine) dragged our great box to the stairs: it was the only piece of luggage saved from the ground-floor. Then I rushed to the *salle-à-manger*, and shouting to Flora to save the money in her bureau, swept all the silver laid out for dinner into a tablecloth, and got



THE HÔTEL DE LONDRES DURING THE FLOOD.

it safe off. From that moment it was a *sauve-qui-peut*. I handed down rows of teapots, jugs, sugar-basins, &c., to the maids, who carried them away in lapfuls: in this way also we saved all the glass, but before we could begin upon the china, the water was up to our waists and we were obliged to retreat, carrying off the tea-urns as a last spoil. The whole family, with Amabile and all the old servants, were now down in the water, but a great deal of time was wasted in the belief that a poor half-witted Russian lady was locked into her room and drowning, and

in breaking open the door; but when at last a panel of the door was dashed in, the room was found full of water and all its contents swimming about, but the lady was . . . gone out for a walk!

"As I was coming in from the lower rooms to the staircase with a load of looking-glasses, a boat crashed in at the principal entrance, bringing home the poor lady and two other English, who had been caught by the flood at the end of the street, and had been for some time in the greatest peril: the boatmen having declined to bring them the few necessary steps until they had been paid twenty francs, and then having refused altogether to bring a poor Italian who had no money to give them. At this moment Madame Victoire insisted on taking the opportunity of the boat to return to her own house. It was a dreadful scene, all the women in the house crying and imploring her to stay, but she insisted on embarking. She did not arrive without hairbreadth escapes. When she reached her own house, the current was so strong, and the boat was dashed so violently against the walls, that it was impossible for her to be landed; but the flood was less violent beneath her larger house which is let to the Marchese Guadagna, from which sheets were let down from the upper windows, and she was fastened to them and raised: but when she reached the grille of the first-floor windows, and was hanging half-way, the current carried away the boat, and at the same moment the great wall opposite S. Antonio fell with an awful crash. However, the Guadagna family held tight to the sheets, and Madame Victoire was landed at last, though she fell insensible on the floor when she entered the window.

"The walls were now falling in every direction, with a dull roar into the yellow waters. The noise was dreadful — the cries of the drowning animals, the shrieks of the women, especially of a mother whose children were in the country, wringing her hands at the window of an opposite

house. The water in our house was rising so rapidly that it was impossible to remain longer on the side towards the principal staircase, and we fled to the other end, where Pilotte, a poor boy in the service, lay dangerously ill, but was obliged to get up from his bed, and, though quite blind from ophthalmia, was far more useful than any one else. Since her mother left, Flora had been far too distracted to think of anything; still we saved an immense number of things, and I was able to cut down pictures, &c., floating on a sofa as if it were a boat. The great difficulty in reaching the things was always from the carpet rising, and making it almost impossible to get out of the room again. The last thing I carried off was the 'Travellers' Book'! It was about half-past 5 P. M. when we were obliged to come out of the water, which was then terribly cold and above the waist.

"Meantime the scene in the street was terrible. The missing children of the woman opposite were brought back in a boat and drawn up in sheets; and the street, now a deep river, was crowded with boats, torches flashing on the water, and lights gleaming in every window. All the thirty poor hens in the hen-house at the end of the balcony were making a terrible noise as they were slowly drowned; the ducks and pigeons were drowned too, I suppose, being too frightened to escape, and many floated dead past the window. The garden was covered with cushions, chairs, tables, and ladies' dresses, which had been washed out of the lower windows. There was great fear that the omnibus horse and driver were drowned, and the Limosins were crying dreadfully about it; but the man was drawn up late at night from a boat, whose crew had discovered him on the top of a wall, and at present the horse exists also, having taken refuge on the terrace you will remember at the end of the garden, where it is partially above water. The street was covered with furniture, great carved wardrobes being whirled down to

the Arno like straws. The cries of the drowning animals were quite human.

"All this time my poor sweet Mother had been lying perfectly still and patient, but about 6 p. m., as the water had reached the highest step of the lower staircase and was still mounting, we had our luggage carried up to the attics, secured a few valuables in case of sudden flight (as no boat would have taken luggage), and began to get Mother dressed. There was no immediate danger, but if another embankment broke, there might be at any moment, and it was well to be prepared. Night closed in terribly — pouring rain again, a perfectly black sky, and waters swelling round the house: every now and then the dull thud of some falling building, and, from beneath, the perpetual crash of the furniture and floors breaking up in the lower rooms. Mother lay down dressed, most of the visitors and I walked the passages and watched the danger-marks made above water on the staircase, and tried to comfort the unhappy family, in what, I fear, is their total ruin. It seemed as if daylight would never come, but at 6 A. M. the water was certainly an inch lower.

"It was strange to return to daylight in our besieged fortress. There had been no time to save food, but there was one loaf and a little cheese, which were dealt out in equal rations, and we captured the drowned hens as the aviary broke up, and are going to boil one of them down in a tiny saucepan, the only cooking utensil saved. Every one has to economise the water in their jugs (no chance of any other), and most of all their candles. . . . How we are ever to be delivered I cannot imagine. The railways to Leghorn, Spezia, and Florence must all be under water."

"*Dec. 14.* It seems so long now since the inundation began and we were cut off from every one: it is impossible to think of it as only three days.

“Nothing can be more dreadful than the utter neglect of the new Government and of the municipality here. They were fully warned as to what would result if Pisa was not protected from the Arno, but they took no heed, and ever since the dykes broke they have given no help, never even consenting to have the main drains opened,



S. ANTONIO, PISA, DURING THE FLOOD.

which keeps us still flooded, refusing to publish lists of the drowned, and giving the large sums sent for distribution in charity into the hands of the students, who follow one another, giving indiscriminately to the same persons, whilst others are starving. On Saturday night there ceased to be any immediate alarm: the fear was that the Arno might break though at the Spina, which still stands, and which, being so much nearer, would be far more serious to us. The old bridge is destroyed. All through that night the Vicomte de Vauriol and the men of the

house were obliged to watch on the balconies with loaded pistols, to defend their property floating in the garden from the large bands of robbers who came in boats to plunder, looking sufficiently alarming by the light of their great torches. The whole trousseau of the Vicomtesse is lost, and her maid has 4000 francs in her box, which can still be seen floating *open*. . . . But the waters are slowly going down. Many bodies have been found, but there are still many more beneath the mud. In the lower rooms of this house the mud is a yard deep, and most horrid in quality, and the smell of course dreadful. I spend much of my time at the window in hooking up various objects with a long iron bed-rod — bits of silver, teacups, even books — in a state of pulp.”

“*Dec. 19.* My bulletin is rather a melancholy one, for my poor Mother has been constantly in bed since the inundation, and cannot now turn or move her left side at all. . . . I have also been very ill myself, with no sleep for many days, and agonies of neuralgia from long exposure in the water. . . . However, I get on tolerably, and have plenty to take off my thoughts from my own pain in attending to Mother and doing what I can for the poor Limosins. . . . In the quarter near this seventy bodies have been found in the mud, and as the Government suppresses the number and buries them all immediately, there are probably many more. Our friends at Rome have been greatly alarmed about us.”

“*Dec. 27.* Mother has been up in a chair for a few hours daily, but cannot yet be dressed. The weather is horrible, torrents of rain night and day — quite ceaseless, and mingled with snow, thunder, and lightning. It is so dark even at midday, that Mother can see to do nothing, and I very little. The mud and smell would prevent our going out if it were otherwise possible. It has indeed

been a dismal three months, which we have all three passed entirely in the sick-room, except the four days I was away. . . . Still the dear Mother says ‘we shall have time to recount our miseries in heaven when they are over; let us only recount our mercies now.’”

To Miss Wright.

“33 *Via Gregoriana*, Rome, Jan. 19, 1870. You will have heard from others of our misfortunes at Pisa, of Mother’s terrible illness, and my wearing pains, and in the midst of all this our awful floods, the Arno bursting its banks and overwhelming the unhappy town with its mud-laden waves. I cannot describe to you the utter horror of those three days and nights — the rushing water (waves like the sea) lifting the carpets and dashing the large pieces of furniture into bits like so many chips, — the anxious night-watchings of the water stealthily advancing up step after step of the staircase, — the view from the upper corridor windows of the street with its rushing *tourbillon* of waters, carrying drowning animals, beds, cabinets, gates, &c. along in a hideous confusion; — from our windows of the garden one maze of waters afloat with chairs, tables, open boxes, china, and drowned creatures; — the sound of the falling walls heavily gliding into the water, and the cries of the drowning and their relations. And then, in the hotel, the life was so strange, the limited rations of food and of water from the washing jugs, and the necessity for rousing oneself to constant action, and far more than mere cheerfulness, in order to prevent the poor people of the hotel from sinking into absolute despair.

“When the real danger to life once subsided and the poor drowned people had been carried away to their graves, and the water had changed into mud, it was a strange existence, and we had still six weeks in the chilled house with its wet walls, and an impossibility of going out

or having change. However, there is a bright side to everything, and the utter isolation was not unpleasant to me. I got through no end of writing work, having plenty also to do in attending on my poor Mother; and you know how I can never sufficiently drink in the blessedness of her sweet companionship, and how entirely the very fact of her existence makes sunshine in my life, wherever it is.

"All the time of our incarceration I have employed in writing from the notes of our many Roman winters, which were saved in our luggage, and which have been our only material of employment. It seems as if 'Walks in Rome' would some day grow into a book. Mother thinks it presumptuous, but I assure her that though of course it will be full of faults, no book would ever be printed if perfection were waited for. And I really do know much more about the subject than most people, though of course not half as much as I ought to know.

"One day I was away at Florence, where I saw Lady Anne S. Giorgio and many other friends in a very short time. How bright and busy it looked after Pisa.

"Last week Pisa devoted itself, or rather its priests, to intense Madonna-worship, because, owing to her image, carved by St. Luke, the flood was no *worse*. Her seven petticoats, unremoved for years, were taken off one by one and exchanged for new, and this delicious event was celebrated by firing of cannon, processions, and illuminations all over the town. In the midst, the Arno displayed its disapproval by rising again violently and suddenly; the utmost consternation ensued; the population sat up, doors were walled up, the doll-worshippers were driven out of the cathedral (which lies very low) at the point of the bayonet by the Bersaglieri under General Bixio. To *us*, the great result of the fresh fright was, that the Mother suddenly rose from her bed, and declaring that she could not stay to endure another inundation, dressed, and we all set off last Wednesday morning, and arrived at midnight

after a prosperous journey, though the floods were certainly frightful up to the very walls of Rome.

"Oh, how glad we were to get here — to feel that after all the troubles of the last few months we were safe in the beloved, the homelike city. It is now only that I realise what a time of tension our stay at Pisa has been. We breathe quietly. Even the calm placid Mother feels the relief of not having to start up at every sound and wonder whether 'l' Arno è sbordato.'

"I always feel as if a special Providence watched over us in respect of lodgings. It has certainly been so this time, as we could never have hoped, arriving so late, to obtain this charming apartment, with full sun, glorious view, and all else we can wish. You can fancy us, with all our own pictures and books, the Mother in her chair, the son at his drawing-table, and Lea coming in and out.

"But on Friday we had a terrible catastrophe. In the evening at the hotel the poor Mother fell violently upon her head on the hard stone floor and was dreadfully hurt. You will imagine my terror, having gone out at 8 P. M., to find every one in confusion on my return, that Dr. Winslow had been sent for, and that I had been searched for everywhere. For some hours the Mother was quite unconscious, and she can still see nothing, and I am afraid it will be some days before any sight is restored; but all is going on well, and I am most thankful to have been able to move her to her own house.

"Do you know, I am going to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world this winter and not 'go out' at all. I have often found that it has rather fatigued Mother even to *hear* of my going out, and it is far easier to give a thing up altogether than partially. In the daytime I can see people. My American friend Robert Peabody is here, and the most delightful companion, and there are endless young men artists, quite a colony, and of the pleasantest description.

"The weather is very fine, but very cold. I went to-day to St. Peter's (il Giorno della Scatola), and the procession was certainly magnificent. The Bishop who attracts most attention is Monsignor Dupanloup of Orleans, who at first displayed great courage in opposing the Infallibility doctrine, but is allowing his opposition to be swamped. Many of the Bishops are most extraordinary — such a variety of forms and colours in costume, blue and violet veils, green robes and hats, and black caps with gold knobs like the little Shems and Hams in Noah's Ark. But the central figure of Pius IX. looks more than ever solemn and impressive, the *man* so lost in his intense feeling of the *office*, that it is impossible to associate him, mentally, with the Council and its blasphemies. Of the Council itself we hear nothing, and there is little general interest about it. Lord Houghton asked Manning what had been going on: he answered, 'Well, we meet, and we look at one another, and then we talk a little, but when we want to know what we have been doing, we read the *Times*.'"

To MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Jan. 31.* We have had another anxious week, though once more all is going on well. On Monday the Mother was well enough to see visitors, but that night was in terrible suffering, and the next day had a slight paralytic seizure . . . followed by long unconsciousness; but it was all accounted for the next morning when we found the roof white with snow. She continued in great suffering till Friday, when the weather suddenly changed to *sciocco*, and she at once rallied. That day I was able to have my lecture on the Quirinal and Viminal — all new ground. There was a large gathering in spite of weather, so many people had asked to come. I have yielded to the general wish of the party in arranging weekly meetings at 10 A.M., but it makes me feel terribly ignorant, and

—in the intervals of tending Mother—I am at work all the week instructing myself upon the subject of my lecture.”

“*Feb. 19.* The Mother is still sadly weak, and always in an invalid state, yet she has not the serious symptoms of the winter you were here. She is seldom able to be



VIEW FROM THE VIA GREGORIANA.

dressed before twelve, and can do very, very little—to read a few verses or do a row of her crochet is the outside. I scarcely ever leave her, except for my lectures. I had one on the Island yesterday. The weather is splendid and our view an indescribable enjoyment, the town so picturesque in its blue morning indistinctness, and St. Peter's so grand against the golden sunsets. As usual, the Roman society is like the great net which was let down into the deep and brought up fish of every kind. . . . The Mother is quite happy and bright in spite of all her misfortunes, but we have had to feed her like a bird in her blindness. I wonder if you know the lines of Thomas Dekker (1601)—

“Patience! why, ’t is the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues, ’t is nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e’er wore earth about Him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.”

To MISS WRIGHT.

“*Rome, Feb. 27.* My life this winter has been one of constant watching and nursing; the Mother has been so very powerless and requires such constant care: but she is, oh! so sweet and patient *always*. You need not pity me for not going out; after the day’s anxiety I find the luxury of the evening’s rest so very great.

“My Friday lectures now take place regularly, and I hope they give pleasure, as they are certainly crowded. I am amused to see many ultra-Catholics come time after time, in spite of my Protestant anecdotes. How I wish the kind Aunt Sophy were here to share these excursions.”

On the 12th of March I spent a delightful afternoon with a young artist friend, Henry Florence, in the garden of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, drawing the gloriously rich vegetation and the old cypresses there. My Mother was tolerably well, and the air, the sunshine, and the beauty around were unspeakably enchanting. “I never saw *any one* enjoy things as you do,” said Florence, and I spoke of my thankfulness for having the power of putting away anxieties when they were not pressing, and of making the utmost of any present enjoyment, even though it be to “borrow joy at usury of pain.”¹ “Perhaps it may be the last day,” I said. It *was*. There is an old proverb which says, “The holidays of joy are the

¹ Monckton Milnes.

vigils of sorrow." That night my dearest mother had the terrible paralytic seizure which deprived her of the use of her left arm and side, and from which she never recovered.

To MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Rome, March 16, 1870.* My darling Mother is to-day in a happy peaceful state, no longer one of suffering, which is — oh! such rest to us. She is now able to articulate, so that I always, and others often, understand her. . . . I sleep close by upon the floor and never leave her. On Monday night we were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of Amabile, the maid from Pisa, who is quite a tower of strength to us — so kind, gentle, and strong. Mrs. Woodward comes and goes all day. Every one is kind and sympathising."

"*March 23.* Mother talks constantly of Albano and her great wish to be there amongst the flowers, but for many weeks, perhaps months. this must be impossible."

"*March 28.* It has been the same kind of week, alternately saddened by the strange phases of illness, or cheered by slight amendments; but Mother has had many sad nights, always worse than her days, without rest even for a minute. Her mind is only *too* clear. She will translate hymns, 'Abide with me,' &c., into Italian; the great difficulty is to keep it all in check. From 4 to 10 P. M. the nervous spasms in the paralysed arm are uncontrollable, and she can only endure them by holding tight to my arm or Lea's. All yesterday, however, I was away from her, tending poor young Sutherland, who has been dreadfully ill at the Hôtel de Londres of typhoid fever, and who is quite alone and helpless."

"*April 3.* The Mother goes on very slowly, but I hope has not had an unpleasant week. She never seems to find the time long, and always looks equally placid and happy. Physically she is certainly more comfortable now she is entirely in bed. Her chief trouble is from the returning vitality of the poor arm; the muscles knot all around it, and move on slowly by a quarter of an inch at a time, as the life advances: passing the shoulder was agony, and I dread the passing the elbow. Meantime, the rest of the arm is an independent being, acting by its independent muscular action, and is obliged to be constantly watched, as it will sometimes lay its heavy weight upon her chest, once clutched her by the throat and nearly strangled her, at others annoys her by stealing her pocket-handkerchiefs! She has been able to hear a psalm and some prayers read aloud every evening, and occupies herself with her own inexhaustible stores of mental hymns and verses incessantly. Mrs. Woodward's daily visit is one of her little pleasures, and she has also seen Mrs. Hall several times.

"My young cousin Edward Liddell¹ returned lately from Naples, and on Monday became very ill of fever, pronounced typhoid, and likely to become typhus and very infectious, so, as he had no one else to look after him, I have been nursing him ever since. It was so fortunate for me that Mother was really better at this time, or I do not know what we could have done, as though he had one good nurse, she was quite worn out, and there was no other to be procured. So now we take it in turns, four hours at a time, and I chiefly at night, when she goes home to her children. I am writing in the darkened room, where Edward lies powerless, with all his hair cut off and his head soaked in wet towels, almost unable to move, and unable to feed himself. I am sorry not to be able to go out while Marcus Hare is here, and he is much

¹ Eldest son of Colonel Augustus Liddell and grandson of my great-aunt Lady Ravensworth.

disappointed. He arrived suddenly from Naples and embraced me as if we were still children."

"*April 10.* My dear Mother is much the same. It has been a peaceful week with her, though there is no improvement. . . . The paralysed arm is quite useless, and has a separate and ungovernable individuality. This is why she can never be left alone. Its weight is like a log of lead, and sometimes it will throw itself upon her, when no efforts of her own can release her. Odd as it sounds, her only safe moments are when the obstreperous member is tied up by a long scarf to the post of Lea's bed opposite and cannot injure her. Mentally, she is always quiet and happy and I believe that she never feels her altered life a burden. She repeats constantly her hymns and verses, for which her memory is wonderful, but she has no longer any power of attention to reading and no consecutive ideas. All names of places and people she remembers perfectly. As Dr. Winslow says, some of the organs of the brain are clearer than ever, others are quite lost.

"As the fear of infection caused him to be left alone, I have been constantly nursing Edward Liddell. All last week his fever constantly increased, and he was so weak that he could only swallow drops of strong soup or milk, perpetually dropped into his mouth from a spoon. Had this been ever relinquished, the feeble flame of life must have become extinct. Last Monday morning I had gone home to rest, when the doctor hastily summoned me back, and I found new symptoms which indicated the most immediate danger; so then, on my own responsibility, I telegraphed for Colonel and Mrs. Augustus Liddell (his father and mother), and soon had the comfort of hearing that they were *en route*. That evening the alarming symptoms returned with such frightful vehemence that both nurse and doctor thought it impossible that he could survive the night. Then and for three nights after

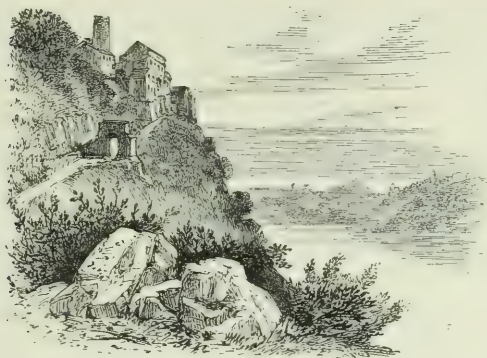
I never left Edward for a moment, bathing his head, feeding him, holding him, and expecting him every instant to die in my arms, and in the day only I returned to pay Mother visits. Anything like his sweetness, gentleness, thankfulness, I never saw in any one, and his perfect readiness for heaven made us feel that it was the less likely that his life would be given back to us; and you may imagine, though I had scarcely known him before, how very close a cousinly tie has been drawn in these hours of anguish. He received the Sacrament on Thursday. On Friday there was a very slight improvement, but more delirium. For four days and nights he lay under a vast poultice of snow, which had to be replenished as often as it melted, and *making* snow with a machine has been perhaps the most laborious part of my duties. Each night I have watched for the faint streak of dawn, wondering if he *could* live till morning, and feeling as if I were wrestling for his life. Yesterday morning, when I knew his parents were coming, it was quite an agony of suspense; but they arrived safe, and I was able to give him up *living* to his mother's care. I have had every day to write to Mrs. Fraser Tyler, to whose daughter Christina he had not been engaged a month, and of whom he has thought touchingly and incessantly.

"I am not much knocked up, but thankful even for myself that Mrs. Augustus Liddell is come, as my cough is so much increased by having to be so often out on the balcony at night, up to my elbows in the snow manufacturing. I do not think I could have held out much longer, and then I do not know what would have become of Edward."

"*April 17.* Last Sunday I had so much more cough, and was so much knocked up with my week's nursing, that kind Lady Marian Alford insisted on taking me early on Monday in her own carriage to Albano for change. It

was like travelling with the Queen, everything so luxurious, charming rooms, and perfect devotion everywhere to 'la gran donna da bene,' her personal charm affecting all classes equally.

"Lady Marian had a very pleasant party at Albano, Lord and Lady Bagot and their daughter, Mr. Story,¹ Miss Boyle,² Miss Hattie Hosmer,³ and Mr.⁴ and Lady Emily Russell. The first afternoon we drove along the



NEMI.⁵

lake to Lariccia, where we went all over the wonderful old Chigi palace, and then on to the Cesarini garden at Genzano, overhanging the lake of Nemi. The next morning we went to the Parco di Colonna and Marino, and then in a tremendous thunderstorm to Frascati, where we dined in the old Campana Palace, returning to Rome in the evening. I like Mr. Odo Russell and his simple

¹ William Story the sculptor and poet.

² Miss Mary Boyle, celebrated for her dramatic powers.

³ The sculptress.

⁴ Afterwards Ambassador at Berlin.

⁵ From "Days near Rome."

massive goodness extremely. I hear that Pius IX. says of him, 'Non è un buono cattolico, ma è un cattivissimo protestante.' Miss Hosmer had said to him, 'You're growing too fat: you ought to come out riding; it will do you no end of good;' to which he replied in his slow way, 'No, I cannot come out riding.' — 'And why not?' said Miss Hosmer. 'Don't you know,' he said, 'that I am very anxious to be made an ambassador as soon as possible, and, since that is the case, I must stay working at home.'

"I like midges, for they love Venice, and they love humanity,' said Miss Mary Boyle.

"On Wednesday, finding both my patients better, I acceded to Marcus's entreaties and went with him and some friends of his to Tivoli for the day. Most gloriously lovely was it looking! My companions scrambled round the waterfalls, whilst I sat and what Robert Peabody calls 'water-coloured' opposite the Cascatelle. In the evening we went to the Villa d'Este and saw the sun set upon the grand old palace through its dark frame of cypresses.

"This morning I went for the first time to see the bishops of the Council; rather a disappointing sight, though they are a fine set of old men. Some of the American costumes are magnificent.

"Monday is the end of Edward's twenty-one days' fever, and I am still very anxious for the result. As he says, I feel rather, since the arrival of his parents, like a hen who has nursed a duckling which has escaped but I go every day to look at him."

"April 30. It is no use worrying oneself about the journey yet. It must always be painful and anxious. On returning to America, Dr. Winslow's last words to me were, 'Remember, if she has *any* fright, *any* accident, *any* anxiety, there will be another seizure,' and in so long a journey this can scarcely be evaded. She must have more strength before we can think of it. Her own earnest wish

is to go to Albano first, but I dread those twelve miles extra. We always had this house till May 15, and hitherto there has been no heat.

“On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Mother was carried down by two women in her dressing-gown, wrapped round with shawls, to a little carriage at the door. They



TIVOLI.¹

were perfectly still sunny days, no bronchitis to be caught. The first day we only went round the Pincio, the second to the Parco di San Gregorio, the third to the Lateran and Santa Croce: she chose her own two favourite drives.”

JOURNAL.

“*May 3, 1870.* Walked with Miss J. Pole Carew and her governess from the Villa Albani to Sant’ Agnese to look for the blood-red lily, seven feet high, which smells

¹ From “Days near Rome.”

so terribly that no one is able to pick it. The governess (Miss Nicholson) said how the twisted palms carried in the Roman Catholic ceremonies seemed to her like a type of their faith. So much would be beautiful and impressive in the lives of the martyrs and the memories of the early Church, if, like the palms, so beautiful when they are first brought to Rome, they were not twisted and overladen, to the hiding and destruction of their original character."

To Miss LEYCESTER.

"*May 8.* Last Sunday we drove to the Villa Borghese, which is now in its fullest most luxuriant summer green. When we came back, the Tombola was taking place in the Piazza del Popolo, so that the gate was closed, and we had to go round by Porta Salara. The slight additional distance was too much for Mother, so that she has been unable to be up even in her chair for several days. This will show you how weak she is: how terrible the return journey is to look forward to.

"She certainly never seems to realise her helplessness, or to find out that she can no longer knit or do the many things she is accustomed to. . . . She likes hearing Job read, because of the analogy of sufferings, but she does not *at all* admire Job as a model of patience! Hymns are her delight, and indeed her chief occupation. She has great pleasure in the lovely flowers with which our poorer friends constantly supply us, especially in the beautiful roses and carnations of the faithful Maria de Bonis (the old photograph woman), who is as devoted as ever."

"*May 15.* The weather has been perfect. In all our foreign or home experience I do not recollect such weeks of hot sunshine, yet never oppressive; such a delicious bracing air always. The flowers are quite glorious, and our poor people — grateful as only Italians are — keep the sick-room constantly supplied with them.

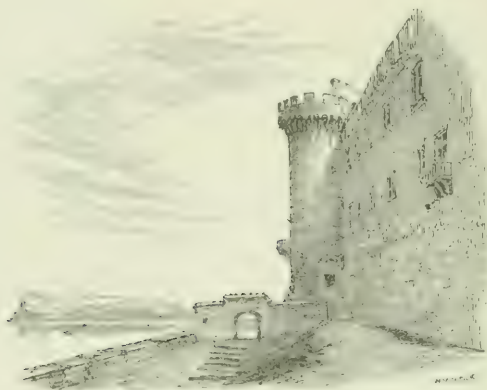
“But, alas! it has been a very sad week nevertheless, and if I once allowed myself to think of it, my heart would sink within me. My dearest Mother has been so very, *very* suffering; in fact, there have been very few hours free from acute pain, and, in spite of her sweet patience and her natural leaning towards only thanksgiving, her groans and wails have been most sad and the flesh indeed a burden. . . . You will easily imagine what it is to me to see this state of intense discomfort, and to be able to do nothing to relieve it; for I am quite convinced that nothing can be done, that medicine must be avoided as much as possible in her worn-out system, and that we must trust entirely to the effect of climate and to a returning power of taking nourishment. Dr. Grigor told her that it was a case of most suffering paralysis, usually producing such dreadful impatience that he wondered at her powers of self-control. But from my sweetest Mother, we never hear one word which is not of perfect patience and faith and thanksgiving, though her prayers aloud for patience are sometimes too touching for us to bear. She has not been out for ten days, as she has really had no strength to bear the lifting up and down stairs, and she has seen nobody except our dear Mrs. Woodward and Mary Stanley.”

TO MISS WRIGHT.

“*Rome, May 22, 1870.* The Mother can recover no power in her lost limbs, in which she has, nevertheless, acute pain. Yet, deprived of every employment and never free from suffering, life is to her one prolonged thanksgiving, and in the sunshine of her blessed state of outpouring gratitude for the silver linings of her clouds, it is not for her nurses to repine. In her case daily more true become the lines of Waller—

‘The soul’s dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.’

But when even her short excursions to the Pincio or Villa Borghese produce the most intense exhaustion, no stranger can imagine how we can dream of attempting the immense homeward journey. Still, knowing her wonderful power of will and what it *has* accomplished, I never think anything impossible, and all minor details of difficulty become easier when one has a fixed point of what must be. We shall at any rate try to reach Florence, and



BRACCIANO.¹

then, if she suffers seriously and further progress is quite impossible, we shall be on the way to Lucca or Siena. If we ever do reach Holmhurst, of course it will be for *life*, which makes the leaving this more than second home very sad to me.

"I have had many pleasant friends here this winter, especially the Pole Carews, who are a most charming family. Latterly also I have seen much of Mrs. Terry, who is a very interesting and delightful person. Since the world has drifted northwards, I have seen more of the few

¹ From "Days near Rome."

friends who remain, and with the Terrys have even accomplished a very old desire of going to Bracciano. It is a beautiful drive across the Campagna, and then comes the ascent into the steep old town, and under the many gates and fortalices of the castle, to a courtyard with painted loggias. Armed with an order from Princess Odescalchi, we went all over the rooms with their curious ugly old pictures and carving, and sat in the balconies looking down upon the beautiful transparent Bracciano lake, twenty miles in circumference, all the mountains reflected as in a mirror. Mrs. Terry is charming: after we had talked of sad subjects she said — ‘ But we have spoken enough of these things; now let us talk of butterflies and flowers.’ In spite of all other work, I have sold £75 worth of sketches this winter, chiefly old ones, so am nearly able to pay our rent.”

To MISS LEYCESTER.

“*Rome, May 26, 1870.* The Mother is better for the great heat, thermometer standing at 85°, but Rome always has such a fresh air that heat is never overpowering, and in our delightful apartments we never suffer, as we can have so much variety, and if Mother does not go out, she is moved to the balcony overhanging the little garden at the back, where she sits and has her tea under a vine-covered pergola. If we are permitted to reach Holmhurst, I fear *all* will not be benefit. I much dread the difficulty there will be in keeping Lea from being wholly engrossed again by household affairs, and I cannot see how Mother *could* do without her almost constant attendance, which she has now. Also, we shall greatly miss the large bedroom opening into a sitting-room, where I can pursue my avocations, able to be with her at the faintest call, and yet not quite close to the groans. . . . But all this is long, long looking forward: there seems such a gulf between us and England. . . . Yet we think of attempting the move next

week, and on Friday sent off six large boxes with the accumulations of many years, retaining also a list of what must be sent back if we never reach England.

"The Signorina and Samuccia, Clementina and Louisa, Rosina and Madame da Monaca, have all been to say good-bye, and all kiss Mother with tears on taking leave, overcome by her helpless state and sweet look of patience."



GRAVE OF AUGUSTUS W. HARE, ROME.

"*May 29.* Emmie Penrhyn's letter was an especial pleasure to the Mother, and what she said of the centurion's servant, grievously 'tormented.' Certainly *she* is grievously tormented. The pain really never ceases, and the individual motion of the helpless arm is terrible. . . . I think with misery of the disappointment the return to Holmhurst will be to her. She cannot realise that it will not be, as it has always been, the home of her *well* months, talks of how she shall 'frolic out into the garden,' &c. I feel if we ever reach it, it is going, not to England, but to Holmhurst for *life*. . . . We have been to the cemetery

under Caius Cestius, and the sentinel allowed her little carriage to pass across the turf, so that she was able to look once more upon the well-known grave, embosomed in its roses and aloes. Yesterday we went to take leave of the old Miss Haigs at their beautiful villa. The three old ladies embraced Mother, and presented her, like three good fairies, one with roses, another with geraniums, and the third with two ripe strawberries."

"*Florence, June 1.* Monday was a terribly fatiguing day, but Mother remained in bed, and was very composed, only anxious that nothing should occur to prevent our departure, and to prove to us that she was well enough. At five Mrs. Woodward came and sat by her whilst Lea and I were occupied with last preparations. At 7 P. M. Mother was carried down and went off in a little low carriage with Mrs. Woodward and Lea, and I followed in a large carriage with Miss Finucane and the luggage. There was quite a collection of our poorer friends to see Mother off and kiss hands. At the railway the faithful Maria de Bonis was waiting, and she and Mrs. Woodward stayed with Mother and saw her carried straight through to the railway *coupé* which was secured for us. We felt deeply taking leave of the kindest of friends, who has been such a comfort and blessing to us, certainly, next to you, the chief support of Mother's later years. 'Oh, *how* beautiful it will be when the gates which are now ajar are quite open!' were her last words to Mother.

"The carriage was most comfortable. . . . Mother slept a little, and though she wailed occasionally, was certainly no worse than on ordinary nights. The dawn was lovely over the rich Tuscan valleys, so bright with corn and vines, tall cypresses, and high villa roofs. She was carried straight through to a carriage, and soon reached the succursale of the Alleanza, where the people know us and are most kind. In the afternoon she slept, and I drove

up to Fiesole, where I had not been for twelve years, with Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, American friends."

"*Bologna, June 5.* I fear, after my last, you will be grievously disappointed to hear of us as no farther on our way. We can, however, only tell from hour to hour how

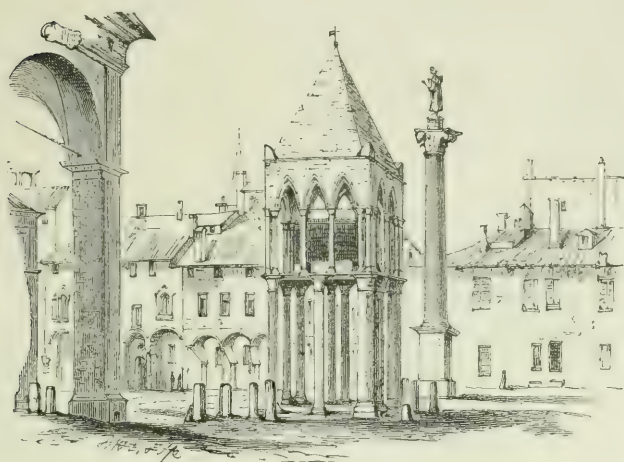


FROM THE LOGGIA DEI LANZI.¹

soon we may be able to get on, and I find it entirely useless to make plans of any kind, as we are sure not to be able to keep them. On Tuesday a great thunderstorm prevented our leaving Florence, and on Wednesday and Thursday Mother was in such terrible suffering that it was impossible to think of it. On Friday evening there was a rally, and we came on at once, Mrs. Dallas helping us through the difficulties of the Florence Station, and Mr. and Mrs. Cummings following us here. I think I mentioned that Dr. Grigor said travelling at night, when there was no sun, was the only chance of her reaching England

¹ From "Florence."

alive. Mother begs I will tell Charlotte that ‘No words can describe her sufferings or my anxieties, but that she has been brought through wonderfully hitherto, and that she still hopes to reach England — *in time.*’ ”



PIAZZA S. DOMENICO, BOLOGNA.¹

JOURNAL.

“*Bologna, June 5.* Mr. Cummings says the great Church of S. Petronio here reminds him of the great Church universal — so vast the space, and so many chapels branching off, all so widely divided that in each a separate sermon and doctrine might be preached without distressing its neighbour, while yet all meet in the centre in one common whole, the common Church of Christ.

“An old American lady in the train had passed a summer at Vallombrosa. She said it was a place where to live was *life* and where one could be happy when one was *unhappy.*”

¹ From “Northern Italy.”

To MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Susa, June 8, 1870.* The Mother continued in a most terribly suffering state all the time we were at Bologna — agonies of pain which gave no rest. Yesterday afternoon it was so intense that she implored me to try the railway as a counter-irritant, and we set off at half-past ten at night. But the train shook fearfully, and the journey was absolute torture to her. We have never had such a painful time. Lea and I were obliged to sit on the floor by turns, holding the poor hand, and trying to animate her courage to bear up, but her cries were terrible. We reached Turin at 5 A. M., where, in spite of all promises to the contrary, she had to be carried all round the station; but fortunately for the next hour the train was easier and she suffered less. She was carried by two men out of the station, and down the wet muddy road here, where she has a good room, and soon fell asleep from exhaustion. We arrived at 6.30 A. M., and shall stay till to-morrow morning. Her state is certainly one of incomparably more suffering than at Rome, and she feels the change of climate dreadfully."

"*Aix-les-Bains, June 9.* Last night, to my great relief, Colonel and Mrs. Cracroft and Miss Wilson arrived at Susa, and were the greatest possible help to us. We had obtained a *permesso* for the Mother to be taken straight through to the Fell railway carriage, and her little procession started at 7 A. M., and she was carried from her bed to her seat in the railway. The Cracrofts sat all around us in the carriage, which was much better than strangers, and Miss Wilson was most kind in keeping her hands bathed with eau de Cologne, &c. She suffered much for the first two hours, but the train was wonderfully smooth and easy, so that really the dreaded Mont Cenis was the least distressing part of the journey. About the middle of the pass she revived a little, and noticed the flowers, which

were lovely — such gentianellas, auriculas, large golden lilies, &c. At S. Michel she bore the being carried about tolerably, so we were able to come on here, and arrived about four. Mother desires I will say to Charlotte, ‘Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.’”

“*Macon, June 12.* No farther on our way than this. Mother was rather less suffering on Friday, and she bore the move from Aix and the dreaded change at Culoz better than we expected, but in the latter part of our four hours’ journey she was fearfully exhausted, and arrived here (at the hotel looking out on the Saone and the wide-stretching poplar plains) in a sad state. . . . It is impossible to move on yet.

“Yesterday, while she was sleeping, I drove to Cluny, the queen of French abbeys. A great deal is left, and it is a most interesting and beautiful place. I also saw Lamartine’s little château of Monceaux, described in his ‘Confidences.’ All his things and his library were being sold under the chestnut-trees in front of the house. I just came up in time to buy the old apple-green silk quilt¹ from the bed of his saint-like mother, described in ‘Le Manuscrit de ma Mère.’”

Montbard, June 13. Mother was so anxious to attempt coming on, that we left Macon at half-past eleven to-day, arriving here at four. To our dismay, when she had been taken out of the carriage and laid flat upon the platform, and the train had gone off, we found the station hotel closed. However, she was well carried on a chair down a lane to the so-called Hôtel de la Poste — an old-fashioned farm-house in a garden of roses; everything clean, pretty, and quaint; no sound but cocks and hens crowing and cackling; delicious farm-house bread, butter, and milk. Montbard is the place where Buffon lived in a very pictu-

¹ Now at Holmhurst.

resque old château and gardens. Mother seems revived by the intense quiet and fresh country air. The old landlord and his wife are quite pictures — such clever, kind old faces, reminding one of La Sarte in ‘*Citoyenne Jacqueline*.’ ”

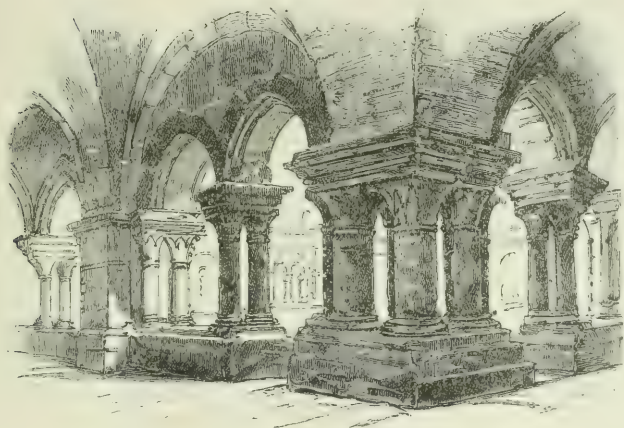
CLUNY.¹

“*Paris, June 14.* This morning was like a respite! Mother lay so quiet that I was actually able to draw as in the old days, which now seem in the far distance; and I took a little carriage to the lovely cloistered château of Fontenay, which I had long wished to see, and where I had luncheon with the charming owner, Madame de Montgolfier, and her two sons, people who own immense factories in the valley and devote their whole lives to the good of their workpeople. On my return I found Mother so far better that we could prepare her for the one o’clock express. She had a bath-chair to the station, and bore it

¹ From “*South-Eastern France*.”

well; but she was terribly tried by the five hours' journey, and being very ill carried at Paris, arrived at the hotel utterly prostrated. We *hope* to go on to-morrow, but all is most uncertain."

"*Dover Station, June 16.* We are here, with intense thankfulness. Mother looked so ill and aged this morn-



CLOISTER OF FONTENAY.¹

ing we did not hope to move her, but she had a sudden rally in the middle of the day, so at 6 P. M. we were able to prepare her, and had her carried through the station to a carriage before the mob of people came. . . . We dreaded arriving at Calais, but she was carried in an arm-chair to the steamer, which was fortunately at the near quay and no steps. Of course our little procession was the last to arrive and every place was taken; but Miss

¹ From "South-Eastern France."

Charlotte Cushman,¹ who had comfortably established herself in the cabin, with a calm dignity which is irresistible, at once directed the men to put Mother down in her place, and went up on deck.

"The sea was like glass — lovely moonlight and sunrise, and we seemed to be at Dover before we left Calais. A sailor carried Mother in his arms to the railway carriage, in which we were allowed to go as far as the station platform, and here we are. A porter has fetched cups of tea, and we have four hours to wait.

"We shall be glad of a visit from you as early as you like to come next week. I should not like you to defer coming long, as, though I have no *special* cause for apprehension, still in Mother's critical state every day is precious. You will find her terribly altered in all respects, though the mind and memory are quite clear *at the moment*. None of her doctors give any hope whatever of amendment; but you will understand the position much better when you see it, only I am anxious that you should help me to face what is inevitable, instead of striving after what cannot be. Let us seek to alleviate suffering, not struggle after an impossible cure which may hasten the end."

To Miss Wright.

"*Holmhuurst, June 17.* I know you will truly rejoice with and *for* us that we have arrived in safety, and that my poor suffering Mother has her great wish of seeing her little home once more. You will imagine what the journey has been, as she is now utterly helpless, nearly blind, and never free from acute suffering in the spine and arm, which is often agony. At Rome it was generally thought quite impossible that she could survive the journey, and nothing but her faith and patience, and her self-control, have enabled us to get through it. We never could make

¹ The well-known and admirable American actress.

a plan, but just seized the happy moment when she was a shade better, and at once pushed on a step. She was, of course, carried everywhere, and people were wonderfully kind; we had always somebody to go with us and smooth the difficulties of the railway stations — either old friends or people who were at my lectures at Rome and met us accidentally.

“When we arrived, all the old servants were terribly overcome to see their beloved mistress carried in so changed and helpless. She is still very ill, but unspeakably thankful to be here, and to feel that the journey is done. My life is, and must continue to be, one of constant watching.”

“*July 21.* Our letters are now our only intercourse with the world beyond the gates of Holmhurst, which I never leave; but indeed I can seldom leave the house before 8 P. M., when I walk round the fields while Mother is prepared for the night. Though it is now the only thing I ever think of, it is very difficult to occupy and cheer her days, for she cannot bear any consecutive reading. Sometimes I read, and tell her what I have read as a kind of story. She is seldom up before 3 P. M., and then is carried down to the lawn in her dressing-gown, and up again at four, when she is sometimes able to look at a book for a few minutes. That which is oftenest in her hand is the little ‘Invalid’s Friend’ which you gave her, and she desires me to tell you how often she finds comfort in it. . . . For the last fortnight we have been entirely alone, which has been really best for her, as, though she has enjoyed seeing those she loved, each *departure* has made her worse.

“I write much at my ‘Walks in Rome’ in her room, and my ancient history is so imperfect I have plenty to study, which acts as a sort of mental tonic.”

From my JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*June 26.* My darling often *talks* to me in her hymns. To-night, when I left her, she said with her lovely sweetness, 'Good-night, darling.

"Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven your morn will bless."

" 'I never wish to leave you,' she said the other day. 'I never wish for death; always remember that. I should like to stay with you as long as I can.' And another day, 'I must call you "my daughter-son," as Mrs. Colquhoun did hers: as long as I have you, I suppose I can bear anything: but if you were taken away, or if I had never had you, my life would be indeed desolate: I could not have lived on. . . . I try so not to groan when you are here, you must not grudge me a few groans when you are out of the room.' "

"*July 18.* 'I had such a sweet dream of your Aunt Lucy last night. I thought we were together again, and I said, "How I do miss you!" and she said she was near me. I suppose I had been thinking of —

"Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thine escort through the shade."

I think perhaps I had been thinking of that. Dear Aunt Lucy, how she would have grieved to see me now! "

"*July 19.* 'Yes, I know the psalms; many in your Uncle Julius's version too. Many a time it keeps me quiet for hours to know and repeat them. I should never have got through my journey if I had not had so many to repeat and to still the impatience.' "

To Miss Wright.

"*Holmbeurst, July 31, 1870.* I continue to work on steadily at my book in the sick-room. I have just got

Murray's Roman Handbook, and am amazed to see how much better it is than I expected; but I am glad I have not seen it before, as, though I have already given even all his newest information, I have told it so *oddly* differently.

"The sweet Mother continues much the same. She is carried out each fine afternoon to sit for an hour near the weeping ash-tree on the lawn, and enjoys the sunshine and flowers. . . . In this quiet garden, and never going beyond the gates, everything seems very *far* off, and I am beginning to have quite a sympathy with the hermits, and to wonder the race does not continue: it is certainly more reasonable than that of the monks. A great peace seems to have fallen upon us. As I see my helpless Mother's quiet happiness, and share it, I think of Richard Crashaw's lines —

" 'How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy she who has the art
To awake them
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in her heart.' "

From my JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"*August* 8. It is inexpressibly touching to me how Mother now seems to have an insight into my past feelings which she never had before, and to understand and sympathise with childish sufferings which she never perceived at the time, or from which she would have turned aside if she had perceived them. To-day, after her dinner, she said most touchingly, watching till every one went away and calling me close to her pillow — 'I want to make my confession to you, darling. I often feel I have never been half tender enough to you. I feel it now, and

I should like you to know it. You are such a comfort and blessing, to me, dearest, and I thought perhaps I might die suddenly, and never have told you so. I cannot bear your being tied here, and yet I do not know how I could do without you, you are so great a blessing to me.

"And oh! in the desolate future what a comfort these few words will contain! But I said — 'No, darling, I am not tied: you know it is just what I like. I know you could not do without me, but then I could not do without you, so it is just the same for both of us.'"

"*August 26.* To-day is the anniversary of my adoption, what Mother used to call my Hurstmonceaux birthday. She remembered it when I went to her, and said touchingly — 'God be thanked for having given me my child, for having preserved him, for having strengthened him. May he live to His glory, and may I die to His praise. . . . Pray that He may forgive the past, watch over the present, and guide the future.' Later she said — 'It is very seldom that a woman's future is settled at thirty-five, as mine was. I was not only a widow, but my adopting a child showed to all the world that I should never marry again. . . . I can only make a meditation,' she said; 'I have no strength to make a prayer. . . . I have long been obliged to pray in snatches — in moments. . . . I am so glad that I know so many psalms, hymns, and collects; they are such a comfort to me now. I could think of nothing more, but these I dwell upon. . . . Sometimes when I can think of nothing else I take the Lord's Prayer, and lie still to make a meditation upon each separate clause.' When I left her at night she said fervently — 'Good-night, my own dear love, my blessing: may I be your blessing, as you are mine.'"

In our quiet life, the news of the war in France, the siege of Paris, &c., reached us like far-off

echoes. My mother cared little to hear of it, but shared with me in anxiety as to the fate of the excellent people we had so lately left at Montbard and Fontenay, which were overrun by the Prussians. On September 8 the Empress Eugénie took refuge at Hastings, and two days after walked up the hill past our gate. She was joined at Hastings by the Prince Imperial. I little thought then that I should afterwards know him so well.

JOURNAL.

“*Sept.* 10, 1870. Lea has just been saying, ‘ You may go and count the trees to-day, for I’ve nothing for you for dinner. The butcher’s never been, good-for-nothing fellow! he’s gone gawking after that Empress, I’ll be bound.’ ”

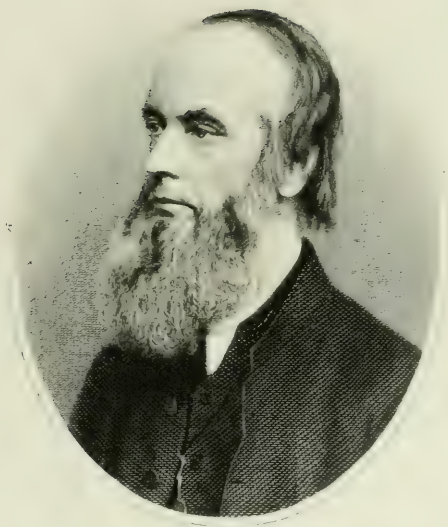
Almost all my Mother’s nieces and many old friends came to see her in the summer, generally staying only two or three days, but her dear cousin, Charlotte Leycester, came for the whole of September. While she was here at Holmhurst I was persuaded to go away for two days, and went to see Dean Alford at his cottage of Vine’s Gate in the Kentish Hills. He was more charming than ever, and more eccentric, never wearing stockings, and shoes only when he went out. I was miserable, in my short absence, with anxiety, which cost me far more than the refreshment of change could replace; but I was led to go to see the Dean by one of those strange presentiments for which I have never been able to account. It was my last sight of this dear friend, with whom I have been more really intimate

than with perhaps any one else, in spite of the great difference of age and position. Dean Alford died in the following winter, but it was at a time when, in my own intense desolation, all minor sorrows fell dumb and dead. But his grave, in St. Martin's Churchyard at Canterbury, is always a very sacred spot to me.



ST. MARTIN'S, CANTERBURY.

I must record a visit which we received soon after my return home, as it led to a friendship which was one of the great pleasures of many following years. One morning, as I was sitting in my Mother's room as usual, a card with "Mrs. Grove, Oakhurst," was brought up to me, and, as I opened the drawing-room door, I saw an old lady with the very sweetest and dearest face I ever set eyes upon, in a primitive-looking hat and apron, and with a basket on her



Henry Wilson

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arm, and I fell in love with her at once. She came often afterwards to see my Mother, who greatly appreciated her; and after my Mother's sweet life passed away, it is difficult to say how much of my home interest was associated with Oakhurst, with the ready sympathy and old-fashioned knowledge of this dear Mrs. Grove, and with her daughter, Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, and her two grand-daughters, now Mrs. Spencer Smith and Mrs. Hamilton Seymour. Alas! as I write this,¹ the dear Mrs. Grove, in her great age, is herself rapidly fading heavenwards—but so gently, so surrounded by the love which her own loving-kindness has called forth, that death is indeed coming as a friend, gently and tenderly leading her into the visible presence of the Saviour, in whose invisible presence she has so long lived and served.

JOURNAL (The Green Book).

“*Holmhurst, Oct. 20, 1870.* Mother said to-day, ‘I always think that walking through the Roman picture-galleries is like walking through the Old and New Testament with the blessed company of apostles and martyrs beside one. . . . I am so fond of that prayer “for all sorts and conditions of men,” not only for my invalid state, but it is *all* so appropriate to the present time—the petition for peace and unity, &c.’”

“*Oct. 23, Sunday.* ‘Alas! another Sunday in bed,’ said Mother this morning.

“‘But, darling, you need not regret it; all the days are Sundays to you.’

“‘Yes; but to-day I woke early, and have said all my little Sunday hymns and psalms.’

¹ In April, 1880.

"Truly with her, 'Les prières de la nuit font la sérénité du jour.'"¹

"Oct. 26. 'My dear child is never cross to me, *never*; and always appears just at the very moment I want anything.'"

To Miss Wright.

"*Holmhurst, Oct. 28, 1870.* I am so glad you have been here, and can fancy our perfectly quiet, eventless life, the coming and going in the Mother's sick-room, and her gentle happiness in all the little pleasures which are spared to her. Since you were here she has been not so well, from the wet and cold, I suppose, the sight dimmer and the other powers weaker; but the symptoms are ever varying, and, when it is thus, I almost never leave her — watch her sleeping and try to amuse her waking.

"To-day my absent hour was sadly engaged in attending the funeral of my dear old friend, Mrs. Dixon,² who died quite peacefully last Saturday, a long illness ending in two days of merciful unconsciousness. She was buried at Ore, in Emma Simpkinson's grave. Many deeply mourn her, for few were more sincere and cordial, more affectionate and sympathising."

JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"Nov. 1, 1870. My darling has had two months of comparative freedom from pain, with many hours of real pleasure, in which she was often carried down and sat out in her bath-chair amongst the flower-beds in the sunshine. Sitting under the ash-tree shade, she has been able to see many friends — Mrs. Wagner, Mrs. Grove, old Mrs. Vansittart Neale at ninety, and Lady Waldegrave. Char-

¹ Diderot, "Sarrasins."

² Eldest sister of my old Harrow master, and of Emma Simpkinson, often mentioned in these Memoirs. In my childhood she lived at Hurstmonceaux.

lotte Leycester was here for six weeks, and the Mother was then so far better that it was a great source of enjoyment to both the cousins. Since then she has ailed more frequently, and has had occasional recurrence of the old pain in her arm. I have sat constantly writing in her room, laying aside 'Walks in Rome' for a time, and devoting myself to writing the Family Memorials. For the dear Mother has wished me to continue the work she began long ago of writing the life of Augustus and Julius Hare. I represented that, as one of these died before I was born, and I had never appreciated the other as she had done, it would be impossible for me to do this, unless she would permit me to make her, who had been the sunshine of my own life, the central figure of the picture. At first she laughed at the idea, but, after a day or two, she said that, as, with the sole exception of Charlotte Leycester, all who had shared her earlier life had passed away, she could not oppose my wish that the simple experience of her own life, and God's guidance in her case, might, if I thought it could be so, be made useful for others. And, as she has accustomed herself to this thought, she has lately taken real pleasure in it. She laughs at what she calls my 'building her mausoleum in her lifetime,' but has almost grown, I think, to look upon her own life and her own experience as if it were that of another in whom she was interested, and to read it and hear it in the same way. She has given me many journals and letters of various kinds which I might use, and has directed the arrangement of others. I have already written the two earliest chapters of her married life, and read most of them to her, but she stopped me at last, saying that they interested her too deeply. She frequently asks now — 'Are you writing the Memorials, or only "Walks in Rome"?' and it is a proof how clear her understanding still is, that some weeks ago she wisely directed me, if the work was ever carried out, to evade all wearying discus-

sion by consulting no one, and that I should on no account show it to any one of the family, especially the Stanleys, till it was finished, when they might judge of it as a *whole*.

"Sometimes the dear Mother has herself been able to write some of her 'Ricordi,' as she calls them, and, with her trembling hand, has filled a whole little volume with the recollections of her youth, but this has often been too much for her. . . . After her tea at four o'clock, I have generally read some story to her till she has gone to bed, and after that a chapter and some hymns. There is a passage in one of George Eliot's autobiographical sonnets, in which, referring to her mother, she speaks of 'the benediction of her gaze;' how often have I experienced this!"

"*Nov.* 4. Last night I read to the Mother Luke xvii. and a hymn on 'Rest' which she asked for. When I was going to wish her good-night she said — 'I do hope, darling, I am not like the ungrateful lepers. I try to be always praising God, but I know that I can never praise Him enough for His many, many mercies to me.' I could not but feel, in the alarm afterwards, if my dearest Mother never spoke to me again, what beautiful last words those would have been, and how characteristic of her. Oh, goodness in life brings us near to God: not death! not death!"

"At 2 P.M. I was awakened by the dreadful sound which has haunted me ever since the night of March 12 in the Via Gregoriana — of Lea rushing along the passage and flinging open the door — 'Come directly' — no time for more words — and of running through the dark gallery and finding the terrible change — another paralytic seizure — calling up John and sending him off to Battle for the doctor, and kneeling by the bedside, consoling her if possibly conscious, and watching for the faint dawn of visible life, that the first words might be tender ones, the first look one of love, . . . and it was so — that my darling's

first words were something tender, indefinite, but spoken to me. The entire unconsciousness was not long. When the doctor arrived the face was almost natural, but he saw that it had been a regular seizure. By 8 A. M. she was nearly herself again, and anxious to know what could have happened. She had been frightened by seeing the doctor. She appeared to have no pain, and there is no additional injury to the powers. To-day has been a constant watching, rather a warding off from her of any possible excitement than anything else. . . . In all the anguish of anxiety, I cannot be thankful enough for what we have, especially the freedom from pain."

"*Nov. 9.* No great change — a happy painless state, the mind very feeble, its power gone, but peaceful, loving, full of patience, faith, and thankfulness."

"*Nov. 16.* And since I wrote last, the great, the most unutterable desolation, so long looked for, so often warded off, has come upon me. Oh! while they can still be attained, let me gather up the precious fragments that remain.

"On Thursday the 10th my darling was much better, though her mind was a little feeble. I felt then, as I feel a thousand times now, how extraordinary people were who spoke of the trial my darling's mental feebleness would be to me. It only endeared her to me a thousandfold — her gentle confidence, her sweet clinging to me to supply the words and ideas which no longer came unsought, made her only more unspeakably lovable. On that day I remember that my darling mentioned several times that she heard beautiful music. This made no impression on me *then*.

"Friday the 11th, I sat, as usual, all morning in her room correcting my book. I forget whether it was that morning or the next that my darling on waking from sleep

said that she had had such a pleasant dream of her childhood and Adderley and 'old Lady Corbet,' who first taught her to 'love what was beautiful.'¹ At 2 P. M. Mother was up, and sat in her arm-chair by the fire. She was partly dressed, and wore her pretty old-fashioned cap with the strings tied in a bow on the top of the head, and a little red cloak which Miss Wright had given her: I remember thinking she looked so pretty, and telling her so. I was out at first, while she wrote a little letter to Fanny Tatton,² and talked to Lea about the texts she had been reading. At four, she had her tea, and then I sat at her feet, and my darling talked most sweetly about all the places she had admired most in her life — of Llangollen in her childhood, and of Capel Curig, of her visit to Rhianva, and of many places abroad, Narni with its woods and river, and more especially Villar in the Vaudois, of which I had been making a drawing, which she had desired to have set up that she might look at it. Then she asked to have one of her old journals read, and I read one of Rome, and she spoke of how much happiness, how many blessings, she had connected with Rome also, though much of suffering. She was especially bright and sunny. I remember saying to her playfully, 'Take a little notice of me, darling; you do not take enough notice of me,' and her stroking my head and saying, 'You dear child,' and laughing.

"At six o'clock my sweetest one was put to bed.

"Afterwards I read to her a chapter in St. Luke — 'Let this cup pass from me,' &c., and sat in her room till half-past nine. When I went downstairs I kissed her and said,

¹ "When the thoughts of youth return, fresh as the scent of new-gathered blossoms, to the tired old age which has so long forgotten them, the coming of Death is seldom very distant." — OUIDA, "*In Marremma*."

² A much-loved cousin and friend; her mother was a Grey, and my Mother's first cousin.

‘Have a good *good* night, darling.’ I cannot recollect that she spoke, but I remember looking back as I opened the door, and seeing my sweet Mother lying on her side as she always did, and her dear eyes following me with a more than usually tender expression as I left the room.

“I have often thought since of a sentence in Carlyle’s ‘Life of Sterling’—‘Softly, as a common evening, the last of our evenings passed away, and no other would come to me for evermore.’

“When I went upstairs again at half-past ten, I went, as I always did, to listen at her door, and, hearing a noise, went in. Terrible illness had come on and continued for hours. . . . The next thirty-six hours I never left her for an instant, and they all seem to me like one long terrible night. I remember very little distinctly, but at eight on Saturday morning she was certainly much better. The doctor came at ten, and she was able to speak to him. He looked very grave over the lowness of her pulse, but she continued better for some hours, and slept a great deal in the afternoon. Towards evening I thought her not so well, though the doctor, who came at half-past nine, considered her state much less anxious. I was then possessed with the feeling that our parting was very near. Lea also called me downstairs to hear the extraordinary sound that was going on. It was indeed strange. It was as if hundreds of thousands of crickets were all chirping together. They appeared everywhere in swarms on the hearths downstairs. The noise was so great that I felt if it continued we should be driven out of the place: it was quite deafening; but they only came that night, they never were heard before, and the next day they had totally disappeared.¹ I persuaded Lea to lie down on her bed,

¹ This is said often to happen in case of a death. At Holmhurst it was most remarkable. They never appeared after that night till the night of October 18, 1882, when my dear old nurse was dying. I have been laughed at for narrating this, but the noise of crickets at a death

where she soon fell asleep. All through the night I sat by my darling on the pillow. I think the last thing she said was that the other arm, the well arm, pained her very much, and we feared paralysis, but more pressing symptoms diverted attention. At half-past one I called Lea again. I shall never know in this world whether my Mother was really conscious, if she even knew anything either of her own great physical suffering, or of what passed that night. I believe God helped me to say and do all she would have wished. Each hour I was more sure of what was coming. Towards dawn, kneeling on the bed, I said some of the short prayers in the Visitation of the Sick, but she was then fading rapidly, and at last I repeated the hymn, 'How bright those glorious spirits shine,' which we had always agreed was never to be used except as the solemn sign that our parting was surely come. I am not sure if my darling knew that she was dying before: I am sure, if she could still hear, that she knew it then. I am sure that she was conscious at the end and that she speechlessly took leave of us. Her expression was calm and serene, but very grave, as if she realised for the first time that I might not travel with her into the solitude she was entering. It was about a quarter of an hour before the end that all suffering ceased, her paralysed side seemed to become quite well; the lame hand, which had been so tightly clenched since the 13th of March, unfolded then upon the 13th of November, and gently met the other in prayer. The eyes were closing, but opened once more — as a look — a look of youth and radiance, stole over the beloved features at the last, when there was no struggle, only just a gentle sigh or two. Lea, who was leaning over the bed on the other side, held her spectacles to the mouth. There was no breath. I could scarcely believe that she was gone. I still held her

is spoken of in Ecclesiastes xii. 5 — "And the grasshopper shall be a burden, *because man goeth to his long home.*"

in my arms. But oh! in my unutterable desolation I could give God thanks that the end was like this. The first stroke of the church-bell sounded as she passed into the real life.

“When the sweet eyes closed and the dear face lost its last shadow of colour, I kissed my own Mother for the last time and came away. The first snow-flakes of winter were falling then. They do not signify now: no snow or cold can ever signify any more.

“But oh! the agony, the anguish!

“And since then her precious earthly form has been lying, with her hands folded on her breast as if she were praying — the dear lame hand quite well *now*. The room is draped with white and filled with flowers. Two large white camellias stand at the head of the bed and overshadow her pillow, and on the table, draped with white, are her own particular objects, her bronze wolf, her little gold tray with her spectacles, smelling-bottle, &c., and all her special hymn-books. At first when I went in, in my great agony, I did not draw down the sheet. But now I draw it down and look at my dearest one. There is a look of unearthly serene repose upon the worn features, which is almost too beautiful.

“‘Days without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, satiety without envyings, communication of joys without lessening, and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.’¹

“But yet — oh my darling! my darling!”

To MISS LEYCESTER.

“*Sunday morning, Nov. 13.* My darling Mother has entered into the real life.

“She grew gradually weaker hour by hour, and I think

¹ Jeremy Taylor.

she suffered less. She knew me always, and liked to keep her eyes constantly fixed upon me, but she could not speak. At half-past nine, she seemed sinking, and I repeated over to her, as she desired me to do when she was dying, the hymn 'How bright those glorious spirits shine.' I think she heard it. . . . Soon after she opened her eyes and gave me a long, long look of her own perfect lovingness, then turned to Lea, to me again, and we heard a few gentle sighs. I had just time to ring the bell close to my hand as I sat on the pillow, and as John and Harriet¹ (who had been waiting in the passage) passed sobbing into the room and stood at the foot of the bed, my sweet darling gently breathed her last in my arms, once more — quite at the last — opening her eyes, with a look of perfect bliss, as if gazing at something beyond us. It was so gentle a breathing out of her spirit, we scarcely knew when it was over. She died in my arms, with my kiss upon her forehead, at half-past ten. I know how tenderly my Mother's dearest, most tenderly loved friend feels for me, and that I need not ask her to pray for my Mother's poor child Augustus."

"*Nov. 14.* It seems so strange to look out on the window and see the same sheep feeding in the same green meadows, the same flowers blooming, and yet such a change over all. I feel as if it were I who had died yesterday.

"What a long, long day it was! A thousand times I was on the point of running into the room to say some little loving word to her who has been the recipient of every thought, *every* pleasure for so many, many years, and then the crushing blank, the annihilation came all afresh. Indeed, I feel it afresh every quarter of an hour, and when I am calmed after one thing in which my great desolation is especially presented to me, something else

¹ Harriet Bentley, Lea's niece — her much-attached housemaid.

calls it all forth again. Oh, my darling! my darling! can it be? oh! how can it be?

"The dear earthly form lies with its hands sweetly folded as if she were praying. I go in often. I am always going in; but it does not remind me of her, though it is most peaceful, and the servants and others have the greatest comfort from looking at it.

"It is as a dream that yesterday morning, quite after it was over, I could say, 'The day before yesterday my darling did this, my darling said that.' On Friday she was so bright, so happy, only her memory a little astray, but I was already forming a thousand little schemes for supplying this lost power, so that it should not be apparent to others, and to me *nothing*, I felt, could ever matter if the sunshine of my dear Mother's sweet presence was with me under any change."

"*Tuesday, Nov. 15.* Your most dear letter has come. . . . How much, even in the first anguish of my desolation, I have felt what it would be to you also. You will always be most tenderly entwined with her sacred memory; indeed, I can scarcely think of you apart. For the last few years especially your companionship has been her greatest joy, and in your absence she has never passed many hours without speaking of you, never *any*, I think, without thinking of you. The grief she most dreaded was that she might have to mourn for you, for I think she rightly felt that — great as the sorrow would be — your physical powers would enable you to bear the separation better than she could have done.

"This morning I feel a little better, and can dwell more upon my darling's being perfected, upon the restoration of all her powers, upon her reunion to those she loved in former times of her life; and I have a perfect treasure-store in my journals for years of her sacred words of blessing, and advice, and thought for me, many of them, I know, intended to be my comfort now.

"I will send you many of the letters about her. I wonder why people should dread letters of sympathy. To me the letters are nothing, but what I long for is not to hear that people sympathise with me, but to know how they loved her.

"To-day it is thick snow. Oh! she would have been so ill; now she is not ill."

"*Tuesday evening, Nov. 15.* To-day a change came over the dear face—a look of unspeakable repose and beauty such as I never saw on any face before. The servants told me of it, and so it was; it is the most wonderful expression—serene, solemn, holy beauty.

"All the letters are a great—not comfort—nothing can ever be that, but I like to see how she was loved, and I look forward to them. There were thirty to-day, and yet I thought no one could know. What comes home to one is simple sympathy. One cannot help envying the people who can be comforted in real sorrow by what one may call Evangelical topics. It seems so perfectly irrelative to hear that 'man is born to trouble,' that 'it is God that chasteneth,' &c.

"I recollect now that on Saturday morning I was obliged to send off some proof-sheets.¹ She asked what I was doing, and then said, 'I shall so enjoy reading it when it is all finished, but I must have my little desk out then, because I shall not be able to hold the book.' We have only just remembered this, which proves that there must have been a slight rally then. It was all so short, so bewildering at last, that things will only come back gradually.

"I shall be glad when the incessant noise of workmen² downstairs ceases. It is so incongruous in the house now, but could not be helped. My darling did not mind it;

¹ Of 'Walks in Rome.'

² Putting up a heating apparatus in the passages.

indeed it seems to me, on looking back, as if she never found fault with anything; often she did not hear it, and when she did, 'I like that pleasant sound,' she said."

"*Nov. 16.* There were forty letters to-day, many wanting answers, so I can only write a little, but it is a comfort to me to send you any memories of those precious last



THE CHURCH LANE, HURSTMONCEAUX.

days as they occur to me, and as the first *mist* of anguish clears up, so many things recur.

"You asked about Romo. Indeed it overwhelms me to think of it. The dear little beast is so touching in his attempts to comfort me. He comes and licks my hand and rubs himself against me, as he never was in the habit of doing. In the first sad moments after the dear eyes closed, Lea, by an old Northern custom, would send down to 'tell the dog and the bees' (the bees would have died, she thinks, if they had not been told), and Romo understood it all, and did not howl, but cried plaintively all morning.

"I forget whether I spoke of the music. For the last four days my darling had said at intervals that she heard beautiful music. Thursday and Friday I thought nothing of it; on Saturday it began to have a solemn meaning.

"I have been to-day to Hurstmonceaux. It was necessary. There was deep snow the first part of the way, but beyond Battle no snow at all, leaves still on the trees, and quite a summer look. It was more overpowering to me than I expected to pass Lime, and I almost expected to see *her* come across the field and open the wicket-gate to her beloved walk to the school. The Haringtons¹ were most kind in placing Hurstmonceaux Place at our disposal for the funeral, and removed all scruples about it by saying how really thankful they were to be able to show their affection for the Mother in that way. I went up twice to the church. The road thither and the churchyard looked most beautiful, and the spot chosen, on the edge towards the level, with the view she always thought so like the Campagna. I am allowed to enclose a little space which will contain my grave also.

"I called on Mrs. W. Isted,² and found her quite overpowered, sitting with my darling's photograph. 'It is not only her own loss, dearly as I loved her, but the deaths of all my others come back to me, which she helped me to bear.'"

"*Nov.* 17. Do you know that through a mist of tears I have been forced to go on sending off proof-sheets of 'Walks in Rome'? One of the last things she spoke of was her hope that I would not let her illness hinder the book. The dedication to her, already printed, will seem touching to those who read it. She herself read *that* when the first volume was finished. But her great pleasure of

¹ The tenants of Hurstmonceaux Place, the old home of the family.

² A poor woman at "Lime Cross," constantly visited by my Mother.

the last few weeks was in the chapters of the 'Memorials' which I was writing of her Alton life. To continue them with the copious materials she has left will now be my one great interest. She has left me perfectly free to make what use I like of all, and one day made me write down from her dictation an expression to that effect. The Alton life is certainly the most perfect ideal of a country clergyman's life that can well be conceived."

"*Nov. 19.* I cannot leave home yet. . . . Leycester, Mamie, and many others have written, as she always said they would, that their hearts and houses are open to receive me, but this must be later. Indeed, I shall cling to all she loved, and in the ever-living remembrance of her shall be able to love *all*. I had even a kind note from Mrs. Maurice¹ to-day: she said I should.

"Henry Papillon came yesterday, touchingly wishful to look upon the dear face once more, and he was even more struck than I expected with its immortal beauty. . . . To-day was a great wrench. This morning the precious earthly form was sealed away from us."

"*Nov. 22.* I went through yesterday in a dream. I did not realise it at all. Lea left Holmhurst in an agony of sobs and tears, but I did not; I had so often thought of it, I seemed to have gone through it all before, and then I had already lost sight of my darling.

"Lea, John, Johnnie Cornford, and I went in the little carriage *first*; Harriet, Anne, Rogers, Joe, and Margaret Cornford² followed *her*. We reached Hurstmonceaux Place about half-past twelve. In half-an-hour they all began to arrive: each and all of my dear cousins were most kind to me."

¹ My father's half-sister, who had seldom treated me even with humanity.

² All old servants.

JOURNAL (The Green Book).

"Dec. 4, 1870. I have been unable to write in my journal; the hundred and ninety-two letters which I have had to answer have taken all the time. . . . And I live still. I used to think I could not live, but I am not even ill; and yet how my life is changed, all the interest, all the happiness, all the sunshine gone, only the systematic routine of existence left.

"My poor Lea is already beginning to be interested in her chickens and her farm-life, and to think it all 'such a long time ago.' But to me it seems as if it had only just happened, and the hour in which her sweet eyes closed upon me has swallowed up all the hours which have come since, and is always the last hour to me.

"I think it was about the third day afterwards that Lea came into my room and told me that the look of wonderful beauty and repose which appeared at the last had come back again to the dear features. And so it was. It was the sweetest look of calm, serene repose. The colour had all faded out of my darling's cheeks, which had lost every sign of age, and were smooth and white as if they were chiselled in marble. Her closed eyelids, her gently curving mouth expressed the sweetest restfulness. The dear lame hand, quite supple at last, had closed softly upon the other. And this lovely image of her perfected state was lent to me till the last, when the beloved features were closed away from me for ever.

"It was on the Saturday that Lea and I went in together for the last time. Lea cried violently. I was beyond tears. We covered away together all that was dearest to us on earth. I placed a lock of my hair in her hands, and laid her favourite flowers by her. Monday a day of rain and storm-cloud. I shall always associate the road to Hurstmonceaux with the drive on that winter's morning with swirling rain-clouds, and the waters out on the distant Levels gleaming white through the mist. Com-

ing down the hill near Boreham how many memories of my dearest one came back to me, — of her anxiety to put me out to walk at Standard Hill, — of her admiration of the three pines on the hill-top; and then, near Lime, of walks with her on dewy summer mornings, when I went with her in my childhood to pick ground-ivy and violets in the fields behind Lime Cross.

“The coffin lay in the centre of the drawing-room at Hurstmonceaux Place, upon a high raised stand draped with white. All around it hung a lovely wreath of flowers from Holmhurst, and at the foot masses of flowers kindly sent by the present owners of Lime. Mrs. H. Papillon¹ had sent a beautiful cross of white chrysanthemums, and some one else a wreath, and in the centre, linking all with a reminiscence of her sister Lucy, lay a bunch of withered violets from Abbots Kerswell. Here, over the coffin of her whose life was perfect peace, the two great enemies in the parish of Hurstmonceaux shook hands and were reconciled.

“At two the eighteen bearers, all chosen from labourers whom she had known, filed in in their white smock frocks and took up the precious burden. Lea and I followed immediately, then Leycester, Vere, and Emmie Penrhyn; Arthur, Augusta, and Mary Stanley; Morgan and Mamie Yeatman; Dr. Vaughan, Frederick Fisher, Mrs. Hale, and a long line of neighbours, clergy, and servants, walking two and two.

“Down the well-known avenue and lanes, the bearers advanced, looking like a great band of choristers. I saw nothing, but some of the others remarked that as we came away from the house a beautiful silver cloud and rainbow appeared over it.

“Arthur and Augusta left the procession at the foot of the hill and passed on before; so he met us at the gate.

“In the centre of the chancel, where I had seen the

¹ A neighbour and the wife of an old college friend.

coffin of Uncle Julius, there the coffin of my own darling lay, but it was covered with no gloomy pall, only garlanded with flowers, the garlands of her new life.

"At the grave, Lea stood on one side of me, Emmie on the other. Arthur read most touchingly, and in the words of that service one was lifted up, not drawn down: but indeed I felt it very little, I only saw it in a dream.

"Afterwards I think they all came up and kissed me. Then they went away, and Lea and I walked back alone through the shrubbery to Hurstmonceaux Place, and so came home.

"To our most desolate home.

"On the Saturday after we went to Hurstmonceaux again. The Sunday services at the church were most beautiful. In the morning 'How bright those glorious spirits shine' was sung, and in the evening, almost in the dark, 'Pilgrims of the night.' Mr. Munn¹ preached on 'Bury me with my fathers—in the cave of Machpelah,' &c., speaking of how she was brought from a distant place, and how, in foreign lands, her great wish had been to be laid at Hurstmonceaux, and so to what I wished of the peculiar connection of my darling's life with Hurstmonceaux, and of how the different scenes in the parish which called up the remembrance of her sweet words and acts connected with them, might also call up the recollection of those truths to which her gentle life was a living witness. When Lea and I went out to the grave afterwards, we found two poor women—Mrs. Medhurst and Mrs. Harmer—standing there dressed in black, and the little mound covered with flowers.

"I saw it once again next day, and made a little wall of holly and ivy round it. Oh, my darling!—and then we returned here again, to the ordinary life, only the door of the sacred chamber stands open, and the room

¹ Rector of Ashburnham.

is cold and empty, and my heart and my life are desolate. 'The sanctuary of sorrow' seems to me an expression full of significance."

TO MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Holmhurst, Dec. 1, 1870.* Madame de Staël shows how she must have suffered when she wrote — 'Le réveil, quel moment pour les malheureux!' To-day is the first of a month in which my darling has no share: each day there is something in which I seem to part with her afresh. My life is so changed that it seems impossible to believe that it is such a short time since I was so happy — only, between the present dumb blank and the happy time are those terrible thirty-six hours of illness, and in the thought of them I am more than satisfied that she cannot go through them again. Each minute of those hours comes back to me now so vividly — the acuteness of the numb misery, which *really* had no hope, with the determination that she should see nothing but smiles to the last, for my whole life afterwards would be long enough for tears.

"Poor Lea sits with me now for an hour every day after tea, and we talk of every moment of those last days.

"It is most bitterly cold: she would have been *so* ill."

"*Dec. 17.* Mrs. Tom Brassey passed me to-day, riding with a party. She made them go on, and stopped to speak to me, then burst into tears, and spoke most feelingly of old Brassey's death, to whom I believe she was truly attached. Then she revealed the enormous wealth to which they have fallen heirs. They expected to have no more, as the father had already given each of his sons an immense sum, but old Mr. Brassey has left six millions! She feels the awful responsibility of such a heritage, and spoke admirably and touchingly — said she trusted each of the three brothers would set out with the

determination to spend it worthily of their father, and then of all their plans already made for the good of others. It seemed odd to come back from discussing all this to the great anxiety as to whether my income would amount to £500, and if I should be able to live on at Holmhurst.

"It is actually five weeks this evening since my darling was here, and we were entering upon the utter anguish of that last night. Sometimes the agony comes back to me, so that I am obliged to *do* something which requires close attention to set it aside; but at other times — generally — I can think with composure of the five weeks she has spent well, and *warm*, and happy."

MRS. ARNOLD to AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Dingle Bank, Nov. 21, 1870.* You will be in such deep grief that I hardly know how to write to you; and yet I so loved the dear Mother you have lost, so revered her goodness and sweetness and holiness, that I cannot but hope you may like a few words from me of truest sympathy, and indeed I can feel for you. To those at a distance it is the thought of a dear friend transplanted from earth to heaven, but to you there is the thought of the daily companionship, the loving nursing, the perpetual consciousness of what you were to her. In this, however, in the sense of the continual help and comfort and love that she received from you, will be your great consolation.

"I have never lost the impression made on me by her own *more* than resignation when she spoke to me at Rugby of her own separation from what was dearest to her upon earth — there seemed such joy in *his* happiness, such a realising of it to herself, that earthly clouds and shadows disappeared.

"I will not say more now, but for *her* dear sake, and that of my long and affectionate interest in you, I hope you will sometimes let me hear of you."

LADY EASTLAKE to AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"7 *Fitzroy Square, Dec. 4.* I have seen a notice in the *Times* which has sent a pang through my heart, and hasten to tell you how intensely I feel for you. None but those who know the bitterness of a great sorrow can really sympathise with you, for only they can measure the length and breadth of the suffering. I know of no consolation but the conviction that God knows all and does all, and that He will reunite in His good time to the Beloved One. Sorrow is a mighty force, and its fruit ought to be commensurate: we sow truly in tears, but the reaping in joy is, I believe, reserved for another state. Still there is much to be done by sorrow's husbandry even here, and assuredly were the fruits of the Spirit to be attained without suffering, God would not put His poor children through it.

"I fear that life must look very joyless before you, and that all things for a time must seem altered, your very self most so. I can only say, be patient with *yourself*, and take every mitigation that offers itself. I should be very glad to hear from you when you have heart and leisure. You have seen me in bitter anguish, and will not be shy of one who has drunk of that cup to the very dregs. God's holy will be done!"

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